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LONDON GEOGRAPHICAL SERIES

GEOGRAPHICAL READERS  
—  
BOOK III  
COUNTIES OF ENGLAND

















THE LONDON GEOGRAPHICAL SERIES.

# GEOGRAPHICAL READERS

FOR

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

BY

CHARLOTTE M. MASON,

AUTHORESS OF "THE FORTY SHIRES, THEIR HISTORY, SCENERY, ARTS,  
AND LEGENDS."

BOOK III. FOR STANDARD IV.

THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND.

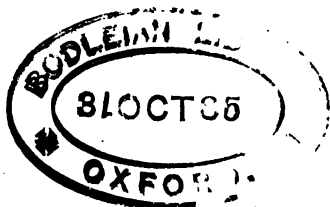
With Thirty-six Maps.

LONDON:

EDWARD STANFORD, 55, CHARING CROSS, S.W.

1881.

2017. f. 65-



To "OTTERS."

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THE writer begs affectionately to inscribe these Books to Teachers trained at the Otter Memorial College, in memory of very pleasant hours spent with intelligent and responsive Classes.

MANNINGHAM, *Dec.* 1880.

## PREFACE.

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ENGLISH children should have such a familiar and intimate knowledge of the geography of their own country as would make a railway journey a delight ; and this is especially the case in these days when "cheap trips" afford opportunities "to see for themselves" to persons whose eyes have been opened by previous instruction.

The following chapters are an attempt to make the landscape, industries, and associations of the *several counties* familiar conceptions to children ; as it appears to the writer that the only way in which "England" can be practically known is, county by county. Certainly no other mode of treatment is equally interesting,—so curiously individual in its aspect, history, and employments is each of the forty shires.

The geography of England embraces such various knowledge, that it appears to be a subject better suited to the intelligence of children of ten and



eleven, than to that of the younger children in Standard III. Still, as the language of this book is easy with a view to promote fluent reading, teachers who preferred to use it for Standard III. would not find the reading lessons to present any difficulty.

An effort is made to awaken intelligent interest in the chief crafts by which English people live.

It is hoped that the notices of great men or of noble deeds which belong to many of the counties may stimulate patriotic feeling.

The physical geography of the country is taken up as "common information," without the "precision of statement" which belongs to scientific teaching: it is hoped, however, that the data gathered in this way may serve as a basis for such teaching. The maps which illustrate each chapter are on a uniform scale, to convey a just idea of the relative size of the counties.

It is earnestly recommended that teachers should require their classes to answer the set of map questions belonging to each county-map in writing; and, afterwards, *vivâ voce*, from memory. This exercise should secure an exact as well as intelligent knowledge of the geography of the several counties, and would furnish capital home work. The questions

upon the map of the county should be answered before the lessons upon it are read ; the children will thus be prepared to read with intelligent understanding, and will perceive that the text covers each county, bit by bit, in regular topographical order. A wall map of England should be used when the lessons are read.

The general outlines of the geography of England are, it is supposed, already known by the class, as this is a subject better adapted for oral teaching than for a class Reader.

It is a source of regret that, for want of space, much matter is left out, fully as interesting and important as that which appears. Indeed, it has been found necessary greatly to reduce a larger work which was at first prepared for a school reading book.

The authorities consulted, and the sources from which information has been derived, are too numerous for the writer to do more than make here a general grateful acknowledgment.

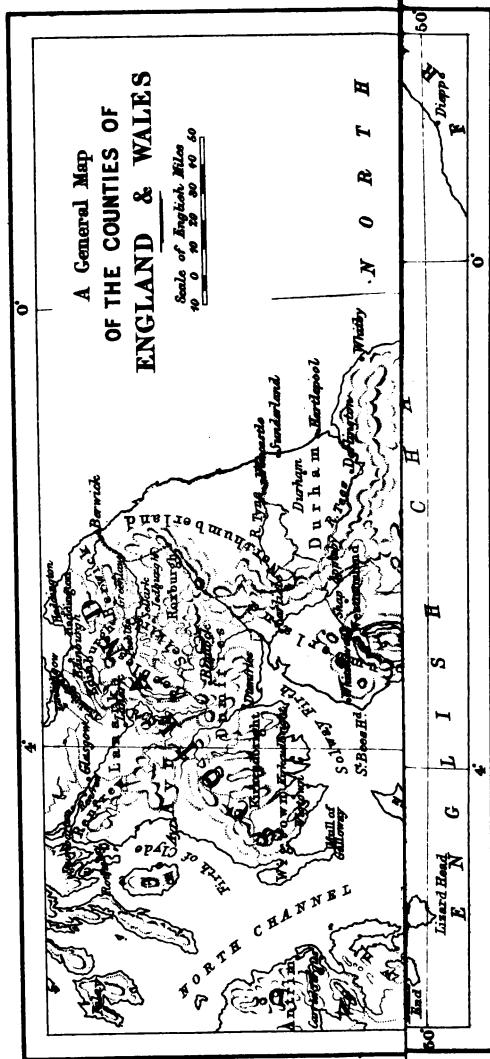
C. M. M.

MANNINGHAM, 1880.





Scale of English Miles



**London: Edward Stanford, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.**

Stanford's Geog. Instab.<sup>o</sup> London.

# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM .. .. .	1
CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND .. .. .	16
LANCASHIRE .. .. .	27
YORKSHIRE .. .. .	44
DERBYSHIRE .. .. .	65
CHESHIRE .. .. .	73
SHEREPSHIRE .. .. .	83
WORCESTERSHIRE .. .. .	88
GLOUCESTERSHIRE .. .. .	95
HEREFORDSHIRE AND MONMOUTHSHIRE .. .. .	103
STAFFORDSHIRE .. .. .	110
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE .. .. .	123
WARWICKSHIRE .. .. .	130
LEICESTER AND RUTLAND .. .. .	139
HERTFORD AND BEDFORD .. .. .	148
THE FEN COUNTIES .. .. .	157
LINCOLNSHIRE .. .. .	161
NORFOLK .. .. .	167
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE .. .. .	172

	PAGE
CAMBRIDGE AND HUNTINGDON .. .. .	176
SUFFOLK .. .. .	180
BERKSHIRE .. .. .	186
SURREY .. .. .	193
THE NORTH BANK OF THE THAMES—OXFORD, BUCKINGHAM, MIDDLESEX, AND ESSEX .. .. .	199
MORE ABOUT OXFORDSHIRE .. .. .	205
MORE ABOUT BUCKS .. .. .	209
LONDON .. .. .	213
MIDDLESEX .. .. .	222
ESSEX .. .. .	224
CORNWALL .. .. .	227
DEVONSHIRE .. .. .	241
SOMERSET .. .. .	254
WILTSHIRE .. .. .	262
DORSETSHIRE .. .. .	272
HAMPSHIRE .. .. .	277
SUSSEX .. .. .	292
KENT .. .. .	301







## BOOK III.

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### NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

#### I.

##### THE BORDER.

THE two northern counties of Northumberland and Durham are alike in many points. They are both marked by hill and dale, both are rich in coal and lead, and both have many busy ports on their eastern coast. They have, also, much of their history in common, for Northumberland is a border county, and Durham has shared with it in the fortunes of war.

The title of "border county" has no meaning for us now; because, for nearly three centuries, Scotland has had the same sovereign as England. But before that time, if you had been a borderer, that is, had lived in a border county on either side of the Cheviots, you might, any night, have had your cattle and growing crops carried off, and your house burnt over your head.

Three of our kings, the first three Edwards, carried on a long war with Scotland, which they hoped to conquer and add to the English crown. They did not succeed; but, during the two hundred years which followed the attempt, this war led to constant feuds between the two countries.

In the first place, Scotland was never sure that some other English king would not covet the Scottish crown.

Therefore, she always tried to secure France as her friend, so that if the English king should invade Scotland, France would come to her aid. The consequence of this alliance was, that Scotland had in return to fight for France against England, and this led to frequent wars between the two countries.

In the second place, the great border families, English and Scotch, learned to hate one another, and were always seeking cause for quarrels. And as the Scotch Douglasses and the English Percies, Earls of Northumberland, were both great barons, with many noble friends and many thousands of followers, a quarrel between the two families might at any time lead to a general war.

Thus, while our Edward III. was fighting his French battles, David of Scotland thought he could help France by marching down into England, and, possibly, conquering the country in the king's absence. He marched through Northumberland and Cumberland, burning and slaying as he went. But everybody was not at the wars. The brave Queen Philippa and the lords Percy and Neville, helped by three or four bishops, raised the north-country folk; a battle was fought on some hills close by the city of Durham; the Scots were beaten, and their king taken prisoner. A beautiful cross, named after the Lord Neville, was built on the spot in memory of the fight, which has since been known as the battle of Neville's Cross.

Three places in Northumberland became famous in these early "border" wars, Otterburn, in the pleasant valley of the Rede; Humbledown Hill, in the bleak moors to the north; and Flodden Field, near the Cheviot Hills. In 1388 the battle of Otterburn, or

"Chevy Chase," was fought, in which the Earl Percy was killed, whose death was avenged twenty years after at Humbledown.

"This fight did last from break of day  
Till setting of the sun,  
For when they rung the evening bell,  
The battle scarce was done.

\* \* \* \*

"Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,  
Went home but fifty-three;  
The rest in Chevy Chase were slain,  
Under the greenwood tree."

Another far more terrible border fight took place upon Flodden Field, near the Cheviots.

It was in the reign of the eighth king Henry (1513); England was at war with France; and James of Scotland, in order to help his French allies, gathered all the best men of his kingdom, in number 50,000, crossed the Tweed, and laid waste Northumberland all about the river.

The king of England sent a much smaller army against him under the Earl of Surrey. The armies met at Flodden, and the fight lasted until it grew too dark for the men to see one another. Nobody knew that night on which side the victory lay; but the sun rose on a day of heavy mourning for Scotland. The "Flowers of the Forest," the bravest and noblest of her sons, lay by hundreds dead upon the field; and, amongst the rest, was the king, so mangled that his friends failed to recognise the body.

It is indeed a good thing for both countries that

Scotland and England are now united under one crown. Even in the earliest days of English history, when the Romans ruled, the Picts, that is the savage tribes who inhabited Scotland, were constantly breaking over the border. Agricola, the Roman general who completed the conquest of Britain, built eighteen forts, or towers, between the Solway Firth and the Tyne, so that the Roman soldiers who manned them might keep these barbarians back. A later emperor, Hadrian, built a stone wall nearly in the same place,—a great wall, parts of which are still to be seen, a hundred miles long, and nearly wide enough for a carriage road on the top.

The border land, this “debatable land,” where the “rank reivers and moss troopers” used to “gallop over moss and moorland, is now marked by the richest meadows, the fairest fields. The tract which used to lie between the two countries—a blasted and desolate region, ravaged with fire and sword, drenched with blood, and peopled only with horrible memories—is now turned into a garden. Large corn farms extend up to the very ridges of the Cheviots.”

There is still a pine wood on Flodden Ridge where King James and his brave Scots rested before the fatal battle; but the field of “red Flodden,” itself, is marked off by hedges, its heather has given place to corn, and there is little in the aspect of the country to remind us

“Of the stern strife and carnage drear  
Of Flodden’s fatal field.”

---

## II.

## THE DALES AND VALES.

NORTHUMBERLAND and Durham are both mountainous in the west. The Cheviot Hills are in Northumberland, and divide it from Scotland. These are a range of moorland hills, cold and bare, except for peat and heather and the short turf of the lower hills, which feeds the nimble Cheviot sheep. Here and there, rather high, pointed peaks rise above the rest, such as Cheviot Top, Carter Fell, and Peel Fell.

The hills of Durham are the Pennines, the great central moorland chain, which begins at the Cheviots, ends at the Peak in Derbyshire, and divides the rivers that flow east from those flowing west in all the northern counties; in other words, these mountains form *the watershed* of this part of England.

These hills, too, are high, wild moorlands, with deep bogs, patches of heather, and great crags scattered about, where scarcely any plant taller than the low-growing mountain bilberry is to be seen. Sheep and even cows feed on the short grass of the lower slopes.

The most desolate part of this moorland country is where the four counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire almost join. Here—at Coalcleugh, the highest village in England; at Allendale, Allenhead, and other villages in Northumberland; at St. John's, in the Dale of the Wear; and at Middleton and Eggleston, in that of Tees—the steady, kindly lead-miners have their homes. This is the great lead-mining country, where veins of lead ore run, often at a great depth, in the mountain limestone.

These western mountains send out spurs towards the east—three or four in Northumberland, two great spurs in Durham—which look as if the land swelled up into high ridges or waves of rugged moorland, leaving deep valleys between them. The moors get higher and more barren towards the west; they are generally let out to farmers for sheep pastures, and are divided into patches by rough stone walls.

Towards the west, where the mountains are high, there are beautiful dales between the spurs, like those in Yorkshire; dales, where mountain streams roar over stony beds, and cut their way through rocky glens, or among deep woods; and these glens open suddenly into quite broad, green valleys, shut in by the moors. The rivers, wide and full with the waters of many streams, leave their narrow picturesque dales, and flow through these beautiful valleys, and across the open country to the sea. These rivers are bordered by green pastures, where the short-horned Durham ox feeds—a broad, thick beast, fattest of any that make beef for the Christmas markets.

The northern farmers know how to make the best of their land, and the valleys are covered with cornfields,—wheat, and, farther to the north, with barley and oats. The low land by the coast does best for growing potatoes and turnips.

In the east is a coal-field, reaching from the Coquet in Northumberland to the south of Durham, where all the mining villages are, and where there is the smoke of many blast furnaces; for iron, as well as coal, is found in this locality.

The bonny rivers of Northumberland—the Aln, the Coquet, and the Tyne—all flow in nearly the same

direction towards the sea. The Tweed, which is partly a Scotch river, divides Northumberland from Scotland on the north, as the Tyne divides it from Durham on the south.

The Tweed has Berwick at its mouth—a town to which many a tale of border warfare belongs. It is a trading town now, and a fishing town, for the Tweed, like all the Northumbrian rivers, is famous for its fish—splendid salmon and trout. Alnwick is the chief town on the Aln.

The Coquet has Warkworth, a busy little port, at its mouth; Coquet Island, with its lighthouse, lies off the coast. The Wansbeck flows nearly round Morpeth, a busy town, where iron farm implements, such as ploughs and harrows, are made. Leather and flannel are also made here.

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### III.

#### RIVERS AND TRADING TOWNS.

THE Tyne is the chief river of Northumberland. It is formed by two streams, North Tyne and South Tyne, each of which flows through its own beautiful dale. The two join above the old town of Hexham, where a battle was fought in a war we have not yet spoken of.

Towards Newcastle, the Tyne becomes a busy river; and its bed has been deepened thence to the sea. Along the sides of the river are ship-building yards, and factories and stores are crowded on its banks. Newcastle is an important port, which sends coal, iron goods, and lead, with glass bottles and other things made in the town, to the countries about the Baltic,



to the Mediterranean, and to America; getting in return timber, pitch, and tar from the Baltic, sugar and tobacco from America, fruits and wines from the Mediterranean coasts.

Newcastle is joined by bridges to Gateshead, a town on the opposite side of the Tyne.

Tynemouth, North Shields, and South Shields are all trading towns. Close to South Shields is Jarrow.

Gateshead, Jarrow, and South Shields, being south of the Tyne, are in Durham. Sunderland, at the mouth of the Wear, is the principal port of Durham, and the largest town in the county; it is a ship-building and coal-shipping place. Bishop Wearmouth and Monk Wearmouth both join Sunderland, and make, with it, one large town. Monk Wearmouth is named from the monks who at one time dwelt at the mouth of the Wear.

Further up the valley is Chester-le-Street, where, in Alfred's days, monks and bishop came to live when the Danes drove them out of Lindisfarne.

Going up the river, we pass nearly round Durham, which is an ancient city, with a very noble cathedral. Paper, carpets, and mustard are made here. Close by Durham is Neville's Cross, where Queen Philippa defeated the Scots. Shortly after passing Bishop Auckland, we get into Wear-dale and among the leadworks.

The winding Tees divides Durham from Yorkshire. High up in Teesdale the river tumbles, all in a white foam, over a great cliff sixty feet high. Down it comes with a rush and a roar, to be heard far off, and you stand, until you grow giddy, watching the waters pour in endless stream down the face of the rock. This Tees waterfall is called High Force, *Force* being the

north-country name for a waterfall. The river makes its way onward,—

“Condemned to mine a channelled way  
O’er solid sheets of marble grey,”—

and these grey rocks often rise in high and broken cliffs, with trees growing in every niche, and bending from the top. Teesdale is truly very beautiful.

The river passes by Darlington, where there are the tall chimneys of wool and flax mills, and of iron-works. Stockton stands by the wide mouth of the Tees. It, also, is a ship-building and coaling place; yet it is a bright, handsome town, standing in a fertile district.

---

#### IV.

#### THE COAL-FIELD.

WHAT should we do without coal? We cook, we travel, we light our streets and our rooms, we work our great mills, and warm our houses—all by means of coal.

There are layers or beds of coal in many parts of the country, called *coal-fields*, though they certainly are not much like green fields. A well-stocked coal-cellar underground is one of the good treasures our God has laid up for English people.

In these fields, the coal lies in a number of layers, or strata, separated from one another by layers of slaty clay, called shale, and of coarse hard sandstone, called grit. These form what are known as *coal-measures*, where beds of sandstone, shale, clay, and coal lie, one below another, to a great depth.

The layers of coal, called seams, are usually very

thin. They are wide enough, stretching under a large tract of country, but are often only a few inches deep and (with a single exception) never more than six or eight feet. There is a seam in Staffordshire thirty feet in thickness. The beds of grit and shale between the coal seams are a great deal thicker than the coal itself; many different seams of coal, however, lie, one under another, at the same spot.

The great northern coal-field of Northumberland and Durham supplies London, and all the east and south coast towns with coal, as well as a good deal of the continent. It reaches from the Tees to the Coquet; there it ceases, and re-appears further north, having a length of eighty miles in all, and a breadth of from ten to twenty.

Bishop Auckland, Brancepeth, Durham, and Chester-le-Street are the centres of the coal-mining in Durham, and they all have mining villages round them.

Newcastle, Warkworth, Morpeth, Throckley, Wallsend, whence the famous Wallsend coal comes, Hartley, Willington, and many other villages and towns in Northumberland, are the homes of the pitmen who work in the neighbouring mines. From the Tweed to the Tyne, the coal extends along the coast, and even dips below the German Ocean; the miners at work in some of these pits may hear the sea rolling over-head.

---

## V.

### THE PIT.

GEOLOGISTS can tell, by the sort of rock which appears at the surface, whether coal is likely to be found underground.

Let us suppose a Coal Master is going to open a new pit: he chooses a likely spot for coal, but at present, perhaps, sees nothing but a grass field or a furzy common.

The first thing to be done is to bore a hole deep down into the earth, with a sort of chisel at the end of an iron rod; as the hole is not large enough for a man to follow the chisel, it is driven by a machine. If the boring tool passes through many coal seams, the Coal Master knows that he has found the right place for his pit.

Then a *shaft* is sunk; that is, a hole deep enough to reach a good thick coal seam, and wide enough to allow men and horses and carts to be lowered to the coal. The shaft is a round opening, which is sometimes carried down to a depth of five hundred yards before it touches a coal seam.

When they reach a good seam, the miners drive a broad passage through it, from top to bottom, from roof to floor. This is called the *mother-gate*: gate is the north-country word for a road or way; and this is the mother-gate because many passages are driven from it on either side. When all the *gates* have been driven, the coal-mine is a little like a town with many streets, some wide, and some narrow, with great pillars of coal here and there, like buildings.

The men who hew the coal are lowered into this underground town, where the darkness is so black, that it would make the darkest night seem bright; and all the light they have is from the little candle or lamp which each man carries in his hat. Every man has his own place in the mine, and each sets to work with his pick to hew out the walls of coal. The coal is thrown into baskets, or into trucks, which horses draw

along tramways to the great shaft: there it is put into wagons, and these are raised to the surface by an engine. Large underground stables are often to be seen in a coal-pit.

The collier often works in galleries so low and narrow that he cannot stand upright, or even sit. He labours in a stooping posture, sometimes lying on his side, for—save for a short interval—eight or ten hours together. His work is done by the glimmer of a small candle, five or six hundred yards down in the bowels of the earth. Often he must make his way through two or three miles of underground passages to get to his work.

Nor is this all; the roof of his gloomy workshop may break in and crush him; and often does so when he is careless and does not put in a prop of wood from time to time to uphold it. Then again, the earth's crust is always more or less full of water, and, though engines are kept at work, pumping, to keep the pits dry, a sudden rush of water may burst in at any time, fill the galleries, and drown the hewers. The air, too, is close and bad in these deep pits; often bad enough to poison a man, though great pains are taken to make a constant draught through the mine.

There is another more terrible danger. A great fire may break out suddenly and fill the pit with death, and, in the most fearful manner, the miner may be scorched and shrivelled to a blackened mass, or shattered to pieces against the sides of the mine.

We all know that the gas with which our houses are lighted is made from coal, and that, if this gas be allowed to escape so as to fill a room, a lighted candle taken into such a room would cause an explosion.

Coal, especially Newcastle coal, gives off a great deal

of this inflammable gas in the pit. The gas mixes with the air, and moves along with the current, or draught, of air towards the shaft. Every now and then, the collier lays open with his pick a hole in the coal which is quite full of this gas, or, as the workmen call it, *fire-damp*, which rushes out with a blowing noise.

If a hewer with his lighted candle come in the way of such a *blower* sending out a torrent of gas, the gas blazes up, the flame spreads like lightning to other gas all over the mine, and, battered by the explosion, and shrivelled in the fierce heat, horses and men come to a terrible end.

The only way of preventing these disasters seems to be to keep the mines well ventilated; that is to say, to keep the air that is in a mine always moving towards one shaft, and to get in a supply of fresh air by another. In this way, the fire-damp, instead of lodging in holes and corners about the roof, is swept out through the mine, and goes up the shaft as up a chimney.

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## VI.

### THE STORY OF A PIECE OF COAL.\*

MANY long ages ago, this piece of coal was part of a waving forest of tree-ferns and gigantic club-mosses. The climate of England was very different then from what it is now—never too hot nor too cold, and very soft and balmy.

This great forest grew by the seaside, and the land was slowly, slowly sinking. Every now and then the

\* Adapted from Dr. Taylor's 'Geological Stories.'

tide came in among the trees and went out again, leaving much sand behind. In fact, many of the forests were actually buried thus, and their strong trunks are now met with, standing upright, in solid sandstone rock.

After a forest had been buried in this way, other trees could not grow very well on sandbanks; but as ages went on, soil gathered on the sand, and another forest grew in the place of the first, to be buried up in its turn.

During countless ages, this growth and covering up went on, until, in some places, as in the South Wales coal-field, there are no fewer than one hundred different seams of coal, under each of which you may see a clay full of the roots of those ancient forests.

After the trees had been long buried and pressed down in the depths of the earth, changes began to take place. The mass heated, and turned black, just as a stack of hay does when it has been packed in a damp state. By-and-by, it was changed into a sort of pulp, so that you could not tell leaves from branches; and, at last, it became hard, and black, and bright—the very coal you all know so well.

These ancient forests grew by means of the light and heat of the sun, so that a piece of coal is really so much fossil sunshine! And when you warm yourselves by the fire, you are really enjoying the heat of the sun, which was poured down on some forest of those old, old days, and was stored away by its leaves.

#### Map Questions.

1. What sea washes these counties? On which side? What islands lie off the coast? To what countries do the opposite shores of this sea belong?
2. Name in order the rivers which flow into this sea? Which of

these have wide mouths? What river forms part of the boundary between England and Scotland? The town at its mouth? A town on the Aln? A town on the Wansbeck?

3. Name six important towns on the lower course of the Tyne. What counties does this river divide? What two rivers join to form the Tyne? What town stands near their junction? The remains of what wall run parallel with the Tyne?

4. Name three towns at the mouth of the Wear. Two important towns higher up the river. What battle was fought near Durham? Date?

5. What counties does the Tees divide? Name a port at its mouth on the Durham side. Name an important town higher up the valley.

6. What are the upper valleys of the Tees and Wear called? Amongst what mountains do these dales lie? What *Force* is in the upper course of the Tees? Name the four villages which lie most to the west among the Pennine Moors in Durham.

7. Where are the Cheviot Hills? Name the highest point. Its height. Name three battle-fields among the Cheviots, giving the date of each battle. In what direction do the rivers of Northumberland and Durham flow? Where do they rise?



## CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

### I.

#### THE LAKE DISTRICT.

THE lake district lies within the southern half of Cumberland, the western half of Westmoreland, and the piece of Lancashire known as Furness.

This is the playground of England, whither the young men go to climb the mountains, and young and old to be refreshed by the ever-changing beauty of lake and fell. In the season there are always tourists about, knapsack on shoulder, who make their way on foot, or by the pleasant old stage-coach; railways have only penetrated into the beautiful valleys in a few places as yet.

The market-place of Keswick or of Ambleside is a merry scene on a bright morning, when the coaches are about to start. There they are: Ullswater coach, Coniston coach, Windermere coach, Keswick coach—each with its four fine horses. The gay passengers crowd round, everybody mounts to the top, ladies and all—happy they who get the front seats—and, with a merry blast of the horn, off goes the coach.

Not leaving us in the market-place, though; we have secured the box-seat on the Keswick coach.

By the way, what a pleasant village, or rather town, Ambleside is,—built of the dark blue-grey rock of the slate mountains, and standing in an open valley with towering mountains round it. Every village nestles in its own dale in this lake country; and a hardy,

upright race the dalesmen are. In the rural villages many of them are shepherds, for shepherding is the only kind of farm work possible among the mountains.

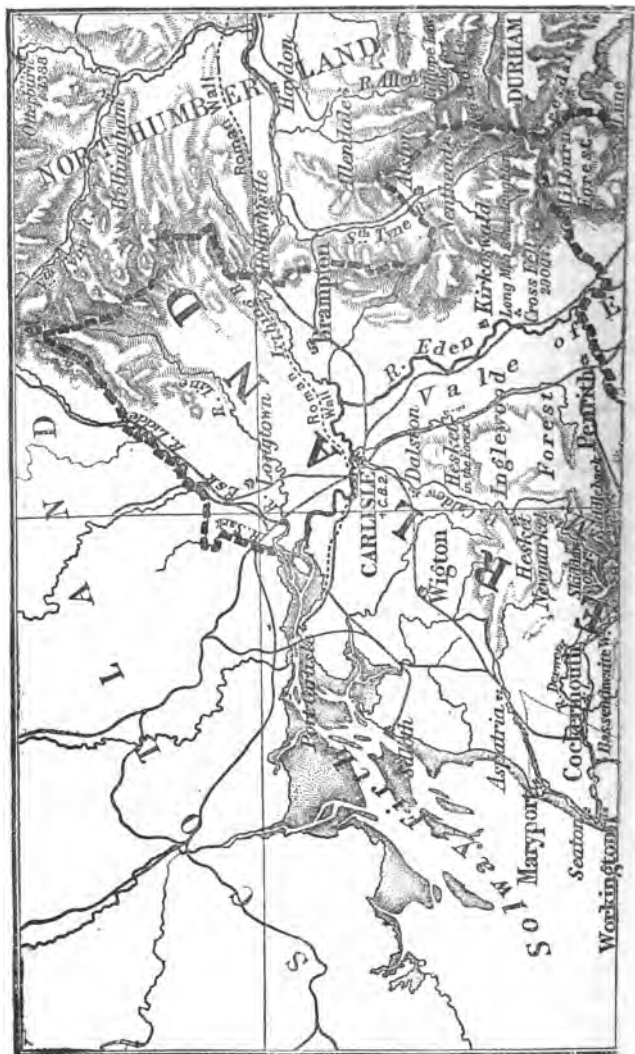
The road to Keswick leads between fells fringed with larch trees, and is bordered by the Rotha river, until we reach Rydal Water,—a fairy mere, with little, green, tree-shaded islands dotted over it, and with mountain shadows, and cloud shadows, and gleaming lights upon its waters. That rock, looking over the little lake, is “Wordsworth’s Seat,” and on the slope of the fell is Rydal Mount, which was the home of this “Lake Poet.”

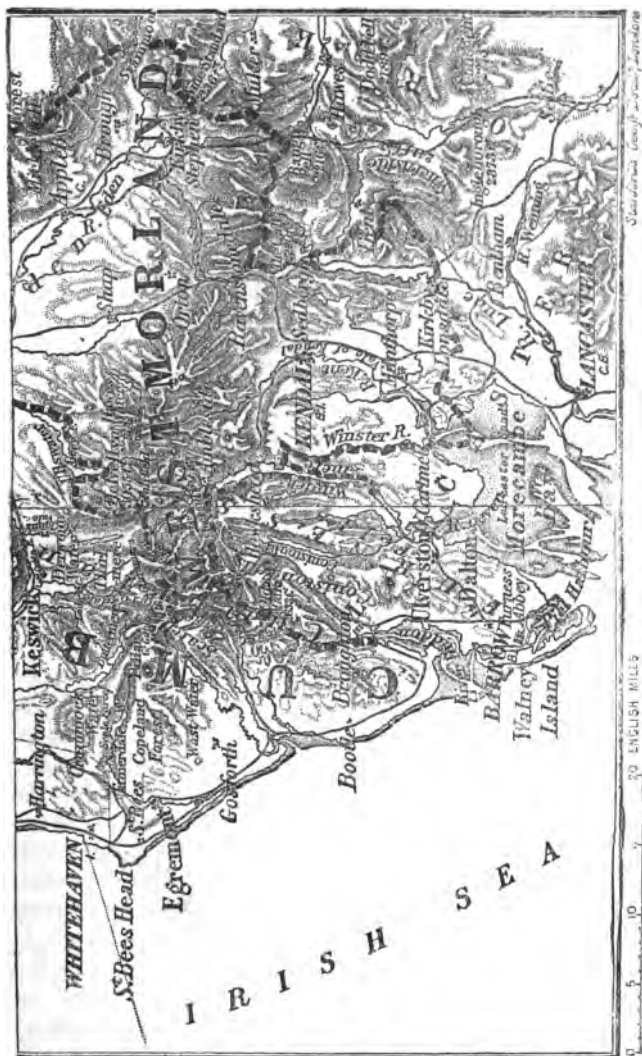
Mr. Wordsworth was a great walker; he wandered among the dales, and climbed the fells, and knew every mile of the beautiful lake country; and the beauty of it all was the joy of his life, and filled his heart with deep holy thoughts, some of which he has put into sweet words for our enjoyment.

Even the musical names of the fells were a delight to him. He tells us how, when he and a lady friend were walking forth one day, the lady laughed aloud, and,—

“The rock, like something starting from a sleep,  
Took up the lady’s voice, and laugh’d again :  
That ancient woman, seated on *Helm Crag*,  
Was ready with her cavern : *Hammar Scar*,  
And the tall steep of *Silver How*, sent forth  
A noise of laughter ; southern *Loughrigg* heard,  
And *Fairfield* answered with a mountain tone :  
*Helvellyn* far into the clear blue sky  
Carried the lady’s voice ; old *Skiddaw* blew  
His speaking trumpet ; back out of the clouds  
Of *Glaramara* southward came the voice,  
And *Kirkstone* tossed it from his misty head.”

It is not always quite so easy to wake the echoes ;  
but the report of a gun, or the baying of the hounds,





or, better still, the pealing thunder, is carried from hill to hill as was this lady's laugh.

The road leads us on by Grasmere, which lies at the foot of Silver How. It is another lovely mere, larger than Rydal, set in a soft green vale, hemmed in by rugged mountains. The grave of Wordsworth is in the village churchyard. Under Helm Crag we go; the vale narrows; the mountains become steep and rugged, with streams of boulders down their slopes; and, presently, we are under "the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn."

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## II.

### HELVELLYN.

Helvellyn is the monarch of the lake mountains: Sca Fell is a hundred feet higher; Skiddaw, Sca Fell, and Helvellyn are all over 3000 feet; but neither of the others is such a big, swelling, giant of a mountain as Helvellyn.

We are too close to the Monarch to see his crown: our road lies under his vast shoulder; but we cannot pass him by. We must leave our box-seat, and breast the hill, prepared for two or three hours' hard climbing.

The best way to see the mountain in its grandeur is to follow the track which leads up by the Red Tarn. A *tarn* is a small mere, or lake, high up among the mountains. This Red Tarn lies in a dip about 600 feet from the summit. It is shut in between two sloping walls of rock, the Striding Edge, and the Swirral Edge, —*edges* indeed, for they are simply steep, narrow, broken pathways on the top of each wall of rock. If you are a good climber, and not apt to become giddy,

you may make your way up by one of these edges; but beware of a false step on either side of the narrow pathway; one such step, and you are plunged down a precipice of a hundred feet.

There is a touching tale of a traveller who attempted the passage on a snowy day and fell. Wordsworth tells the story in the poem beginning—

“A barking sound the shepherd hears.”

On the summit of the mountain there is an awful stillness; not an insect hums in the air; we no longer hear the roar of the mountain torrents; not a blade of grass is to be seen; cushions, or tufts of moss, parched and brown, appear between the huge blocks and stones that lie in heaps on all sides; the snow lies here for half the year.

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### III.

#### DERWENT WATER.

Coming down from Helvellyn, we are again in a “smiling valley,” with its beautiful lake—Thirlmere this time, from which it has been proposed to bring water to Manchester.

At the head of Thirlmere the road turns, and we get a peep down the sweet Vale of St. John’s, watered by the Greta river. We round the fells on our left, and Derwent Water and Keswick town lie below; and, farther on, towering Skiddaw and Bassenthwaite Water.

Beautiful Derwent Water!—the fairest of all the lakes, many people think—with its green shores and

fringing trees, its islets and its mountain background; but perhaps Ullswater, on the other side of Helvellyn, has a wilder beauty.

Southey, another lake poet, less famous than Wordsworth, had his dwelling at Keswick, the bright little town which stands on the lake.

He tells us how the waters come down at Lodore, the waterfall at the head of the lake :—

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*

“Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,  
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,  
 Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,  
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;  
 And so, never ending, but always descending,  
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,  
 All at once and all o’er, with a mighty uproar,  
 And this way the water comes down at Lodore.”

And at many another *force* in this land of waterfalls,—Airey Force, Sour Milk Force (white as milk), Stock Ghyl—for the rivers gather their waters on the high mountains, and have often to fall down steep walls of rock before they reach the valleys.

At the head of Borrow-dale, the dale in which Derwent Water lies, there is a mine of plumbago, or black-lead—so at least it is called. There is a pencil-factory there, where you may buy pencils marked with your own name in gold letters.

But we have no room to speak of half that is to be seen in this beautiful land of lakes; not of Windermere itself, the largest of the lakes—eleven miles long, and about three-quarters of a mile across—which lies chiefly in Furness; nor of Conistoun Water, nor Conistoun Old

Man, nor of any of the Furness Fells; nor of Wild Wast Water, nor of Buttermere.

It is very pleasant to know your mountains; to be able to pick out one giant shape from another; to know that the Great Gable is something like the gable of a house; that Saddleback rises like a saddle; that High Street is a high straight ridge, like a street up aloft; that the Pillar is rather like a pillar; and that the Pikes—Sca Fell Pikes and Langdale Pikes—are pairs of giants with rounded heads, that you may always recognise. But it is the mass, the strength of the everlasting hills about you everywhere; the purple haze, the *bloom*, on the mountains, lit up gloriously at sunrise and sunset; the valleys, and the lakes, and the torrents,—these are some of the things that make up the joy and beauty of a mountain country.

In the distance it is impossible to tell how the mountain-slopes are covered; they lie, calm and grand, with their outlines softened by a veil of haze, purple, or rosy, or soft grey. But draw near, and you find the slopes fringed with larches, or carpeted with bracken—a carpet of warm, reddish gold in the autumn. Down many of the bleaker hills are streams of broken rock, which look as if a high wind would bring them pouring into the valleys. The lower slopes are usually covered with short turf, and divided into pastures by rough stone walls. The shepherd and his wise dog and the mountain sheep are, for the most part, the only wanderers on these lonely hills.

There are fewer people in this Lake District than in any other part of England of the same size. Men cannot till the fells, or live upon them; and these great rugged mountain masses spread over the whole district. They do not run in chains, but are grouped,



rising behind and around one another like huge land-billows.

Between each pair of long mountain ridges is a dale, long and narrow, with green meadows and trees. The villages are in these dales, and the lowest part of each dale, or valley, is usually filled with water, forming a lake, set like a gem in the green vale, bright and clear and glittering in the sunshine. A river brings water to the lake, and a river carries to the sea what water there is to spare when the bed of the lake is full; that is, when the water in the lake rises nearly as high as the land of the valley round it. Thus, the Leven carries off the waters of Windermere; the Derwent, those of Bassenthwaite and Derwent Water. The mountain valleys in which the lakes lie are often at a great height above the surrounding land, and the rivers which drain them sometimes reach the lower land by sudden *falls* or leaps over steep faces of rock. This is one cause of the numerous falls or *forces* of this region, though it more often happens that the river reaches the level of the lake by a fall from above. Sometimes, as in Scale Force, the fall is double; the water reaches a level, and then there is another break in the rock, and down it pours again.

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#### IV.

##### THE FARMING AND MINING DISTRICTS.

There are two fertile valleys in Westmoreland—the Vale of Eden, in which Appleby, the county town, stands; and the Vale of Kendal, which is a very old town upon the Kent, where the wool of the mountain

sheep is manufactured. The rest of the county is entirely filled with the Fells, or with the bleak Moors on the east, the continuation of the Pennine Chain.

Cross Fell, 2900 feet, the highest point in the range, is in Cumberland. In the dreary moors about Alton, farther north, there are important lead mines, and silver is found with the lead. Lead is also found in the Cumbrian or Lake Mountains, the dark rock of which is quarried for building purposes.

The Eden, the only considerable river in the two counties, flows north through a flat farming district, and winds round the old castle of "merrie Carlisle"—"merrie" in the days of border warfare, and now a busy town with glass, cotton, and iron works. It has a very large railway station, for the lines of four important companies meet here. Penrith and Wigton are market towns.

A coal-field stretches from Wigton to Whitehaven. Maryport, Workington, and Whitehaven are all busy towns among the collieries, which run out in some places two or three miles under the Irish Sea; the colliers can hear the sea rolling overhead as they are at work.

A little south of Whitehaven is the red headland of St. Bees, the finest on this coast, where the cliffs are washed by a stormy sea, which has strewn the beach with huge rock boulders. The Solway Frith, into which the Eden flows, divides Cumberland from the Scotch county of Dumfries.

Like Northumberland and Durham, this county belonged to the debatable border-land. The border warfare was carried as far as Appleby, which was twice besieged by the Scots. Carlisle was often occupied by them, and at one time, for twenty years, they

held the whole of Cumberland and Westmoreland (1135-1157).

There are still round towers along the border which remain from those stormy days. Cumberland contains part of the Roman wall, which ends on the shores of the Solway Frith. More interesting remains still are those of three Druid temples, which are circles formed of huge blocks of stone planted upright in the ground; the largest of these stone circles, called "Long Meg and her Daughters," is near Penrith. "Long Meg" is a lady some six yards high.

#### Map Questions.

1. What counties border Cumberland and Westmoreland on the east? What hills fill up the eastern part of these counties? What is the height of Cross Fell, the highest of the Pennine Moors?

2. What group of mountains lies farther west? Name the three highest mountains of the Cumbrian group. Give their heights.

3. Name four lakes which lie in Cumberland or Westmoreland. What lake forms part of the boundary between these counties?

4. What towns stand upon Derwent Water, and at the head of Windermere?

5. What Westmoreland river flows into Morecambe Bay? Name an important town upon it. What is the valley of this river called?

6. What other vale is partly in Westmoreland? The county towns of Westmoreland and Cumberland are on the Eden; name them.

7. Name three or four other considerable towns in Cumberland (large print).

8. What sea washes the western coast of Cumberland? Name the most western point. Name three seaport towns north of this point. What firth separates Cumberland from the Scotch coast?

## LANCASHIRE.

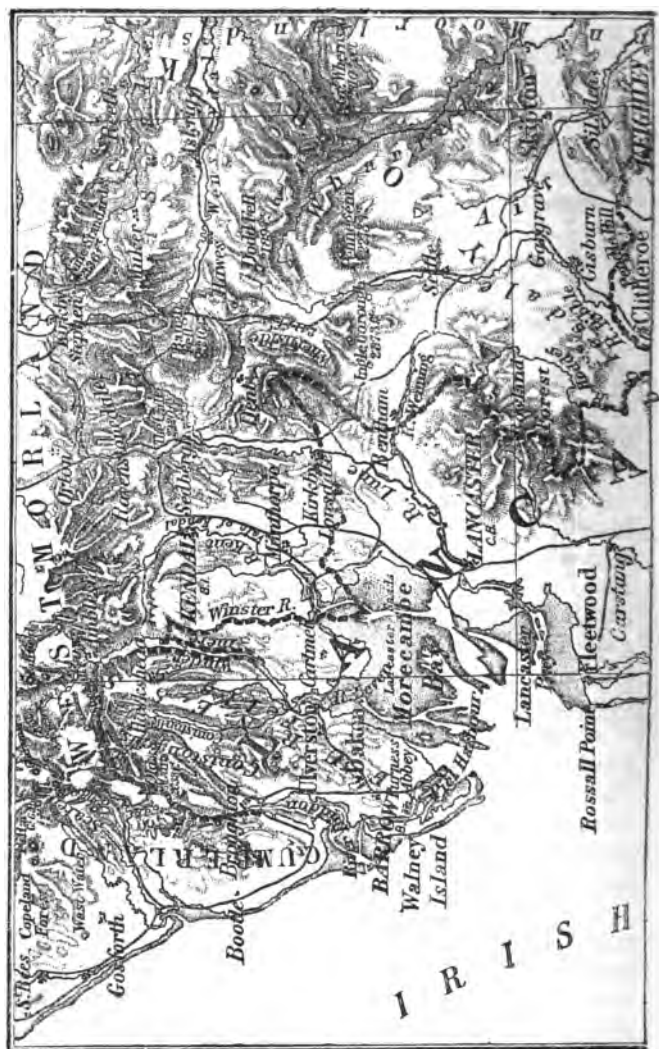
## I.

## THE MOORS AND RIBBLESDALE.

THE MOORS of the Pennine Chain, often called the "backbone" of England, fill the greater part of Lancashire south of the Ribble. They are often bleak and dreary, these rounded, swelling heights—wide wastes of heath, with scattered boulders and stretches of spongy bog.

Now and then the moors swell into distinct hills, higher than the rest, as Pendle Hill (1830 feet), the highest in this part of the county, and Rivington Pike, near Bolton, the water brought from which supplies the pipes of Liverpool, more than twenty miles distant. The high lands about Bolton, "Bolton-le-Moors," rise to more than 1000 feet above the sea. Sometimes, under the name of *edges*, they take the form of a long, rounded swell, several miles in length, as Blackstone Edge, between Lancashire and Yorkshire. The highest moors are in the east, on the Yorkshire side; towards the west the land sinks into the low plain which borders the sea, and stretches for some miles inland.

The great South Lancashire coal-field lies in this moorland country, between the Ribble and the Mersey; hence, there are many villages in the dales; and busy towns, with collieries round them and tall chimneys rising from them, marking the "mills" where many





Standard Grid, British Legend.





Starts from Gay's Head, London.



people labour; for this part of East Lancashire is about the busiest bit of England.

There are not as many beautiful and clearly marked dales on the Lancashire as on the Yorkshire side of the "backbone"; two, however, Lancashire has, as lovely as any in the adjoining moorland county, the fair and fertile dales of the Ribble and the Lune.

Stonyhurst College lies within Ribblesdale, and Mr. Howitt thus describes his visit to the spot: "From the first opening of this splendid vale, you have Stonyhurst lying full in view; Rib-Chester, the celebrated Roman station, to the left, in the level of the valley; down the vale to the north-east, you have the castle of Clitheroe, standing on its bold and abrupt eminence; and as you wind along the eastern side of the dale, with the Ribble below you on your left, and above you, on your right, woods and cottages with their little enclosures, the ruins of Whalley Abbey come in view, and, high beyond, the bare and cloud-mottled heights of Pendle Hill."

The Roman Catholic College at Stonyhurst is a large and handsome building.

Broad meadows and pasture fields are common in Lancashire; the feeding of cattle and the making of butter and cheese are the chief kinds of farming work done in the county; perhaps, because most of the people are at work in the mills and cannot attend to crops. In the river valleys, however, the vales of Lune, Ribble, and Mersey, crops are raised; wheat and oats, and capital potatoes, for which last Lancashire is rather famous.

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## II.

## FURNESS AND THE SEA BOARD.

FURNESS is a bit of Lancashire entirely separated from the rest of the county by the waters of Morecambe Bay. The little Winster stream alone divides it from Westmoreland, and the Duddon from Cumberland; but nowhere does it touch the shire of which it forms a part.

Furness is in every way like the two counties between which it is wedged; it is a bit of mountain country, full of the slate mountains of the Cumbrian group. Like Scotland, it consists of highlands and lowlands: Low Furness is the peninsula at the end of the district, which has low shores and low islands lying off the shores; the largest of these is Walney Isle. Slate is quarried in the slate mountains of High Furness, and veins of lead and copper are worked. In Low Furness, where the rocks are not of slate, but of mountain limestone, a great treasure has been found of late years, enormous beds of iron-ore, which yields iron of the very best kind. This valuable "find" has changed much of Low Furness into a Black Country, full of smoke, and noisy with the roar of blast furnaces and the clang of many hammers. Barrow has become, quite lately, a large and busy iron-working town. Ulverston, the next largest town, is also busily engaged in the iron trade.

Just beyond the din and bustle of Barrow, in a narrow, fertile vale, are the grand and peaceful ruins of Furness Abbey; the roof is gone, but there are still walls and windows and glorious arches, lofty and wide, to fill the beholder with awe.

The whole of the Lancashire coast is low, and it is in many places skirted by bogs or "mosses." The wide inlet of Morecambe Bay stretches far into the land, and the tide comes in sudden, strong, and high, as into all the openings upon this western coast. At low water there is an endless stretch of white sand, called, near Morecambe, the Lancaster sands.

The town of Lancaster stands on the slope of a hill rising from the river Lune; on the top of the hill is the strong and stately castle, "the honour and grace of the whole town." It is now used as the county gaol.

The low level land between Lancaster Bay and the mouth of the Ribble is called the Fylde; there are two or three bathing places, for the folk of the busy towns, upon its coast—Fleetwood and Blackpool. The sea is now drawing back so far from Southport, a watering place south of the Ribble, that the long pier hardly reaches the water.

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### III.

#### LIVERPOOL.

LIVERPOOL contains nearly half a million people; there are in it streets of warehouses, full of the goods which its "merchant princes" have brought from over the sea, or are going to send forth in ships to all parts of the wide world. There are streets full of fine shops; there are handsome buildings—St. George's Hall, with its magnificent organ, the Sailors' Home, the Town Hall, the Custom House. There are endless narrow streets, where the poor folk live; but there are not

factories, as in Manchester, for everybody is busy about the shipping, or, in some way, about COMMERCE. The chief business of Liverpool is to send abroad the cotton goods of Lancashire, and to bring in the raw cotton from America and elsewhere. But this is far from being the only business of this great port, which has the largest foreign trade in the kingdom. Linen, woollen stuffs, iron goods, salt, soap, and sugar, earthenware and glass, and most British manufactures are sent abroad; and whatever things are produced in all lands upon the face of the globe—pleasant to the eye, or good for food, or in any way useful or precious—these are brought into England by the ships of this mart of nations, this crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth.

The ships from Ireland bring not only butter and eggs, pork and bacon, but a constant stream of Irish people. Many of these settle in Liverpool, which has a large Irish population, mostly poor folk who have no clear way of getting a living. But many come merely to take their places in the emigrant ships which carry them over the ocean to find a home and work and wages in the New World. English and Scotch people also sail in these huge, crowded ships, for Liverpool is the chief emigration port in the kingdom.

It is very important that there should be abundant room for the countless vessels which are always to be seen in Liverpool harbour, waiting to be loaded or unloaded, or to be repaired after some stormy voyage. The town stands at the mouth of the river Mersey, whose wide estuary forms a splendid harbour; it is three-quarters of a mile across at Liverpool, and still wider higher up. Such a chain of *docks* has been made

in these waters for shipping as is not to be seen anywhere else in the world, except in London; there are thirty-eight of them, stretching more than six miles along the river side. What are docks? They are simply basins for the ships to stand in, hollowed out of the bank of the river. Each one is large enough to hold many ships, and they are divided from the river by strong walls with huge gates, which are opened to let the vessels pass in and out.

There are two kinds of docks, wet and dry. Wet docks are used for the loading and unloading of vessels, and are generally full of water, so that the ships may keep afloat. This is contrived by shutting the gates before the tide goes out, so that the dock remains full when, along the river banks, the water has gone down. Ships which are to be repaired are floated into the dry docks, so that the workmen can easily get at them, the tide is allowed to ebb from these docks, and the gates are shut when they are empty of water. Around the docks are quays, mostly crowded with sea-faring folk, and with warehousemen busy about the lading of the ships. Truly a wonderful sight, full of interest and busy life, is the shipping of Liverpool.

The first wet dock made in our country for merchant ships was in Liverpool; and Lancashire may also boast of the first railway for passengers (between Liverpool and Manchester), and of the first English canal.

The Tame and the Goyt, two streams which rise in the moorlands, join at Stockport to form this Mersey river, which is so famous for its traffic.

The land is low between the Mersey and the Moors, sinking here and there into bogs: Chat Moss, which has been partly drained, is one of the largest of these.

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## IV.

## THE COTTON TOWNS.

THERE are more people in Lancashire than in any other county of England, and by far the greater number of these are employed in some way or other about cotton; they spin, or weave, or bleach, or print, or buy, or sell, *cotton*.

Manchester, a city with more than half a million of people, is the centre of this great manufacture. It stands on the Irwell, a tributary of the Mersey, and these are the two hardest worked rivers in the world.

Salford, on the other side of the Irwell, is joined to Manchester by bridges; the two make one monster, crowded town, or city, for Manchester is a bishop's see, and the cathedral is the fine old church of St. Mary. It is one of the richest cities in the world, and has gay shops in Market Street, and some handsome buildings—the Town Hall and the Exchange, the Free Trade Hall and Owens College; but statues and buildings are alike grimy with the smoke of the tall mill chimneys. Everywhere there are warehouses, some of them handsome, in which the cotton is stored—raw cotton for the mills, or manufactured goods for the shops. These, and the mills, and the endless streets of small brick houses where the mill “hands” live, show that Manchester is a great manufacturing town.

A circle drawn round Manchester at a distance of ten miles or so from Market Street would take in a district which is almost one huge town, or, indeed, one huge factory. Bolton, Bury, Middleton, Rochdale, Oldham, Ashton, Staleybridge, Stockport, which are

all cotton towns, lie within this ring, and between them and the centre, Manchester, are endless "cotton" villages and mills.

There are several reasons why this particular district should be the chief seat of the cotton manufacture. Five centuries ago, when Edward III. married the daughter of the Earl of Hainault, a province of Belgium, he thought a great deal of the skill of her country people in spinning wool and weaving cloth—cotton was not then known—so he invited a number of these Flemish clothiers to settle in England that they might teach his own people. Many of these came to Bolton, and were soon busy with their spinning wheels and looms. Three centuries later, in the reign of Elizabeth, the king of France grievously persecuted his Protestant subjects; wherefore they also came, clever, industrious people, skilful spinners and weavers, to take refuge in friendly England, where they were made very welcome. Many of these followed the strangers who had first come to Bolton. They came in the sabots which may still be heard clattering through the streets of many a foreign town; and these same sabots, wooden clogs with brass buckles, have been worn in Lancashire ever since by men and women, lasses and lads, and a wonderful clatter they make as they come pouring out of the mills at noon.

Again, the high moor lands give rise to many streams which join the Mersey, and, on their way, supply water for bleaching-works and dye-works. Then, the towns within this circle lie upon a wide coal-field, in which the coal measures reach a depth of 7000 feet and yield capital coal. The beautiful cannel coal, which is bright and smooth like jet, is found in this district; it burns with a clear flame and hardly any smoke.

The collieries supply fuel for the mighty engines which do the work of the mills; and, close at hand, in Furness or in one of the neighbouring counties, is iron to make these same engines.

Lastly, the Mersey and Irwell, with which many canals are connected, carry the bales to the broad Mersey mouth, and on to Liverpool—the great port of the west—where ships are waiting to carry the cotton stuffs of Lancashire over the wide world, and whither others are returning with the raw cotton to make fresh supplies.

There are several large cotton towns beyond this circle, most of them upon out-lying collieries;—Burnley, Blackburn, Preston upon the pretty river Ribble, Chorley, Wigan, a very black coaling town with a beautiful old church; and Warrington. In Manchester, Wigan, and Warrington there are iron and brass foundries where engines are made. Rochdale still carries on the old woollen manufacture, and a great deal of silk is made in Manchester.

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## V.

### INSIDE A MILL.

WHAT is cotton? Just the tiny white hairs, which, all twisted and pressed together, make a warm soft bed for the seeds of a plant of the same family as our common mallow. This plant needs a warmer climate than ours, and grows best in the Southern States of America, in some little sea islands off the American coast, in the East Indies, in Egypt, and in some other warm lands.

It is a grand thing to “find out the knowledge of



witty inventions"; and a truly witty invention it was to make cloth of these tiny filaments of cotton. There are other plants whose seeds are wrapped up in fine, soft, white hair beds; but these hairs cannot be spun into such threads as can be woven into cloth, and for this reason—they do not twist. It is because the tiny hairs round the cotton seed are inclined to twist round one another that they can be joined together and made into a thread; and so fine are they that many thousands of them go to form the thickness of a single thread in the finest lace.

The cotton as the ships bring it in from America, and elsewhere, is called *raw cotton*. It is just as it has left the pod; hard and matted; full of little lumps and bits of stick and seed and dirt. In this state it is carried in bales to the mills. A crane hoists these bales to a large room at the top of the mill. Here are engines, called "blowers" by the workpeople, which blow with a deafening roar; the hard, lumpy cotton is put into these, and comes out a soft cloud like swan-down.

Seven times over is the cotton thrashed and fanned in this way, until at last it pours out, at the end of the engine, a beautiful white stream of cotton wool, quite clean after all its beatings and blowings.

The next thing is to make these millions of tiny curling filaments, each almost too small to be seen or felt, lie straight side by side. We must go into the *carding-room* to see how this is managed; this is a huge room with, perhaps, a hundred great carding-engines in it, standing side by side.

You think, perhaps, that a *card* is a card upon which the cotton is wound; nothing of the kind. A *card* is an iron roller set all over with steel wires, shorter and

closer together than the hairs of a clothes-brush. There is a large card and a number of smaller cards in a carding-engine. The cotton is drawn through the prickles of one card after another, until, after the last combing, every filament lies straight and even like the hairs of your head.

The soft cloud of cotton that leaves the engine after the carding, is pressed together and rolled and drawn by one engine after another, until it becomes a sort of soft cord about the thickness of a candlewick. It is then wound upon bobbins and is ready for the spinning-frame.

Each cotton filament upon the bobbins lies straight and even, and is so far ready for use. The next thing is to take a few thousands of these ends off the bobbin and twist them into a thread—a thread such as you may see in the ravellings of calico.

A hundred years ago, the plan in Lancashire was, for every weaver to buy as much carded cotton as he wanted. This he took home to his cottage, where wife and girls spun it into threads with a spinning-wheel. In working this wheel, the woman kept the filaments straight with her hand, while the turning of the wheel caused them to twist into a single thread. Each woman or girl could only spin one thread at a time, and the father would weave this thread into calico.

But if you notice how many threads cross each other in a piece of calico, you will see this must have been rather slow work. A certain weaver, called Hargreave, found it so; and invented a machine called a *spinning-jenny*, which could spin eight threads at once.

A few years later, a barber of Bolton, Richard Arkwright—who came to be *Sir* Richard Arkwright—invented another machine by which many more threads

could be spun at once; and a Mr. Crompton, also of Bolton, invented the *mule-jenny*, a wonderful machine which will keep one or two thousand spindles at work.

How these machines double the filaments and twist them into threads is too deep a matter for you to understand.

The great mule-frames stand in pairs all through the length of a very large room; the machines do all the spinning, better, perhaps, than if they had sense. All that the men and boys who watch them have to do is to join any one of the many thousand threads which happens to break, and this they do with a wonderfully quick twist.

The cotton goes through much more before the warp is made ready for the loom; at last one or two hundred bobbins of spun cotton are put on the bars of a *horse*, something like a clothes-horse. From all these bobbins the ends are drawn out towards a roller just the breadth of the cloth required; round the roller they wind, a broad sheet of calico without the cross-threads. These cross-threads are put in by the loom. The business of the loom is to lift every other thread as a darning-needle does when you are crossing a hole; then, when the threads are lifted, to throw the shuttle across with a cross-thread; then, to lower these threads, and raise the others, and again to throw the shuttle back. The cross-thread carried by the shuttle is called the weft, and self-acting arms fling it backwards and forwards—the arms of the *power-loom*—which must also press each weft thread up close against the last. In the old days, the weaver had to throw the shuttle; now the machine does it all; and the women and girls who attend to the weaving only see that there is plenty of thread, join

the thread when it breaks, and stop the engine if anything goes wrong. Easy work, you will say; so it might be, were it not work which does not allow the weavers to look off or pause for a moment.

How the looms do their work is another matter too hard for you to understand. The *power-loom*, which converts the threads into actual calico, was invented by Dr. Cartwright.

There is much to be done yet; the calico must be bleached, perhaps dyed; perhaps it is to have a pattern printed upon it. But we have no room to describe how these things are done; indeed, before it reaches the loom, the cotton goes through many processes of which we have said nothing.

The noise in each of the vast rooms is so stunning that you cannot hear yourself speak, especially is this the case in the weaving-room, which is usually on the ground floor. There, 1000 or 2000 looms, each as big as a flat piano, are ranged side by side over an immense floor, in such a way that one woman can look after two looms.

The thing which takes away your breath most of all is the enormous quantity of work which is being done in every room of the factory. Who does it all? Not the "hands," men and women, boys and girls; they are, for the most part, "minders," that is, their business is to see that all goes on right; but it is the iron machines which clean the cotton and card it; spin it and weave it. These machines are cunningly contrived, each one to do its work; if you can but keep it in motion, each machine will go on doing the same thing, in the same way, until it is worn out. The thing is, how to keep the machines moving. This is work too hard for men, too hard for horses; for, as a

single machine often does the work of hundreds of men, it would require the strength of hundreds of men to keep it in motion.

Let us go into a single room—the spinning-room—of the factory, and see how the machines are kept at work: “18,000 spindles and bobbins are whirling round in a giddy waltz”; that is to say, the work of 18,000 persons appears to be going on of its own accord. “A heavy iron shaft, rising through the floor and piercing through the ceiling, turns, just before its exit upwards, but one cogged wheel, and this quickens to life the 18,000 bobbins, as the last and least of its effects. A bright iron shaft traverses the middle of the ceiling; tackle is joined to this shaft near each frame, and thus the frame is kept at work.” It is a sort of “house that Jack built”; the moving of the tackle keeps the machines in motion, the moving of the shaft along the ceiling keeps the tackle in motion, the cog-wheel works upon that, and the shaft which comes up from the floor turns the wheel. You see the same sort of thing in each of the rooms—a great shaft working up and down through floor and ceiling, and turning a wheel which moves a shaft, which moves the tackle, which moves a thousand machines.

But we have not yet got to the root of the matter; what sets the great shaft in motion? In a remote part of the factory, in a house all to himself, lives the giant who really does the work; a fellow with the strength of two or three hundred horses, and with power, as we have seen, to work in many places at the same time. Steam is his name, and here is the great steam engine in the boiler of which this mighty workman is born. A huge prison-house for the giant is this engine, with enormous wheels and cranks, and the great shaft which,

set in motion, gives motion to all the other shafts in the building. Everything about the monster is kept bright and clean and beautiful as may be, for the engineer usually takes great pride in his engine.

A great deal of the work of the mills is done by little hands; boys and girls make as good "mindes" as men and women; and as they work for less wages, the mill-owners are willing to employ them. It would never do, however, for English boys and girls to grow up without any schooling, so the law compels these young "hands" to be sent to school for half the day.

### Map Questions.

1. Between what counties is Furness enclosed?
2. What is the character of this district? Name any lakes and any fells within it.
3. Name three important towns in Low Furness (large print); an abbey; an island which lies off the coast.
4. What sea washes the east coast of Lancashire? Name three openings into the land. What are the sands which stretch into Morecambe Bay called? Upon what river does Lancaster stand?
5. What is the district which lies between Lancaster Bay and the Ribble called? Name three towns in this district.
6. What large town stands at the mouth of the Ribble? What is the upper valley of the Ribble called? In what hills does this river rise? Name any places of interest in the valley.
7. Name two watering-places which lie between the estuaries of the Ribble and the Mersey. What great port lies at the mouth of the Mersey? Name an important town higher up the river. Name ten considerable towns in the cotton-making district, within fifteen miles or so of Manchester (large print).
8. What are the high lands in the east of Lancashire called? In what other counties do we find this moorland range? Compare the east and west of the county as to surface.
9. What counties border Lancashire on the north, east, and south? What river separates it from Cheshire?

## YORKSHIRE.

### I.

YORKSHIRE is the largest county in England. Indeed, it is like a separate country, with its own mountains, and its own rivers rising in them and flowing into the German Ocean, which washes the whole of its eastern side. The great western moors with their mountain peaks shut it in on the west; the Tees divides it from Durham; the Humber, from Lincoln.

The whole of the west of the county is filled with the wide moors of the Pennine Range; the Vale of York occupies the centre; east of the vale lies another rounded swelling moorland, the North York Moors; and a chalk ridge, the Yorkshire Wolds, runs north from the Humber: between the Wolds and the North York Moors is the Vale of Pickering. Holderness, low and level, lies between the Wolds and the sea.

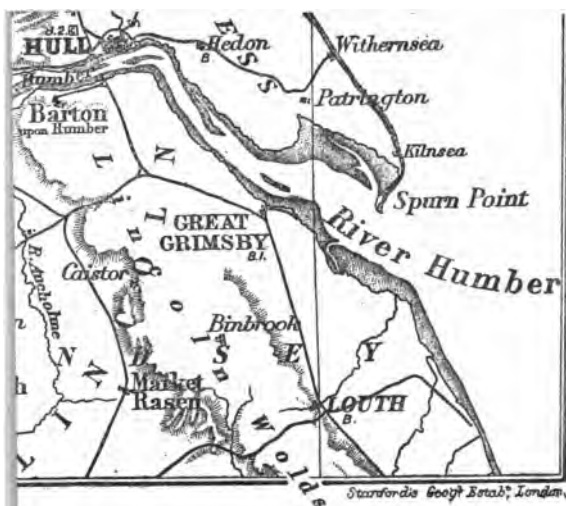
Yorkshire is divided into three Ridings, or *thirdings*, as the word probably means. In the North and East Ridings, corn is grown and cattle are reared; but the West Riding, the beautiful mountain country, is one of the busiest manufacturing districts in England.

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### II.

#### THE DALES AND THE WESTERN MOORS.

THE Yorkshire moors are so high that they are really wide mountains, upon which a man may stand and gaze round, and see nothing but moors between him







and the far horizon; bleak, desolate moors, with crags, and huge boulders, and deep clefts in the limestone rock, upon which little will grow but ling and the hardy bilberry; and where there are wide morasses in which the mountain streams gather their waters. Here and there, the moors rise into mountain summits; of these, Mickel Fell, Ingleborough, and Wharfedale, all over 2300 feet, are the highest.

Like other limestone mountains, these have deep caverns in their recesses; there is a cave in Ingleborough more than half-a-mile deep. Wharfedale, too, has wide and lofty chambers. Hanging from the roofs of these caves, and growing up from their floors, are numberless strange forms, made by the constant dropping of water which contains atoms of lime.

There is a precious substance in this limestone country; a wide bed of coal stretches, below the surface, from Leeds to Nottingham, a great natural coal-cellar on the spot to feed the fires whose smoke issues from the tall factory chimneys rising on all sides.

The dales of the West Riding are its great beauty. The rivers issue from the moors between mountain spurs which stretch eastward, each river between its own two spurs. The dales in which these rivers run are full of wild beauty, soft and green, bright, and musical with running water, and flanked by rugged mountain walls with overhanging crags and trees.

Beginning at the north, there is Swaledale, with the pleasant town of Richmond, among hills and woods, upon the river Swale, and near it is Easby Abbey, one of the numerous ruined monasteries of Yorkshire. There is hardly a river valley in the West Riding but has the ruins of at least one abbey.

Wensleydale, the valley of the Ure, the river which joins with the Swale to form the Yorkshire Ouse, contains the beautiful ruins of two abbeys, Jervaux and Fountains. The old city of Ripon, with its cathedral, also stands in the Ure Valley.

The Nidd, the Wharfe, the Aire with the Calder, and the Don, each flows through its own bonny dale to join the Ouse. Harrogate, a fashionable place where people go to drink the mineral waters, is in Niddsdale; near Harrogate is Knaresborough, a town almost as beautifully placed as Richmond, among cliffs and woods and hills.

The beautiful Wharfedale is the next in order, with Otley and Ilkley, and Ben Rhydding, a large establishment where people take baths and drink mineral waters. Higher up, where the river is a narrow torrent flowing through a rocky gorge, are the ruins of Bolton Abbey. Half-a-mile from the abbey the ledges of rock on either side of the river come so close that it is easy to stride across:—

“ This striding place is called *The Strid*,  
A name which it took of yore :  
A thousand years hath it borne that name,  
And shall a thousand more.

“ And hither is young Romilly come,  
And what may now forbid  
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,  
Shall bound across the Strid ?

“ He sprang in glee, for what cared he  
That the river was strong, and the rocks were steep ?  
But the greyhound in his leash hung back,  
And checked him in his leap.

"The boy is in the arms of Wharfe,  
And strangled by a merciless force;  
For never more was young Romilly seen,  
Till he rose a lifeless corse.

"Now there is stillness in the vale,  
And long, unspeaking sorrow:  
Wharfe shall be to pitying hearts  
A name more sad than Yarrow."\*

The boy's mother, the Lady Alice, gave the riches which should have been her son's to build and endow the fair abbey of Bolton.

Airedale, too, has its ruined abbey; Kirkstall, with ivied walls and carpet of grass, stands in the midst of chimneys, near enough to Leeds to be within a holiday walk for the factory "hands."

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### III.

#### THE CLOTHING TOWNS.

AIREDALE, with the valley of the Calder, beautiful as any in Yorkshire, is the centre of the great woollen manufacture. The hills feed the streams, and the streams supply the water employed in preparing the wool and in finishing the cloth. Underlying the whole district is a great coal-field, which supplies fuel to work the many thousand engines employed in this manufacture; right and left are two great ports, Liverpool and Hull, which send away the woollen goods and bring in the raw wool; and there are canals and railways to carry the goods between all the clothing towns and these ports.

Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, Wakefield,

\* Wordsworth.

Dewsbury, and Keighley, are the clothing towns on the banks of the Aire and the Calder.

The forest of tall chimneys which rises above Leeds shows it to be a busy manufacturing town; more than a hundred chimneys mark as many mills where fully 10,000 "hands" are employed. Tall as the chimneys are, the town is smoky enough; and at noon, when the mill-people pour out to their dinners, there is much bustle and noise. The factories are near the Aire, which flows through the town.

All these mills are employed in making *broadcloth*, for which the wool, besides being spun and woven, is *felted* or *fulled*, to produce the cloth surface; that is, the cloth is beaten, or else passed between heavy rollers, until the fibres of the wool become so locked into each other as to hide the warp and weft threads.

Huddersfield and Halifax are also great clothing or cloth-making towns; there are many woollen factories in both—open quadrangles, or squares of ground surrounded by buildings. The sorting, preparing, spinning, weaving, dressing, and finishing, are each done in a distinct part of the building.

Bradford, which stands where three valleys meet, is in the very heart of the district which makes worsted goods—that is, all woollen goods which are not *fulled* after being woven. All round it are busy towns and villages occupied by the makers of cloth or stuff. Merinos, alpacas, coburgs, cords—all kinds of *stuff*—are made in Bradford, which is also the great wool market of England.

Dewsbury makes blankets, and also *shoddy*, that is woollen rags torn up, fibre from fibre, and made into new cloth; a little new wool is mixed in, and the whole is woven into very coarse fabrics.

There is a large flax mill on the Aire, at Holbeck, near Leeds, where more than 2000 persons are employed.

Barnsley also is a linen-making place.

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#### IV.

#### KNIVES AND FORKS.

SHEFFIELD, which stands in a hollow surrounded by hills between which five small rivers flow to unite in the hollow, has been called "the metropolis of steel." Nearly all the steel goods made in England bear the Sheffield mark; indeed, there is hardly a country in the world where you may not find knives with "Sheffield" on the blade. Not only table-knives and forks, but pen-knives, lancets, razors, scythes, saws, scissors, shears, spades, and shovels—every kind of steel implement, is made in Sheffield, and in the villages round it; generally in large manufactories, but many a cottage has its own forge, where some particular kind of knife or edge-tool is made.

Much coal is used in the preparation of steel, and Sheffield stands upon the Yorkshire coal-field. Water, too, is needful in some of the processes, and Sheffield has plenty; and for these reasons Sheffield has become the centre of the steel manufacture; but the iron out of which the steel is made is all brought from abroad. There is a mine in Sweden which furnishes better iron for this purpose than any other in the world; and many shiploads of it are brought every year to Hull, and carried thence to Sheffield.

To change iron into steel, a certain quantity of carbon must be got into the iron: (burn a stick until it is soft and black, and you will see *charcoal*, one of the most common forms which carbon assumes). To effect this, a huge oven, or pit, is filled with, first, a layer of charcoal, then a layer of iron bars, then a layer of charcoal, and so on, until the layers are about thirty deep. Then the surface is covered with a kind of clay, and a fire of Sheffield coal is kindled underneath and kept up fiercely for many days. The iron is in a red-hot, or, perhaps, a white-hot state; the charcoal also is highly heated, and the iron seems gradually to absorb a portion of charcoal into the very heart of every bar. When the bars are removed from the furnace they are in a blistered state; then they are known as *blister steel*, and are not yet fit for use. To make *common steel*, the metal is heated again and hammered with an enormous hammer to make it tough.

When we see "*shear steel*" on our table-knives, we must not suppose they have been cut with a pair of shears. This kind of steel is so named because it was found suitable for making shears. It is made by heating several bars red-hot, and hammering them one upon another until they are all welded together into a very close, tough mass.

The most beautiful kind of steel is *cast steel*, to make which, a fiercer heat than is used for any other purpose whatever must be employed; and the furnaces and melting-pots must be made so as to endure this great heat.

At last, the steel is ready for the forge. All the Sheffield forges are much alike. They have a forge fire, and a block of stone, with steel anvils and hammers and some other implements. The piece of steel is

heated, placed on the anvil, and hammered into whatever shape the workman wishes to produce, knife-blade or scissors. The blade is heated red-hot, and plunged into cold water to harden it, and then it is heated gradually, to make it elastic, or *temper* it; after which it is carried to the grinding wheels, and ground all over on a large revolving stone. There are generally many wheels together in a large mill, worked by a steam engine. In one room of the mill men grind table-knives, in another scissors, or forks, or razors, or saws; the man who makes the goods hiring the room from the millowner.

The grinding of forks is a most unhealthy trade. They are ground upon a stone formed of sharp, white grit; the grinder sits on a stool and bends over the stone to hold the fork against it. If the stone were wetted, as in most other cases, the grinder would not be injured; but as it is kept quite dry, quantities of spark are given off, and the face and head of the grinder are always in a cloud of small particles of steel and gritstone, some of which he draws into his lungs with every breath.

Plated goods, that is, forks and spoons, jugs and teapots, made of some cheaper metal coated over with silver, are largely made in Sheffield. There are both steel and iron works at Rotherham, which is a prettily placed town near Sheffield.

The Wharnccliffe Woods are near the town of Sheffield; these woods are a bit of the old Sherwood Forest which at one time stretched for 100 miles, between Nottingham and the sea.



## V.

## THE VALE OF YORK.

THE rivers on the map of Yorkshire do not look unlike the pattern made by the veins of a leaf. The Ouse itself is the mid rib; the Nidd, Wharfe, Aire, and Don, on which the pleasant town of Doncaster stands, all bring water to it from the western moors. The Derwent collects, by many little streams, the waters of the eastern moorlands. When Mother Ouse has thus gathered all the waste waters of the county, she flows out into the wide estuary of the Humber, there to mingle with Trent river. We say the waste water, because that is exactly what fills the rivers. Living things use what they need of the water that comes from the clouds, and much of the rest flows off by the river channels away to the open sea.

The land which is drained by a river in this way is called its *basin*. The basin takes in every bit of land from which water flows to join the river. If you draw a line round the Ouse so as to take in the sources of the Swale and Ure—which unite to form the Ouse—and the beginnings of all its tributaries, and of all the little streams which join them, you will have the edge of your leaf, and will see exactly what is the basin of the Ouse.

Water, as you know, finds for itself the lowest place it can reach, and rivers always flow in valleys; sometimes in a narrow, rocky valley, called a glen; sometimes in the lowest part of a great valley, hundreds of miles wide. The Vale of York, through which the Ouse flows, is between forty and fifty miles wide, and is the largest vale in England. It is shut in between the Pennine Moors and the eastern moors and wolds.

A pleasant vale it is, well covered with cornfields and flowery meadows, and having comfortable farm-houses and pretty villages dotted over it, for Yorkshire is a fertile county.

In the very heart of this wide vale rises the most beautiful building, perhaps, in our land of England—the glorious York Minster.

It would take many pages to tell of its stone carvings and wood carvings and beautiful painted windows, through which purple and golden light streams in upon the pillars that hold up the great arched roof far overhead—long lines of pillars, which seem to draw together in the distance like trees in forest glades.

The Minster stands in the old city of York, which still has some narrow streets and ancient buildings, and some remains of its old walls and towers, to tell us of its changeful history. If some old citizen of York could have gone on with his quiet life in a by-street until he was even older than Methusaleh, what strange histories would he have to tell! Let us fancy we are listening to some of them, paying great heed to the feeble voice of one so very aged.

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## TALES OF OLD YORK.

### VI.

#### THE ROMAN CITY.

I CAN scarce call to mind the early days before the Romans came. Our people had a town here, but their towns were poor things—just wicker huts, with a bank of earth round to keep off other tribes, for we were

always at war with one another. You see the Wolds yonder, to the east,—there is to this day many a mound upon them which marks the graves of our people, warriors slain in the wars.

Then the Romans came. What a people they were! They could do anything they set their minds on. We Britons held out for a long time, but who could stand up against men made of iron? They conquered us, and, for three hundred years, York was the great Roman city in Britain. The city has never seen the like of those days. Why, we have had the Cæsars living here, the great emperors of the world! There was Hadrian; and the old man, Severus, who, when he was too sick to ride, was carried up north in a litter before his army, to bring the wild Picts to order, and who only got back to York to die. Then there was the emperor who took one of our own people, the Lady Helena, to be his wife. That was a grand day for Britain. To say truth, we were getting used to the Romans by this time: they were a hard people, but they were fair in a way; and some of us were proud to have anything to do with the masters of the world.

What a splendid place they made of our city, with their palaces and theatres within, and their grand villas outside the walls! Parts of the very walls you see round the city now were built by them. And their baths! Why, there's no building in England now as big and grand as those Roman baths were, with their beautiful pavements and couches, and hot and cold water, and slaves to wait on you—all that heart could wish for ease and pleasure; and all kept up by the emperor, too—nothing to pay.

They were a pleasure more to my mind, somehow, than the circuses. The Romans would turn men into

these to fight the wild beasts of the forest, and all the town would go to see the sport; little children, even, and fair ladies in their beautiful dresses; and they didn't care, not they, if the beast killed the man or the man killed the beast. They were a hard people!

But this was before they had learned the faith of Christ—when there were heathen temples at every corner. The Lady Helena was a Christian; and in the days of her son, Constantine, who was first called Cæsar at York, there were Christian churches in the city, and we even had a bishop. There are many stories as to who first brought the good faith to Britain. Perhaps it was some soldier who had seen St. Paul when he was a prisoner in Rome.

But the Romans had to leave Britain to fight a foe in their own land. You may still see traces of them in the city walls, and in the Ickniel Street, which went up to Tynemouth. Some of their statues and altars, gold ornaments, and other things have been dug up from time to time; but there is little now left to show that York was once a great Roman city.

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## VII.

### THE SAXONS.

My old head turns when I think of the times that came after the Romans had left the land. We had got used to quiet ways—building, and growing corn, and following useful crafts; but we were not much of soldiers, for the Romans did the fighting for us.

Then the Saxons came from over the sea. I think I see them now, with their long fair hair and blue eyes,

and the terrible knives which slew and slew until there seemed scarce any left to slay. They wanted none of us; they wanted the land for themselves; and they got it, driving most of us Britains into Wales, or some other out-of-the-way corner.

Were they pleased, you say, with all the beautiful houses and other buildings, palaces, and even churches left by the Romans? Not they, fierce pagans that they were. All they did with these great works was to burn and destroy them.

But they learnt better in time. A king named Edwin arose in Northumbria, who tried to bring back something of the grandeur of the old Roman days. I have seen him many a time riding about the country, with a great banner, purple and gold, the imperial colours, carried before him.

He took the daughter of the Kentish king, Ethelred, for his wife. She was a Christian lady, and brought Paulinus, one of the Roman missionaries who had settled in Kent, to her northern home. He had black hair and a dark skin, like many of the old Romans, but he stooped like a man used to books, and did not carry himself as did the straight soldiers of the old days.

Edwin listened to the teaching of Paulinus and his wife; a little wooden church was raised in York; and, one Easter morning, the king was baptized.

His wise men met to consider whether they would give up Odin and Thor, and take Christ for their God. After much talk, they decided to become Christians; they were baptized, and thousands of the people followed their example.

Edwin was slain in fight with the pagan Penda, king of Middle England; so was Oswald, the king that followed him—the same that went up and down the

country on foot with the Bishop, Aidan, teaching the people about Christ.

But I cannot remember all the Saxon princes and their wars; I am an old man, very old. The last great fight when a Saxon king was in the battle I mind well enough. That was at Stamford Brig, close by York city. The king was Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, and a fine brave prince he was. He was only king for a few weeks, though. William the Norman came over sea to take his crown away; and, at the same time, his own brother, Tostig, a worthless *nothing*, as men used to call him, who was angered with him, brought Hardraada, the king of Norway, with many ships and men, to fight against Harold. They marched against our city and took it, and we might have fared badly; but Harold the king heard the news, brought an army up from the south, drove the invaders out of the city, and fought them in a great battle by Stamford Brig.

From seven in the forenoon till three, afternoon, did the battle rage, and the great army of Hardraada and Tostig was destroyed.

The good Harold liked not to fight his brother, and, before the battle, promised him lands and riches if he would send his men away. "What for my friend?" said Tostig. "Eight feet of English ground, or, as he is a tall man, ten feet," said Harold, meaning that a grave was all he could give Hardraada. So the fight went on, and Harold conquered; but, poor king, no sooner was it over than he learned that William the Norman had landed; and three weeks after Harold lay dead on the field of Hastings.

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## VIII.

## HARD TIMES AGAIN.

SURE no land ever had so hard a master as William the Norman was to us. The north-country folk were brave, and would not give in to be conquered after the Hastings fight. The King of the Danes brought over an army to help, and all the men north of Humber rose; they marched upon York, took it, and slew the Normans who were guarding the walls. William, full of wrath, marched north with a great army; he vowed we should never forget his anger. Aire waters rose in flood to keep him out, but he brought his men into York, and from Humber to Tees, from sea to sea, did the fierce king and his army go. They tore up the crops, they slew the cattle, they killed man, woman, and child, and set fire to every town and village they came to. The whole north country was a desert; for sixty miles north of York they scarce left a roof to cover a man's head. A hard winter followed; the snow lay knee-deep on the ground, and any who had found a hole to hide them in from the Norman fell before the hunger and cold of that winter. May York city never more see such a terrible time!

After this, the king and his knights fell to building castles to keep the country folk from rising again. You may see many of these old Norman keeps at this day up and down the country. After all, when the conquest was made, there were only a few of these Normans in the land—the knights who lived in the castles and their men; the Saxons were never driven out, so you English people are mostly Saxons to this

Hard as they were to their foes, and that was the way of men in those days, these Normans wished to serve God, and for the next two hundred years or more they were busy building grand cathedrals. Their own homes were plain enough; they cared only to have them strong, so their castles were built with stone walls six or eight feet thick; and light and air got in only by narrow chinks through which archers might shoot. But no such churches have ever been built in England as in the centuries after the Normans first settled here; you may see what they could do by our own grand Minster.

They borrowed a good deal of the money for these fine buildings from the Jews, who were the only rich people then.

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## IX.

### THE ROSES.\*

Don't think we had nothing but wars and troubles and hard times in York city. The parliaments, which always meet now in the fine new Parliament Houses at Westminster, used very often to be held at York. Those were times of gay doings in the old city, feastings and tourneys. But I scarce remember any time more joyful than when King Edward III. married his fair Queen Philippa here. It was from York, too, that she marched with the Lords Neville and Percy to fight the battle of Neville's Cross.

Speaking of Philippa reminds me of another queen

\* See the account of St. Albans, Herts, for an explanation of "The Roses."



whom York city has cause to remember; Margaret, queen of Henry VI., she that had the head of the Duke of York stuck on the city gates, with a paper crown to mock him for his pains, for he had thought to wear the crown of England. The king was a prisoner, but Margaret was free, and, with the help of the barons of the north, she raised an army and met the Duke of York at Wakefield, where was fought one of the twelve bloody battles of the Roses. The queen conquered, but small was the glory, for she had four times as many men as the duke. He fell in the fight, and cruel Lord Clifford came upon the body and struck off the head; he set on it a crown of paper, and so fixed it on a pole and presented it to his queen, at which present was much joy; but many laughed then that soon lamented after. The queen had the head fixed upon the city gates.

Three months after, this same Clifford was slain upon Towton field near Tadcaster, struck in the throat by a headless arrow.

A terrible battle was that of Towton, such as had not been fought on English ground since the fight of Hastings. It began at break of day, and for six hours did the fight go on, and neither side would give in, the snow falling thick all the time, and laying a white cover over the slain.

The Earl of Warwick, the mighty baron, the king-maker, he that could raise armies at his call from his own earldoms, wore the white rose of York and led the army. At last, they of Lancaster slowly gave way, and soon every man fled for his life. All through the night they fled, hotly chased by the men of the Yorkist army, who slew all they came upon. In the morning was a woful reckoning of dead bodies; nigh forty thousand

slain—forty thousand! and among them our bravest and noblest. Aye, it was a dark day for the land, the day of Towton fight! And a dark and evil war for England was this war of the Roses, which left scarce a brave baron or a prince in the land, and laid our bold archers by thousands upon many a battle-field.

Margaret and Henry waited here, in York, while the battle raged, and when the news reached them, they fled north to Scotland.

I cannot remember to tell you of all that happened betwixt this quarrel of the Roses and the next great Civil War, when King Charles I. and his people fought, army to army, up and down the land. Close by here, on Marston Moor, was one of those fights. Prince Rupert, the king's wild kinsman, after breaking the siege of Lathom House, burst over the moors and into York; and as evening came on, he drew up his men to face Cromwell's Ironsides on Marston Moor. What men the Ironsides were! England has had no such soldiers since the Roman days. The fight was fierce, but at nightfall all was over, and Rupert rode away with hardly a man at his back.

I can tell no more; if ye would know more about York city, ye must . . . . .

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## X.

### THE SEA-BOARD.

THE coast of York makes a curve from Tees mouth, where is the busy, iron-working town of Middlesborough, to Flamborough Head, north of which it is bold and rocky.

The ruins of Whitby Abbey, where,

"In the convent cell,  
A Saxon princess once did dwell,  
The lovely Ethelfled,"

stands on a high cliff, 250 feet above the sea, overlooking the narrow streets of this old sea-port town. Jet brooches and earrings are made here, jet being found about Whitby.

Scarborough, farther south, is a fashionable bathing place. It stands within a bay, its piers sweeping round the harbour; and the town creeps, step by step, street by street, up a high and steep cliff, on the top of which are the ruins of a castle. It is an old town; Tostig and Hardraada landed here before the battle of Stamford Brig, and nearly destroyed Scarborough.

There is scarcely a promontory in England that stands more boldly out to sea than Flamborough Head. The name means "headland of the flames," for the Danes kept a beacon fire alight there to guide their ships upon the sea. The brilliantly white chalk cliffs which form it are part of a range nearly six miles in length.

South of this Head, the shores are tame, consisting of low cliffs of clay or chalk, flat marshy lands, and sands and sandhills. This is the coast of Holderness, which is bordered a few miles inland by the Wolds; these are hills with a smooth bold front, from which a glorious view may be had.

From Spurn Point to Bridlington Bay, a distance of about thirty miles, the ocean is gradually gaining on the land, and half-a-dozen towns and villages have been submerged. At Hornsea, a road has disappeared bodily; Kilnsea has lost its old church; while of Ravenspur,

once a large sea-port town, which stood by Spurn Point, with churches, streets, and houses many, the very name has disappeared from the map. It is not that the sea comes in with a sudden burst and sweeps off village or town all at once; it works away steadily by day and by night. Bit by bit the land is carried off with whatever stands upon it—church or village street; the very rate at which it gains upon the land is calculated—two yards in a year in some places, six or seven in others. Spurn Point is a low, barren ridge of sand and shingle.

The sea does not carry its spoil far; the tide rushes up the Humber, bearing with it the waste from the cliffs of Holderness; when the tidal wave goes out again, it leaves the mud and stones behind. So they remain, mud-banks and shoals in the bed of the Humber, too heavy for the river to sweep out; wherefore, only pilots who know it well can navigate this estuary.

Hull, or Kingston-upon-Hull, is named after the river it stands on. It is an old town and a great sea-port at the mouth of the Humber. Hull trades with the whole world, chiefly with Holland, the Baltic, Sweden, and Norway. It exports the cottons of Manchester, the woollens and linens of Yorkshire, the lace and net of Nottingham. It imports large quantities of foreign wool, flax, iron, timber, tallow, grain, and other things. This port has three large docks.

### Map Questions.

1. Name, in order, five *dales* which lie in the western moorlands. Name the river which waters each dale, and any interesting town or abbey which it contains.
2. Name four hills above 2250 feet in height in these Pennine Moors. Into what other counties are these hills continued?
3. What broad valley extends through the county from north to

south? What river waters this valley? What two rivers unite to form the Ouse? Name five tributaries of this river. Name one or two towns on each tributary (large print). What city stands upon the Ouse itself?

4. How is Yorkshire divided? Which Riding contains the most towns? Name eight of these (large print). What hills do these towns lie amongst? What important town lies quite to the south, upon the Sheaf?

5. Name the two groups of high lands which lie to the east of York Vale. What vale divides these? What low district lies between the Wolds and the sea? In what point does this district end? Name any villages upon the coast of Holderness.

6. In what point does the hilly part of the coast end? Name one or two watering-places on this coast.

7. What river divides Yorkshire from Durham? What important town stands on the Yorkshire side? What is this district, north of the eastern moorlands, called?

8. Into what estuary does the Ouse open? What other river enters this estuary? Notice the sandbanks in the Humber. What large port stands upon this estuary? What countries lie on the opposite coasts of the North Sea?

## DERBYSHIRE.

## I.

## THE PEAK DISTRICT.

THE wide-spreading moors of the Pennine chain stretch southward into Derbyshire. The whole of the county north of Castleton is a mountainous tract, called the Peak District; it consists for the most part of high and barren moorland, where sheep find scanty pasturage.

Here and there high peaks rise above the rest, as the wild and rugged Kinder Scout, with its tors, pools, and crags, and Mam Tor, which is nearly as high; none of these peaks is quite 2000 feet in height, but the district is so broken, rocky, and wild that it is truly mountain country.

Deep, narrow valleys cross the moors, river valleys, with noisy mountain torrents dashing through them; while thick wood grows down the sides of these glens to the water's edge, and high crags rise among the trees.

All the curious sights of the Peak District are not to be seen above ground. There are large and lofty caverns,—chambers opening into the very heart of the mountains; some of them penetrating, room after room, a distance of more than half a mile. To explore these caverns one must have guides and torches; and surprising it is to see, within, every fantastic shape hanging from the roof or rising from the floor; now a fringe, deep and broken, now a miniature forest in stone, and now strange shapes of bird or beast.



Have we got into a palace of the gnomes, and do they spend their years in thus adorning their chambers?

The same unwearying artist has hewn these caverns out of the solid rock, and beautified them to suit his fantastic taste; a workman whose name you would little suspect. Soft as rain is and hard as some rocks are, there is none so hard but the rain will in time make a way through its substance. The mountain limestone of which these mountains are made is full of cracks; the rain does not all flow off the sides of the hills; much of it sinks through these cracks, down and down, wearing away the lime as it goes, and carrying the atoms along in its course. Sometimes the water forms for itself quite a wide channel; indeed, in limestone districts it often happens that a broad stream, a river, flows in at the mouth of a cavern, makes its way underground, and does not appear again for miles, and all this time the water has been wearing away the stone and enlarging the caverns.

The water does not carry away quite all the lime it wears from the rocks. Every tiny drop that falls from the roof of a cavern carries its own grains of lime. Some grains it leaves on the roof; some grains drop upon the floor. This goes on for ever, night and day, until at last the lime on the roof has made a little shoot, like an icicle, and the lime on the floor another little shoot rising up to meet it. There are many drops falling, side by side, and, in the course of ages, there is formed a sort of fringe, which hangs from the roof, as icicles might, while similar forms rise from below. These limestone droppings grow very, very slowly,—it has taken many hundreds of years to make the strange figures in the caverns. Those on the roof



are called *stalactites*, and those on the floor, *stalagmites*; two long names which come from a word in the Greek language, meaning "to drop."

The Peak Cavern and Bagshaw Grotto are the largest in the district.

This mountain limestone contains a treasure besides the building stone, which is so excellent that some of it was carried to London to build the handsome Parliament Houses; this treasure is veins of lead ore, which occur from the Peak, southward, as far as Wirksworth, a great lead-mining place.

The Odin Mine, the Speedwell Mine, and the Bradwell Mine are in the Peak.

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## II.

### THE DALES.

DERBYSHIRE, like Yorkshire, is famous for its beautiful dales. But in Derbyshire the Peak sends its spurs south instead of east; these long spurs reach into the middle of the county and separate the river valleys.

The Derwent valley is thus enclosed between hills, and a very beautiful valley it is, containing Chatsworth Park, the Duke of Devonshire's place. Farther south is Matlock, among hills; Abraham Heights, which the visitors climb upon donkeys, and High Tor, a giant crag with a steep face, are the best known heights. Matlock is a fashionable place, crowded with visitors in the summer, who come to drink, and to bathe in, the warm waters of the spring.

When the underground recesses become too full of water to hold any more, the water is forced out in

*springs*: and when the water is forced up in this way from a great depth, the springs are warm; for the deeper we get into the earth's crust, the warmer it becomes. The water of these springs has often an exceedingly unpleasant taste, for the underground stream which at last breaks out in a spring does not carry lime only with it, but iron, or sulphur, or magnesia, or soda, or whatever substance it passes through. The waters of Matlock are good for consumptive and rheumatic patients.

There are two other watering-places with mineral springs in the lovely Wye valley, Bakewell and Buxton.

The most delightful of the dales of Derbyshire is Dovedale. The Dove is a tributary of the Trent which flows from Dove Head, near Buxton, where it rises, until it joins the Trent, between the two counties of Stafford and Derby. Here, the cliffs overhang the river, making dark, deep-looking pools; there, they open out; the woods come down to the river's brink, great crags jut out, and the blue stream gurgles over boulders at the bottom: now it is a wide river, and now so narrow and shallow, that it is crossed upon stepping-stones.

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### III.

#### THE COAL-FIELD AND DERBY.

EAST DERBYSHIRE is a mining district; the coal-field which begins at Leeds stretches southward through the whole of Derbyshire, as far as the town of Derby: a line between that town and Nottingham shows where

it ends. The mining towns lie thick in this district, sometimes five or six miles apart, sometimes nearly touching one another, in a zigzag line from north to south.

There are blast furnaces in many of them, for iron ore is found with the coal, and is smelted in these furnaces.\*

Chesterfield, a large town, is the centre of a mining district: Staveley lies to the north of it; Ashover and Claycross to the south. In the latter towns iron is worked, as it is also in a group of iron towns farther south,—Swanwick, Ironville, Codnor Park, and Ripley. There are large cotton mills at Belper, on this coal-field; Glossop, quite in the north, on the borders of the Lancashire coal-field, is the centre of large cotton works, and is the chief manufacturing town in the county. The mills of Arkwright, who invented the "spinning-jenny," are at Crompton.

The land between the Dove and the Derwent is chiefly a corn-growing district, with green pastures by the rivers. The little bit of the Trent valley, about ten miles, where that river runs through the south end of Derbyshire, is also a rich green pasture land.

Derby stands on the Derwent, which is a tributary of the Trent, and the chief river of the county. *Derby* means "the town of the Derwent," and the "by" in the name shows it was at one time a town held and named by the Danes. It is a busy town, where many things are made; porcelain, stockings, lace, and, most important of all, silk.

There is a bridge crossing the Derwent at the north end of Derby town, and from this bridge you get a

\* See Staffordshire.

view of a long brick building on the west bank, or, rather, on a little island in the river. This, you are told, is "John Lombe's silk mill."

A silk mill is the place where raw silk is prepared for the weaver by spinning or twisting, or *throwing*, as it is called in the trade.

The *raw* silk comes in hanks from Italy, France, Bengal, China, and some other countries; the silk is called *raw* after it has been *reeled* off the cocoons.

Silk in this state, *raw* silk, is what is brought into England now; but in John Lombe's day the silk came *thrown*, or spun into threads ready for the weaver. How to throw silk was the secret he set himself to find out.

He went to Italy to see the machines used there. The Italians would not allow him to enter their mills, so he bribed two workmen to let him in secretly, and hide him where he could watch all that was going on. He watched by day and sat up at night to make drawings and write an account of what he had seen.

He had just finished when the Italians found him out, and would have killed him, but he and his two helpers escaped to a ship and sailed for England.

In time, he built his mill on this island in the Derwent (1717), and English *throwsters* did their work as well as those of Italy.

The silk goods made in Derby are: ribbons, fringes, and other trimmings; sewing silk, cords, tassels, gloves, and stockings.

### Map Questions.

1. What district occupies the north-west of Derbyshire? Name two towns near the Peak caverns. Name any hills in this district. An important manufacturing town.

2. In what direction do spurs from the Pennines run? Name two river valleys between these spurs. Name two towns on the Dove. What counties does this river divide? What hill stands at Dove Head? What watering-place stands at this spot?

3. What famous watering-place is in the valley of the Derwent? What hills does it stand amongst? What two important towns, besides Derby, are in the Derwent valley? The hills which lie on the east of the county contain iron; name four towns in this iron district. Name two important towns to the north-east.

4. What river valley occupies the south of Derbyshire? What county does this river enter from? Into what county does it flow? What counties surround Derbyshire?

## CHESHIRE.

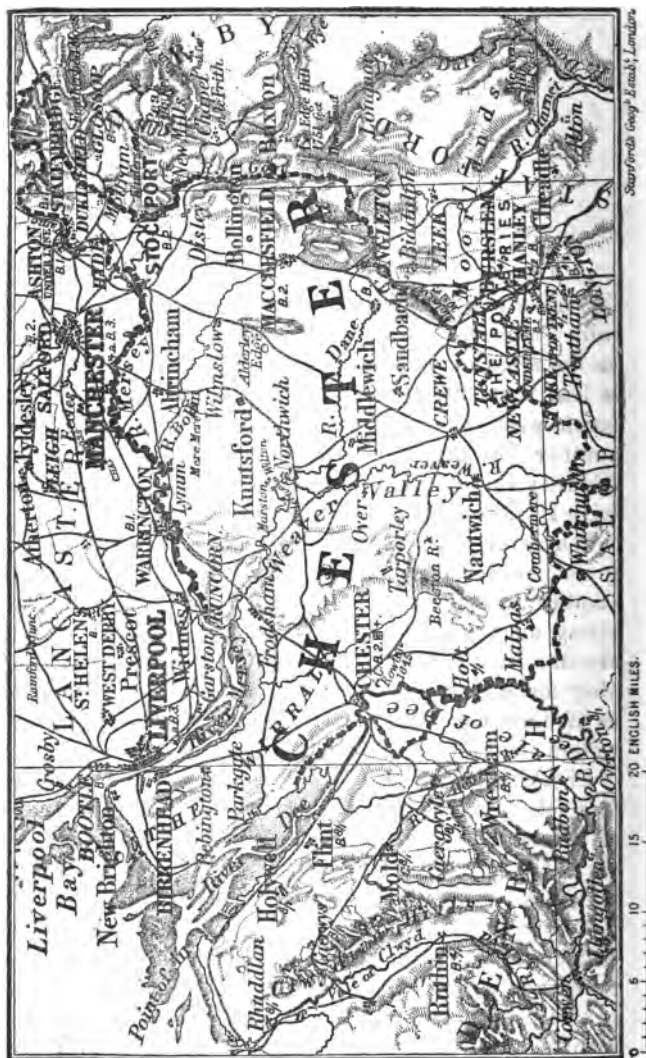
### I.

CHESHIRE is a flat county, forming part of the Shropshire Plain,—so flat that Beeston Rock, with its castle on the top, can be seen all over the county, though it is less than 400 feet high. Beeston Rock is in the south-west, a little south of Tarporley. There is another low hill to the north of Macclesfield, called Alderley Edge, which overlooks the whole of Cheshire, with its deep meadows and slow winding rivers.

Wherever you look in Cheshire, there are these same green meadows by the waterside, divided from one another by tall hedge-rows with trees, often old oaks, rising among the bushes. There are many rivers and streams in the county, and the land lies so flat, that they make slow way, and twist in and out, in and out, as if they could not find slope enough to help their waters along to the open sea.

Cheshire is rather a rainy county, and when there is much rain, the rivers overflow, leaving a fine coat of river-mud behind them when they get back to their own beds; all of which is very good for the meadows.

For these reasons, the chief business of the Cheshire people is to grow grass. What for? To feed the thousands and thousands of cows which may be seen grazing at their ease, or chewing the cud in sleepy fashion in the pasture fields: not in the meadows; the



Surfords Gray Engrs, London

long, rich meadow grass is cut and dried and made into hay for their winter food when grass is scarce and poor. These cows are kept to make the famous Cheshire cheese, of which thousands of tons are sent away yearly; and a very pleasant sight the cheese-room of a Cheshire dairy is.

Nantwich on the river Weaver is the chief cheese-selling town; the cheeses are made throughout the Weaver Valley.

So they are also in the Vale of Dee, the river which comes out of Welsh mountain-valleys to meander among the green meadows of Cheshire.

Perhaps you know the song about "Mary," who was sent to—

" Call the cattle home  
Across the sands of Dee :  
The western wind was wild and dank with foam ;  
\*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
And never home came she."

She never came home because the tide rose upon her unawares, and she found herself all at once struggling in deep sea-water with nobody by to help. The Dee reaches the Irish Sea through a broad estuary, about fourteen miles long; when the tide is out, the river, a rather shallow stream here, winds its way to the sea through the sands which stretch a long way on each side of it. But when the tide comes in, it fills the estuary and covers the sands with deep enough sea to carry a ship, and woe to man or child found wandering upon them.

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## II.

## CHESTER CITY.

BEFORE the Dee enters its wide estuary, it sweeps nearly round the old walls of Chester. Strong and thick old walls they are, with here and there a turret, a memorial of the days when Chester was a great Roman city.

These walls are two miles in circuit; they stood a siege on behalf of Charles I., which lasted from Midsummer 1643, to February 1646; and not till sore pressed by hunger, and glad to feed on the flesh of cats and dogs, would the garrison surrender. At the north-east corner is Newton's tower, upon the top leads of which King Charles stood with the mayor of Chester watching a battle two miles away on the heath of Rowton; a sad enough sight for him, for the royal forces were defeated.

Chester is an ancient and a pleasant city, full of interest, and, in some ways, unlike any other in England.

No other English town has anything like "The Rows"; "galleries wherein the passengers go dry without coming into the streets, having shops on both sides and underneath." The Rows are simply passages formed by cutting away the fronts of the first-floor rooms; the side pavement is laid upon the top of the lowest rooms, about six or ten feet above the roadway; the upper part of each house is again brought forward, supported on pillars. Steps lead up to the Rows, and you walk under shelter by all the best shops of the city. The projecting house-fronts, often three or four centuries old, have gabled roofs, latticed windows, and cross beams, carved and painted.

The way the streets are laid out shows that Chester,

like Chichester in the south, was once a Roman camp and city. The four chief streets run north, south, east, and west; they all branch out from the same open space, and each street ends in an arched gateway.

The treasure of the city is its Cathedral, which is very old, and was falling into decay; but, quite lately, it has been made beautiful and perfect again at great cost, and with the sort of loving care which was spent upon churches in the days when the English cathedrals were built.

Chester is the county town, and is a busy place, with iron-foundries, lead-works, and soap-works.

The Conqueror gave Cheshire to his nephew, telling him to keep it with his sword as best he could. In his time, and after, the earls of Chester lived in Chester Castle with all the state of kings; they made their own laws, ruled their own subjects, and always had many fighting men ready to take the field. They had need of an army, for in those days Cheshire and Shropshire were border counties, and the fierce Welsh tribes would pour down upon the lowlands from their mountain hiding-places just as the Scotch borderers did upon the northern counties. The eldest son of the English sovereign is now Earl of Chester.

The Wirral is the peninsula that stands out between the mouth of the Mersey and the mouth of the Dee, both broad estuaries.

Birkenhead is a busy place, with large docks like those of Liverpool.

New Brighton stands at the end of the Wirral; it is a watering-place with broad sands and odd looking red cliffs.

All the Wirral coast is bordered with sandhills. The soil of the peninsula is sandy, and therefore is suitable for potatoes and some sorts of green vegetables, which are grown here for the Liverpool market.

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### III.

#### WHERE SALT COMES FROM.

THE Weaver, which flows through mid-Cheshire, sends its waters to the sea by the mouth of the Mersey. Sail up the river, and you pass barge after barge laden with smooth blocks of white salt, or with rough lumps of rock-salt, reddish or clear. All these vessels are coming down stream, and they are on their way to Runcorn, or, more often, to Liverpool, from whence their cargoes of salt are sent pretty nearly all over the world—east and west, to America and India, to Denmark, Russia, and Africa.

The boats come from Northwich, which you can distinguish in the distance by the thick smoke cloud hanging over it. Northwich is a busy place with many chimneys, and the chief work done there is to turn the rock-salt, which is brought from the mines, into the pure white salt which comes to table. The rock-salt is put into shallow pans of water to dissolve; then, all the water is boiled away, and the salt remains, but not as it was before. The grains of red iron and earthy matter have gathered together at the bottom, and left the salt pure and white.

The salt does not become pure the first time it is dissolved, however; the same thing must be done

many times. Now you can understand why there are many chimneys and much smoke in and about Northwich.

Where does the salt come from? At Northwich itself, and at all the villages round about—Anderton, Wilton, Marston—there are salt-mines, with beautiful snow-white streets, deep under ground, and white arched roofs, supported on great white pillars.

The mines have made such great hollows about Northwich and under Marston village, that the ground on the surface has sunk; and many houses slope in the strangest way, and have to be propped up to keep them from falling. These beds of salt-rock lie under the valley of the Weaver, and, now and then, the salt-rock crops up in the river banks. A great field of salt, over a hundred and fifty miles long, lies far under ground in Cheshire and about it. The beds of rock-salt are often a hundred feet thick, and in Cheshire there are two of these deep beds, one under the other; the purest salt is found in the lower bed.\*

How came these salt-beds to be in Cheshire? That is a curious part of the story. Where the salt is now, there was, ages ago, a lake; a kind of Dead Sea, for its waters were so bitterly salt that nothing which had life could endure them; never a tiny shell-fish, nor the pattern of any seaweed is to be found in the salt rocks. So salt was this lake, that the waters could not hold all the salt dissolved, and much of it sank to the bottom and made salt rocks.

The sun was very hot over Britain in those days; it drew up the water of this salt sea in thin vapour. But the sun is dainty, he will drink nothing but pure water even out of the dirtiest ditch; he drew off the water

\* 'Geological Stories,' J. E. Taylor, F.G.S.

and left the salt behind. By and by, the layer of salt-rocks at the bottom became deep, and the sea more and more shallow, until at last there was no sea, nothing but a great stretch of salt.

New changes came; the salt was covered with other rocks, and, after ages had passed, another salt lake lay in the place of the first, and disappeared by degrees in the same way, leaving a deep layer of salt-rock behind it. In course of time, the salt was again covered by layers of other rock, and it is now, usually, far underground, and is reached by deep shafts.

There are many brine-springs scattered about the county, that is, water rising from the earth, salt as pickle. The water from these brine-springs is boiled down to make table-salt at Northwich, Nantwich, the little old town of Middlewich, and some other places. The boiling is done in much the same way as for rock-salt, only that instead of having to dissolve the rock in water to make brine in the first place, the men draw the brine ready made from the springs.

It is not difficult to understand where these salt-springs come from; much of the water that comes down as rain finds its way underground; it is easy for this water to dissolve the salt-rock, and so make a channel for itself, but of course it carries the salt along with it, and is no longer pure water, but brine.

When the ground below becomes so filled at any particular spot that it can hold no more, the water comes out at the surface as a brine-spring.

"In many parts of Cheshire the surface is dotted about with 'meres,' or fresh-water lakes, the haunts of rare birds and plants, and the prettiest spots to be found in old England. In many cases, perhaps in all, these seem to have been formed by the slow settling of

the over-lying rock masses over the hollows left by the dissolving of the rock-salt beneath."

Cumber Mere, a mile and a half long, is the largest of these; it is in a beautiful park in the south of Cheshire. Others are, Mere Mere, Moss Mere, and Broad Mere.

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#### IV.

#### EAST CHESHIRE.

THE South Lancashire coal-field, upon which Manchester stands, reaches far down into the east of Cheshire, and three or four towns which are nearly in a line with Manchester are engaged in the same two great manufactures, cotton and silk. Macclesfield, built on the side of a hill not far from Alderley Edge, is a great silk-making place; velvets, fringes, fancy braids, neckties, silk buttons, as well as muslins and calico, are made here.

Stockport, which stands on a red rock, just where the Tame and Goyt join to form the Mersey, is another silk and cotton town. Congleton, in a delightful valley, south of Macclesfield, makes cotton, and in Sandbach, a little to the south-west of it, silk is made.

Crewe, a great railway junction, where the engines and carriages of the London and North-Western Railway Company are made, is a rather dull town, with many rows of well-built red-brick houses, one row like another, where the company's work-people live.

Altrincham, quite to the north, is a pleasant and very healthful town, where many of the Manchester

"cotton lords" live. Around the town, fruit and vegetables are grown for Manchester; especially carrots, for which Altrincham is rather famous.

The north-east corner of the county is hilly, containing part of Feather-bed Moss, a bit of Yorkshire moorland.

### Map Questions.

1. What is the name of the peninsula between the mouths of the Dee and the Mersey? Name the town on the Mersey opposite to Liverpool. The port at the beginning of the estuary.

2. What river valley runs through the middle of Cheshire? Name four or five towns in this valley. Two important towns in the north-east.

3. Name two heights in this flat county, one in the north-east, the other in the south-west.

4. Upon what river does Chester stand? Does the Dee enter any other English county? What battle was fought near the city? Date?

5. How is Cheshire bounded?

## SHROPSHIRE.

### I.

#### THE WELSH MARCHES.

SHROPSHIRE, or Salop, is another county on the borders of Wales, or the Welsh *Marches*. The earthen dyke, raised by Offa of Mercia to keep those troublesome Welsh neighbours out, is still to be seen, running nearly the whole length of the county.

The Normans built many castles, and held them against the borderers. William had given leave to certain of his barons to take and keep for themselves what land they could in this wild border county; wherefore, for more than three hundred years after the Conquest, there were endless slayings and burnings.

Edward I. endeavoured to put an end to these troubles by conquering the country; he had David, the last Prince of Wales, tried at Shrewsbury, where the English king was holding court, and put to death as a traitor.

The Welsh were so sore about this, that to console them Edward gave them his infant son, who being born at Carnarvon was a native of Wales, for their prince; this is why our Queen's eldest son is the Prince of Wales.

Shrewsbury still has the keep of its ancient castle. The Severn, the queen of rivers, flows nearly round the town. This river divides the county into two pretty equal parts. The north part belongs to the Cheshire





plain, and is like it in every way—the same level country, with rich meadows by the river banks; the same broad pastures, with grazing cattle and scattered clumps of trees; the same pretty meres. Ellesmere Mere, which gives its name to the town of Ellesmere, is the largest of those in Salop.

There is more corn grown on the Shropshire than on the Cheshire end of the plain. The Welsh hills make their way into the north-west corner, nearly as far as Oswestry,—named after Oswald, the gentle northern king who was slain here by Penda. The Wrekin in the east, close by the Severn, is a hill which rises all by itself, like Alderley Edge in Cheshire; from the top of it, as many as seventeen of the flat middle counties may be seen on a clear day.

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## II.

### THE HILL COUNTRY.

THE Hill Country is a name that describes South Salop very well, for as many as six ranges of hills cross the county south of the Severn, running towards the south-east. The south-east corner, called Clun Forest, is not a forest at all, but is filled with hills. Wenlock Edge which begins by Much Wenlock is the longest range; and the Clee Hills are about the highest. Between these hill ranges are long, narrow valleys; the town of Church Stretton which consists of one long street is in the valley between the Long Mynd and Caradoc Hills.

This part of the county is very pretty, with hills and vales, woods and corn-fields; and, quite in the

south, near the counties of Hereford and Worcester, there are hop-gardens and great apple orchards.

A coal-field reaches from Wellington to Bridgenorth, which is a busy and pretty trading town on the Severn. Iron is found with the coal; and Wellington, Newport, Shifnal, Madeley, and Coalbrook-dale, are nearly as black and as busy as the adjoining Black Country itself: coal pits and iron-works, iron-works and coal pits, break up the ground and blacken the air.

It seems a pity that Coalbrook-dale, the lovely valley between the Wrekin and Wenlock Edge, should be blackened with furnace smoke. The valley is shut in by steep, wooded hills, and little knolls, covered with trees, are dotted all over it; at night the whole dale is lit up by the flames of the blast furnaces.

There is another coal-field reaching from Shrewsbury to the Welsh hills, as well as three or four smaller ones in the south-east.

Most of the mining country on the east belongs to the plain, which reaches south of the Severn, taking in all the river valley.

Seventy miles of the Severn river are within Salop. It enters this shire straight from Montgomery, the Welsh county in which are the lofty Plinlimmon mountains, where our queen of rivers first gathers her waters. She collects some tributary streams on her way through Shropshire; the chief are, the Tern on the north, and the Teme, on which the bonny town of Ludlow stands, on the south.

Edward IV. chose Ludlow Castle to be the palace of his young son, Edward, Prince of Wales; and here all the business of the Principality was conducted. When the king died, the prince, aged twelve, was holding court at the castle.

Another boy of twelve had his home in Ludlow Castle, Philip Sidney, afterwards the Sir Philip Sidney of whom Queen Elizabeth said, he was the brightest jewel in her crown.

### Map Questions.

1. What important river crosses the county? Name three towns on its banks. Where does the Severn rise? What county does it enter from Salop?
2. Compare the part of the county which lies to the north of the Severn with that which lies to the south. What single hill rises to the north of the river? What is the valley called between the Wrekin and the river? Name four towns in this iron-making district in the west of Salop.
3. Name five hill ranges in the south of Salop. What river bounds the county on the south? Name a town on this river.
4. In what part of England is Salop? What counties bound it?

## WORCESTERSHIRE.

### I.

#### THE VALES OF WORCESTER AND EVESHAM.

WORCESTERSHIRE is a rich and pleasant county, consisting of a broad valley bordered by hills on each side. On the east, are the Clent, and the Lickey Hills; on the west, the Abberley Hills and the Malvern Hills. These last would be one range, running from north to south, but that they are parted by the pretty valley of the Teme, a river bordered by hop-gardens and orchards.

Apple orchards and pear orchards, hop-gardens and golden corn-fields—look from any of the hills over Worcester county, and these are what you see; there is scarcely a bit of waste common anywhere. All that is left of the forest which once covered the county is a pleasant clump of trees here and there, and a single bit of forest land on the Salop border.

But what is that deep green dip in the middle of the broad valley, running right through the county from north to south—surely that is water gleaming at the bottom? That is the Vale of Worcester, which is only about a mile across, and the gleaming water is no other than Queen Severn herself, which comes out of Salop to take her gentle course through the middle of this shire. The deep green of the flowery meads tells of river floods, and of dressings of river mud.

In the south-east of the county, you may trace such another deep green vale; not a straight vale, this



time, but in and out, round about, it goes, here and there flanked by hills and woods. That is the beautiful Vale of Evesham, the valley of the winding Avon, the Warwickshire Avon which joins the Severn at Tewkesbury on the Gloucester border.

To Evesham Vale belongs the end of the story begun on the heights of Lewes. Henry III., taken prisoner in the battle of Lewes, was confined by the barons in Worcester Castle. His son Edward contrived to escape from the soldiers who had charge of him, and raised an army, with which he marched to Worcester to liberate his father.

Simon Montfort and the barons' army met him in Evesham Vale, and a great battle followed. The barons placed the king, vizor down, in front, hoping he would be killed by his own friends; but he cried out, "I am Henry of Winchester, kill not your king!" The prince heard, and dashed into the thick of the fight to save his father; the king was rescued, and the barons' army defeated; the noble de Montfort and his son both fell on the field.

Evesham, with its houses of wood, is a pleasant town in the beautiful vale; so, also, is Pershore. *Pearshore* it should be called, for it got its name in Saxon days from the pear orchards about it.

On the other side of the Severn, and just under the Malvern Hills, is Great Malvern, the waters of whose wells—Holy Well and St. Ann's Well—are good in certain complaints.

Let us make our way back to the bank of the Severn, and watch the barges going down the river. Worcester is on the opposite bank, but we may see the grand old cathedral and the red houses of its cheerful streets.

See, there is a barge from the city piled high with hop-pockets. Hops from all the country round are sold at Worcester, or at Stourport, higher up the Severn. There are barges laden with corn-sacks; with apples; with pears; with casks of perry or cider made from apples and pears; with sacks of wool. Yonder is a barge with a delicate freight—the beautiful porcelain made in Worcester, about which we must hear more. The gloves, which employ most of the city work-people, being small and light, are sent away by rail.

There are barges laden with iron things, which come from the north of this county, which is near the Black Country, from Stourbridge or Stourport, on the little river Stour, which there joins the Severn. The carpets of Kidderminster, which is also on the Stour, are generally sent away by rail. There, again, are our old friends the salt barges. Where do they come from? From Droitwich, which is connected with the Severn by a canal, and where there are brine-springs rising from the deep underground salt-bed. Droitwich is a busy, smoky place, where many thousand tons of salt are prepared and sent down the Severn every year; the people of Droitwich have been busy thus, preparing salt, for centuries.

All these barges—many of which, by the way, you are not likely to see at one time—are making their way to Bristol, the great port of the Severn, from which the goods will be sent over sea, or to ports on our own coast. The Severn carries barges and larger vessels all through the county; so does the Avon; and there are canals to enable boats to get to these rivers from places at a distance.

The old cathedral city of Worcester stands in the midst of the fertile Severn Valley. It is a busy town



on market days, for the hops of the district are brought here for sale. The city has manufactures, also, of gloves, and of the beautiful Worcester china.

Our English porcelain is made at the Staffordshire potteries, at Derby, and some other places. That of Worcester has long been noted for its great beauty.

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## II.

### HOW NEEDLES ARE MADE.

It is a curious thing that nearly all the needles used in England and the colonies, as well as in a great part of Europe, are made in an out-of-the-way village in a farming county.

The pretty village of Redditch, at the foot of the eastern hills, has about a dozen factories, or mills, where, perhaps, seven or eight thousand persons, men, women, and children, are employed in needle-making. The mills are large buildings, with long rows of windows, like other factories, and with steam-engines to turn the wheels on which the needles are ground. But most of the processes are performed by hand, some of them at the cottages of the needle-makers. Some thirty different things, by thirty different persons, are done to each needle before it is ready for use; and it is marvellous how quick each person is in doing the particular bit of work he is accustomed to do.

Steel wire, of the proper size for needles, is sent from Sheffield to Redditch. A workman takes up about a hundred wires, and, with a strong pair of shears, cuts them into pieces just long enough to make two needles. These are made red-hot in a furnace,

and then rolled over and over with a sort of steel rolling-pin until they are quite straight.

Then the wires go to the pointer, who grinds each end to a sharp point. The pointing-room has many small grindstones, all turning round at a wonderful rate, two thousand times a minute! The grinder sits on a stool, or "horse," and bends over the stone. Over his mouth he wraps a large handkerchief, and as he can do his work nearly as well in the dark as in the light, he is sometimes only to be seen by the bright cone of sparks which come from the steel he is grinding. His face looks pale, and we know he is doing work which will soon kill him. The sparks and the dust from the steel and the grindstone bring on a disease called "grinders' asthma." The grinders get high wages and do but little work, because their calling is so dangerous, though recent inventions have lessened the danger somewhat.

The pointer takes fifty or a hundred needle wires in his hand at once, and twirls them round against the revolving stone. So rapid are his movements that he can point ten thousand wires in an hour.

The next thing is to pierce two holes through each wire—the eyes of the two needles. The wires are laid, one by one, under a heavy stone stamping-machine with a little raised die upon it, the size of a needle's eye, which makes a groove where the eye should be. The workman works his machine with his foot, and places the needle-wire with his hand. Though each has to be done separately, he stamps eight thousand needles in an hour.

Then a boy pierces the eye through, and another boy runs wires through the two holes, so that there is a row of needles on each wire, something like a comb.

The lengths are broken between the two wires, and instead of double, there are single needles.

Next, women and girls straighten them once more with many taps from little hammers. The needles are drilled, tempered, polished; and more is done to them than we have time to describe before they are sorted into packets for sale.

### Map Questions.

1. In what direction does the Severn flow through Worcestershire? From what county on the north does it enter? What county does it flow into when it leaves Worcestershire? What is the Severn Valley called in this county? What small tributary joins the river at Stourport? Name four towns on this little river.

2. What hills form part of the eastern boundary? Name three considerable places in the east of Worcestershire.

3. What valley occupies the south-east of the county? Drained by what river? Name a town on the Avon. From what county does it enter? Where does it join the Severn?

4. By what name is the long hill range to the west known in its northern part? In its southern part? What river divides these two? What city stands near the junction of the Teme and Severn? What famous watering-place is among the Malvern Hills?

## GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

### I.

#### THE VALES.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE is an easy county to describe; it consists of vales, forest, and hills. The forest lies to the west of the Severn; the vales are, Severn Valley, running through the county, and a bit of the Avon Valley, which crosses it at the north; the hilly country is in the east of the shire.

The bit of Avon Valley, or Vale of Evesham, in the north is, like the same vale in Worcester, green and fertile; and most fertile and beautiful are, also, the two parts of the Severn Valley.

The Severn enters this county at Tewkesbury, which is seventy miles from the sea; yet with such force does the tide-wave from the Atlantic come in, that it is felt thus far up.

Tewkesbury is a busy little town where stockings are made: in a field close by was fought the last battle save one in the long and bitter Wars of the Roses.

Henry VI. was a prisoner in the Tower of London, and Edward IV. had been crowned, when Queen Margaret, the wife of Henry, came over the sea with an army. They sailed up the Severn, and every day old friends joined the queen, who was full of hope; her young son Edward was with her.

But Edward IV. met her at Tewkesbury, and a terrible battle followed. The queen's friends fought



valiantly, but earls and knights and three thousand men fell on that bloody field. The queen herself was taken prisoner; some say her son was killed while flying from the field, but others, that he was taken before Edward, who struck him in the face with his steel glove, and allowed the boy to be slain in his sight. Margaret's spirit was broken at last; she never again attempted to rouse the English people.

The Severn Valley as far south as the city of Gloucester is called the Vale of Gloucester,—a most fertile valley, about eight miles wide, where little is to be seen but waving corn-fields, and pleasant villages nestling among fruit-trees. It is bordered on the east by the Cotswold Hills; under the hills is Cheltenham, with its wholesome springs, and its baths; this is a pleasant holiday-place, which is usually crowded with visitors. Large ships come up the Severn as far as Gloucester, which is a busy trading town, sending its cargoes mostly to the Baltic Sea, from which the ships bring deal-wood, turpentine, and corn. They carry away salt, iron goods, and various other products.

Gloucester is an ancient city with a beautiful cathedral. It was in Gloucester, amongst his own people, that the good Bishop Hooper was burnt at the stake in the persecution under Queen Mary.

South of Gloucester, the Severn Valley is called the Vale of Berkeley, from the old market-town of that name. Its castle stands on a hill which overlooks the river, and to this castle a pitiful tale belongs. Here ended the life of Edward II., who governed his realm so ill that the barons of England compelled him to make the kingdom over to his young son. This was only fair, but a wicked deed followed. The king was shut up in a little lonely chamber with thick stone walls which

may still be seen in Berkeley Castle, and there he was murdered in so terrible a way that his shrieks could be heard in the town. This deed was not done by the barons, but by ruffians sent by the king's wicked wife.

The Severn is a broad and noble river here, with sailing ships, steamers, and barges upon its waters. It can hardly be called a river, however; it is a wide estuary by which the sea makes its way far into the land, while the Severn still flows through it down to the sea.

Berkeley Vale, which is not more than half as broad as the more northern Vale of Gloucester, is also shut in by the Cotswold Hills. It is the prettier valley of the two, with wooded hills dotted about, many cows feeding, low, deep green meadows by the river side, and apple and pear orchards beyond these. Cider and perry, excellent Gloucester cheese, and delicious butter are made in Berkeley Vale.

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## II.

### BRISTOL CHANNEL AND BRISTOL TOWN.

It is rather an odd fact that Gloucestershire has three Avons, all of which flow into the Severn—the Warwick, or Stratford Avon in the north; an Avon in the south which has come through Wilts and Somerset, called the Bristol Avon, because Bristol stands upon it; and a third, the Little Avon, on which Berkeley stands.

The coming in of the tide causes a strange change in the Bristol Avon. At low water, it is a shallow, brawling stream; that will scarcely carry the smallest

boat. When the tide comes in, big West Indianmen and the largest steamers glide right up to the city. If ships arrive at low water, they wait for the returning tide to carry them up to Bristol. They do not venture up with the spring tide, however, which rises fifty feet high at Avonmouth. A strange and awful sight is the rising of the spring-tide (a very high tide which occurs twice a month, at new and full moon) in the Severn. Often, while the stream is flowing calmly, and the waters scarcely show a ripple, a low, sullen roar breaks on the ear, getting louder and nearer every moment, till a hill of water, with a white ridge of foam, comes rolling up fast, tossing the barges and boats about in a wild way. This hill of water is called a "bore," and seems to be caused by the fact that the river channel slopes in such a way as to keep out the sea for a bit; presently the tide-wave makes its way round the corner, and up rush the waters with tremendous fury.

Bristol is a busy port, with many ships coming and going and lying in harbour. To make more room for these, the Avon has been turned out of its bed for some two miles, and a new channel dug for it. The old channel, filled with water, is used as a harbour, and with that and its long quay, Bristol can give quiet lodgings to more than one thousand vessels. The city has need to make room for the good ships that throng her busy port—ships from the Indies, with sugar and cotton, spices, and strange foreign fruits; ships from Cork, with bacon and live pigs, butter and eggs; ships from Spain and the Levant, with dried fruits and wine, oranges and wool; from South America, with hides, wool, and tallow; from Africa, with ivory and gums; ships from China and the far east, with silk and tea, preserved ginger, sugar and spice, and all



things nice. It would be hard to name the part of the world which does not send cargoes to Bristol, or whither she, in turn, does not send the hardware of the "Black Country," salt, coal, and other west-country produce that has been brought down the Severn, or carried to Bristol by road or rail. Bristol sends out her own goods, also; she is a busy town, where ships are built, sugar is refined, soap, glass, and various other things are made; this old town has a long history, dating back to Roman days, when Bristol was an important camp and city.

So close as to be really part of the city, is Clifton, with its warm springs and breezy downs, at the foot of which flows the Avon, through a narrow chasm in one place, over which there is a Suspension Bridge.

Clifton is a gay, fashionable place, a contrast to the mining villages on the other side of the town. The Avon runs through the wide Bristol coal-field, the most southerly in England, which extends into Somerset. Much of the town of Bristol is in the county of Somerset. Beyond the town, the broad opening from the Atlantic into which the Severn falls is known as the Bristol Channel.

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### III.

#### THE COTSWOLD HILLS.

The Cotswolds run from end to end of the county, and divide the basin of the Severn from that of the Thames. Their hill ranges and valleys nearly fill the eastern half of Gloucestershire, being in some places from twenty to thirty miles across. The short grass on

their slopes feeds countless flocks of sheep,—a breed famous both for fine wool and good mutton. The highest point is Cleeve Cloud, near Cheltenham (about 1000 feet high), by which the old Roman Ermine Street passes on its way north from Cirencester. Cirencester was the chief town in the west country in Roman days, and here four great roads met.

Carpets are manufactured in Cirencester, and, to the west of this town, in pretty vales, surrounded by hills, and watered by streams which flow into the Severn, are the towns where the famous west-country broad-cloth is made. Stroud is the chief of these; and there are long white mills by dark-coloured streams in many of the neighbouring towns and villages—Minchinhampton, Stonehouse, and others. The finest broad-cloth is made in this county, in Wilts, and Somerset.

The most notable thing about the Cotswolds is that they have the honour of giving birth to the Thames.

\*About three miles from Cheltenham two brooks rise—one from several openings at a spot called the *Seven Springs*. The spot is a lovely dell, overhung with trees, at the foot of Leckhampton Hill. "Here," says the woman who shows the place, "be the springs from which comes the great river Thames, which is called Isis till it gets past Oxford. Here they be, seven of 'em, one, two, three, four, &c. And they never run less in the driest summer, and never are frozen in winter. How thankful ought us to be for such a plenty of good water!" It gushes freely out of the rock, clear and pure as crystal, cool and grateful to the summer Rambler. After a few whirls, it starts upon its course, as if impatient to reach the objects in its

\* From 'The British Islands,' J. Milner, M.A.

path. In about a mile, the brook from Seven Springs is joined by another from Ullen Farm, and the two together make the small river Churn. It flows to Cricklade, twenty miles off, where the Isis, or Thames, from Wiltshire is met. Four feeders of the Thames, the Evenlode, Windrush, Leach, and Colne, also rise in the Cotswolds.

With the exception of Windsor Forest and the New Forest, *Dean Forest* is the largest in England; oak and beech are grown here for the dockyards. It is a mining country; a coal-field stretches right under the forest, and iron is found with the coal. Lydney and Coleford are busy coal and iron towns.

#### Map Questions.

1. What is the lower valley of the Severn called? What city stands upon the river? What great port is upon the estuary where it is joined by the Lower Avon? What important town joins this port?
2. Name the forest which lies to the west of the river. Two towns in this mining district.
3. What hill range fills the east of the county? Name four considerable towns among the hills. The highest point is to the north of Cheltenham; name it. In what hill are the seven springs in which the Thames rises? What tributaries of the Thames rise in the Cotswolds?
4. State what counties the Severn flows through from its source to its mouth.
5. The town which stands where the river enters Gloucester was the scene of a battle; name it and give the date.

## HEREFORDSHIRE AND MONMOUTHSHIRE.

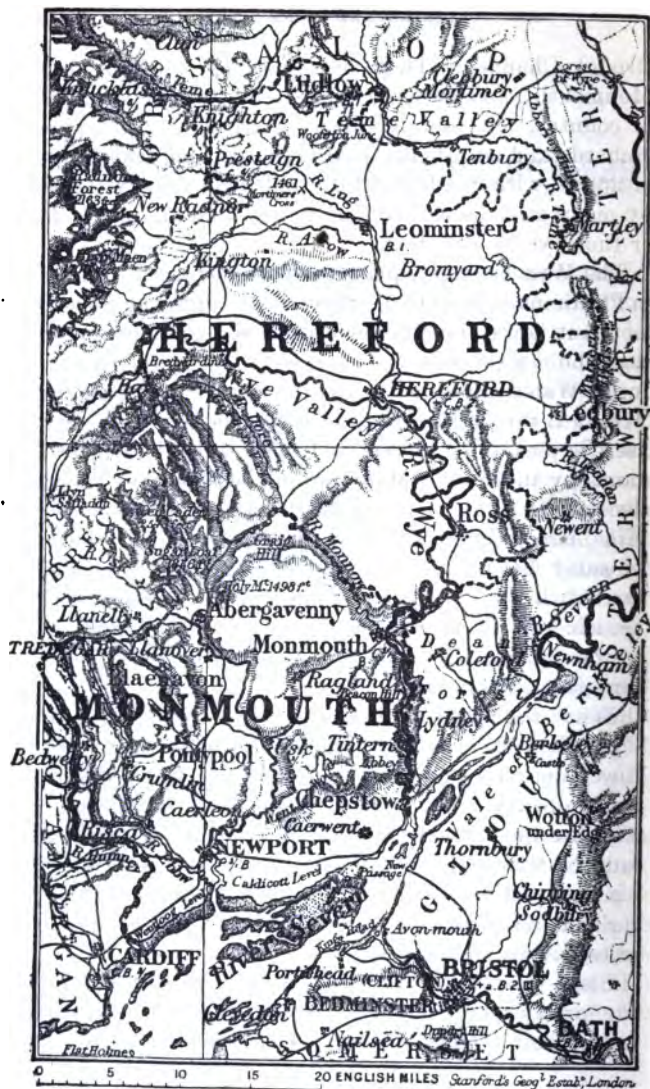
### I.

HEREFORDSHIRE and Monmouthshire are the two last counties on the Welsh "Marches," where the ruins of many stern old Norman keeps tell of lands taken and held by the sword. .

Herefordshire is quite English in every way; but Welsh is still spoken in the west and north of Monmouth, and the outlandish names on the map have been given, not by the Saxons, or English, but by the Britons, or Welsh. Many of these names begin with *Llan*, the Welsh word for church; perhaps in the days of early British Christianity there was a church in each such place. Other names begin with *Aber*, river mouth. Hard though as many of the names are to pronounce, they usually have a meaning which describes the place.

When the Normans came, they built castles up and down Hereford; and in Monmouth, the ruins of not fewer than five-and-twenty of these Norman keeps are still to be seen. Monmouth was in those days really a Welsh county, and each Norman baron had only what land he was able to take for himself and guard from his own castle. In no other part of England are there the remains of so many old keeps as between the fair sister rivers, Usk and Wye.

Some people say the Usk, some say the Wye, is the prettier of these two lovely rivers, which both unite their waters with those of the Severn in the



Bristol Channel. They flow side by side through Monmouth; and between them is ten or twelve miles of country, fair and fertile as a garden, with apple orchards and corn-fields, pear orchards and deep green meadows, with woods and hills and little vales, watered by many streams which join the Usk on the one side or the Wye on the other.

The Wye belongs equally to both counties; it rises in Plinlimmon, close by the Severn, and into the Severn mouth it flows; but the Severn takes a grander sweep than the modest Wye. The Wye enters Herefordshire out of Wales, and flows across the county to the city of Hereford, through a wide and lovely valley. The city itself is pleasantly placed, and the beautiful cathedral stands by the river. Many notable events have taken place in this old city; among the rest, here—along with many others of Queen Margaret's friends—was beheaded Owen Tudor, a Welsh gentleman who had married "Kate," the widow of Henry V., and who was the ancestor of our great Tudor kings and queens. He was among the prisoners taken by the Yorkists at Mortimer's Cross, where one of the great battles of the "Roses" was fought; the Queen's party was defeated. A pillar marks the battle-field, which is about six miles from Leominster. After the Wye leaves Hereford, it goes in and out and round about, but does at last make its way southward to Ross, on the Gloucester border. Between the towns of Ross and Monmouth is perhaps the most beautiful bit of river valley in England, where the Wye, overhung by trees, makes endless loops and windings round great masses of rock.

It is not only Wye Valley which is thus beautiful and fertile; there is scarcely any waste land in the whole county. Stand on level ground, and you think

the country all around is one great garden, what with the tall hops, the waving corn, and the green crops, crops of one kind or another growing even between the rows of fruit-trees in the orchards. From a hill, you might suppose the whole county a forest, what with the actual woods scattered about, the bushy hedges between the fields, and the apple-trees and pear-trees everywhere. But, look round from such a hill in the *spring*, and you are sure the shire of Hereford is one huge orchard, white with pear-, or rosy with apple-blossom.

Do the children eat all the apples and pears? Not so, or else there would soon be no children left. The juice is pressed out and made into cider and perry, as good as any wine made from the grapes of the Rhine or of southern France. The best kinds are bottled by the Bristol merchants, and sent away to be sold to the rich citizens of America.

The cattle of Hereford are famous, and so are the sheep; but the folk of this shire are so busy about their crops that they have no time to make butter and cheese, even for their own use, so get what they need from neighbouring counties.

The towns of this county are, as you will suppose, simply market-towns. Ledbury and Bromyard are both old towns. Leominster, or, as the people call it, Lem'ster, on the Lug, a tributary of the Wye, is a pleasant, busy town, with a curious old carved butter-cross, where Herefordshire butter was sold in the days before fruit-trees were much grown in the county.

Kingston, on the western border, is also a market-town. A range of hills crosses the north-west corner, and the Black Mountains of Wales enter the south-west.





bearing all before it, and often rising to a height of sixty feet! The old castle of Chepstow, with its thick walls and lofty towers, rises from a rock overhanging the Wye. Large vessels come up the Wye as far as Chepstow, which is rather busy about this shipping, and is also a market-town.

Newport, at the mouth of Usk river, where, also, the spring-tides rise high, is a much busier port, a port which sends out coal and iron, and all kinds of iron and steel goods.

For West Monmouthshire, where the people speak the Welsh tongue and have Welsh ways, is a "Black Country." Here the puddlers may be seen at work in hundreds of fiery furnaces, and many blast furnaces belch out flame and smoke. It is a mountain country; several ranges of bare hills run from end to end of this western piece of Monmouth, and below the hills and valleys lie the coal-measures, a piece of the great South Wales coal-field. Iron is found also, so there are many mining villages, as well as some large towns where both iron and steel are manufactured, and where all kinds of iron and steel goods are made,—Tredegar, Blaina, Pontypool, and Newport itself. There are coal-mines and iron-works near Abergavenny, too, which stands among the Usk meadows and in a nest of hills; but Abergavenny itself is chiefly a market-town. The Usk comes straight into Monmouth out of Wales, and does not enter any other English county. It has upon its banks the ancient towns of Caerleon and Usk, whose very names call up many a pleasant old-world tale; for they were both stately Roman and British towns, and Caerleon had its Archbishop long before Augustine came to Canterbury. Nothing is left now of its splendid palaces, its baths and temples; but

to this day many of the houses in the village are partly built with Roman bricks, and Roman pillars hold up the market-place.

It may be that the old castle, whose ruins still overhang Usk, was one of the homes of the hero-king, Arthur, and perhaps Merlin, the mighty magician, helped to make the city beautiful after the Romans had left it.

The coast of Monmouth along the Bristol Channel and Severn mouth is flat, low, and marshy, and the sea is kept out by embankments and sea-walls. Between the Wye and the Usk it is called Caldicott Level, and Wentloog Level, to the west of the Usk.

The Black Mountains come down out of Hereford into a narrow strip on the north-west of Monmouth—three ranges, with wild glens between them.

### Map Questions.

1. What river valley occupies the middle of Hereford? Name two towns on the Wye. Name a town on its tributary, the Lug. What counties does the Wye separate on leaving Hereford? What tributary does it receive from the county of Monmouth, and what town stands at the junction of this river with the Wye? What famous abbey stands on the Wye? What seaport town stands at its mouth, where it enters the estuary of the Severn?

2. What Monmouthshire river runs parallel with the Wye? Name three towns on this river, and the port at its mouth.

3. Name three important towns in the hilly mining country to the west of Monmouth. What is the low land along the Bristol Channel called?

4. Name in order the western counties of England.

## STAFFORDSHIRE. <sup>1</sup>

### I.

STAFFORDSHIRE is about the central county of England—a busy county, containing more people for its size than any other, except Lancashire and those counties which divide London between them. It is so busy a county because it has two large coal-fields, one in the south, twenty miles long by ten broad, and a smaller one in the north. Upon each of these coal-fields a great manufacture is carried on, which gives work to many people.

Staffordshire is a flat county on the whole, though there are some hills of mountain limestone in the south, near Dudley, against which a bed of coal, thirty feet deep, abuts.

All the middle of Staffordshire is within the Trent Valley, for the first fifty miles of Trent are in Stafford. It rises in the north-east moorlands, flows right across the county, and leaves it to enter Derbyshire, after passing by the town of Burton. Burton is a great brewing place—a rather dull town, with many rows of brick houses just alike, where more than 4000 men are employed in the breweries.

Not until it reaches Burton does the Trent become wide and deep enough to carry boats of any size; but it is a useful river to Staffordshire in another way, as the green meadows all along its banks show. Both the Trent and the little rivers which join it, the Blythe, the Tame, the Sow, and others, overflow their banks after rainy weather; and when the rivers get



back into their beds again, they leave river mud behind, which is good for the grass.

Going up the Trent Valley, we come to Tamworth on the Tame, an old town, where there are two large paper-mills and other works. Farther on is Lichfield, another ancient town, standing among low hills. Paper and carpets are made here, but the city is chiefly known for its beautiful cathedral, one of the sights of which is a monument by the sculptor Chantrey, representing two little girls lying asleep in such a soft and natural way, that you forget they are made of cold marble, and want to give them a good-night kiss.

Passing Cannock Chase, once a great forest, now an open heath, we come to Stafford on the little river Sow, near the Trent; it is a rather large brick town, where quantities of boots and shoes are made. The beautiful Trentham Park and Newcastle-under-Lyme also lie within the valley.

The north-east corner is filled with moorlands, a continuation of the moors of the West Riding. These moors are cold and wet, bleak and high; the highest being over 1017 feet. The Trent, the great river of the central plain of England, brings its waters from these moors, where it rises in three springs.

The north-west of the county, where the coal-field is, is a level tract.

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## II.

### THE "BLACK COUNTRY."

THE great South Staffordshire coal-field, upon which more than 400 collieries are worked, stretches from the high ground of Cannock Chase, south of the town

of Stafford, to the borders of Worcestershire. This district is called the "Black Country," not because coal is black and colliers are black; but a great manufacture is carried on here, the smoke caused by which blackens the buildings and the very air.

The stranger who passes through the Black Country by the London and North-Western Railway, on a winter's night, sees a curious and rather awful sight.

Dotted everywhere about are what appear to be many small volcanoes, from fifty to seventy feet high, with sheets of flame breaking out from the top of each. Below are what look in the dark like black caverns lighted by a lurid glare, within which black figures are flitting about. The din of clanging hammers reassures the stranger; by that he knows he must be in the midst of some great metal-works.

All these flaming furnaces and forges are employed in the working of our English precious metal—not gold, nor silver, but the far more useful Iron, which lies in seams among the very coal necessary to work it. It is as if fuel and metal had been placed together, in God's providence, that, working together, they might help to make England a great nation.

For what should we do without iron? We travel upon iron ways, drawn by iron horses; we pass over iron bridges; sleep upon iron bedsteads; have iron steamboats and iron war-ships; break up the ground with iron ploughs, drawn, too, by iron horses. We have iron grates, and iron gates, and iron tools; iron churches and iron schoolrooms; we even send iron houses over the sea to distant lands.

Why is iron thus useful above all metals? Because, though it is as a giant for hardness and strength, it is obedient as a child to the will of man. It can be

changed into a fluid ; it will take any shape the workman pleases. It can be made into strong bars, or drawn into the finest wire. It can be spread out into plates or sheets ; it can be twisted or bent in every direction ; it can be made sharp or blunt, soft or hard.

This precious metal is found, combined with various earthy substances, chiefly clay, in a stony, dark-coloured ore, called *ironstone*. The ore occurs in beds of varying thickness, from a few inches to several feet ; there are generally a great many beds or seams one beneath another, separated by beds of other mineral. Here, in the Black Country, these other minerals are often coal and lime, the very things which are wanted to melt the ore.

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### III.

#### THE SOW AND THE PIGS.

THE next question is—how to extract the metal from the ore ?

In the first place, the ore is *roasted*. Those great roundish heaps, like the nests of some strange creature, which are to be seen smoking away by thousands in the iron country, are made of layers of coal and ironstone, then coal, then ironstone, and, over all, a thatch of fine coal or slack. A fire is kindled at one end, and it works its way slowly to every part of the mass, roasting the ore as it goes. We know how the gas in a coal fire bubbles and blazes, and at last passes off in smoke ; the ironstone is roasted to get rid of all the waste matter which the heat of the fire will cause to pass off as gas.

Now the ore is ready for the blast furnace, into

which it is thrown to be *smelted*. These furnaces are the ever-flaming volcanoes, more than one hundred and sixty of them in all, of the Black Country. They are huge and clumsy buildings, something like rounded pyramids, built so as to possess great strength, and great power of resisting heat.

They are always full of fiercely burning material which is thrown in at the top as fast as it is drawn out at the bottom: the top is generally open, and a great body of flame may be seen shooting up night and day.

At the bottom of the blast furnace there is a deep square hearth, and all the hollow of the furnace, above this hearth, is filled with ore and coal. But if only ore and coal were burned in this furnace, we should never get iron out. It is a curious fact that certain substances have an affection, or what chemists call an affinity, for each other. The ore, as it is cast into the furnace, contains much clay along with the iron. The thing to be done is, to separate the iron from the clay; this separation is brought about by throwing in another substance, along with the coal and the ore, for which the clay has such an affinity that it will leave the iron and join itself to this new substance, so leaving the iron pure.

Lime is this useful substance; one reason why the iron of South Staffordshire is so valuable is that lime, as well as coal, is found quite close to the ore, often in the same seams.

When once it is filled, the furnace is kept roaring and blazing away, fresh coal and ore and lime being poured in at the top three or four times every hour, day and night. The metal, when it is melted, being heavier than the rest, sinks to the square hearth at the bottom of the furnace.



When the melted iron has been falling into this square trough for twelve hours, it is tapped, or allowed to flow out.

In front of the furnace is a flat space covered with sand. One long channel, or hollow in the sand, called the *sow*, is made down the middle of this space: from each side of the *sow*, a hundred or more smaller channels, called *pigs*, branch out.

All being ready, the clay stopper to the hole at the bottom of the furnace is broken away, and the white-hot liquid metal pours forth in a stream, bubbling and hissing, taking all manner of beautiful colours, and filling the air with a cloud of fiery sparks. Men stand about with long poles to turn the stream of liquid metal into the pig moulds, until they and the "sow" are all filled; and fiery bright and very beautiful the whole appearance is. The pigs soon become solid, and are carried away from the moulds while they are yet hot.

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#### IV.

#### THE FOUNDRY.

THIS is *pig iron*, which, to make fire-grates and railings, and knobs, and a thousand other things, is once more melted in a furnace; and then the liquid metal is poured into a mould, a hollow clay shape of the exact pattern of the article that is to be made. This is called *casting*, and all goods which do not require either great strength or great beauty are made of *cast iron*. Look at an iron fender or fire-grate, and you will generally find that the edges of the pattern are round and dull, not fine and sharp; a proof that the article has been

cast in a mould, and not wrought with hand and hammer.

But if the iron is to be brought to the forge to be made very close and strong, or to be wrought into delicate patterns, it has much to go through yet; for pig iron is brittle and will not bear the hammer.

The "pigs" are once more cast into a furnace called a *finery*, out of which the melted metal, much purer than when it went in, flows into a flat mould, where it is instantly chilled with cold water. Then these long slabs of refined iron are broken in pieces, and put into the *puddling* furnaces, where the brittle iron becomes malleable, that is, able to bear the hammer, and ductile, that is, capable of being drawn out into thin wire if need be. The puddling furnace is one in which the flame and heat are cast down, or reverberated, from an arched roof.

The "puddler" is a kind of salamander, able to bear any heat. Naked to the waist, he watches the iron as it begins to melt through a hole in the furnace, stirring the pieces about with a long bar of iron which he is obliged to change for a cold one every few minutes, or the bar would melt.

When the whole is melted, the puddler keeps the mass constantly stirred, and, under the stirring, the fluid becomes thickened, and gradually separates into lumps; these, with two iron rods, he works into one big ball, or *bloom*, as it is called.

Then the fiery ball of iron is lifted out of the furnace, and passes from one workman to another with great rapidity; it is carried in little iron carriages from one place to another.

The bloom is flattened under an enormous hammer, and then pressed out further under great rollers, until

it is brought to the shape and size required. This rolling is very hard work, as the sheets of iron must be made red-hot between each rolling; and the men may be seen, bathed in perspiration, carrying a sheet of red-hot iron, two or three yards square, to and from the furnace. By plunging the hands in water it is possible to handle red-hot iron. More wonderful still, in many foundries iron may be seen "cut like cheese" by a huge pair of shears worked by machinery.

The iron is now ready for the forge; where the smith shapes and hammers it upon his anvil into whatever kind of *wrought-iron* goods it is his business to produce.

In the towns of the "Black Country," Wolverhampton, Walsall, Bilston, Wednesbury, West Bromwich, different kinds of *hardware*, the name given to iron goods, are produced: nails, bedsteads, locks, bolts, keys, screws, in fact all kinds of iron articles; as well as much japanned ware, that is, iron goods coated with a peculiar kind of varnish such as we see on some tea-trays.

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## V.

### THE POTTERIES.

ONE of the oldest and most interesting of all crafts is carried on upon the North Staffordshire coal-field. There the potter may be seen at work, perhaps upon the very sort of potter's wheel mentioned in the Bible.

The district called "The Potteries" lies a little to the east of Newcastle-under-Lyme, and is about ten miles long and two or three broad. It is really one long street, for all the towns and villages are so near

each other that they either touch, or are joined together by rows of houses. There are many towns and villages along this high road; beginning at the north, the most important we pass through are Tunstall, Burslem, Hanley, Shelton, Etruria, Stoke, Fenton, and Lane End. Along either side of the road passing through these towns is a long string of potteries and porcelain works.

The Grand Trunk Canal goes through the Potteries, bearing many barges, which bring flint or clays from the south coast, or carry away cups and jugs and plates to one of the two great ports which the canal connects, Liverpool or Hull.

Flint and clay are the materials used by the potter, and they are not found in Staffordshire, which yields nothing now but coal to bake and water to bear away the ware. The blue clay of Purbeck and other parts of Dorset, black and brown clays brought from the south of Devon (which lose their colour and become white in the oven), and the white china-clay of Cornwall, are the clays most prized. Flint is always found in the chalk districts, and the roundish flint stones are brought from the south in boat-loads, chiefly from Gravesend.

These materials are prepared for the potter with great care. First, the clays are mixed with pure water to the thickness of cream. Then the flints, hardest of all stones, are also, by means of much burning and beating, made into a sort of cream of a beautiful whiteness, though the stones themselves are nearly black inside.

These creams then flow into a large tank, where they are mixed together; the mixture is drained through very fine silk sieves, so that it shall be perfectly smooth; it is then "slip," and is carried to the *slip-kiln*, a long

open trough with great fires underneath, where the water evaporates until the cream becomes a rather stiff clay.

The clay is then kneaded pretty much as dough is kneaded for bread, only this kneading is always done by a machine.

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## VI.

### "BISCUIT" MAKING AND PRINTING.

POTTER'S "biscuit" is the dough after it has been made into vessels and baked.

After the kneading, the dough is cut into wedges, which are allowed to lie for some months; then it goes through a violent process of "*slapping*," which lasts until there are no air bubbles left in the mass, when it is ready for the *thrower*.

The thrower works with a potter's wheel, that is, a little round table on a single leg, which is so set in the ground that it can turn round freely. Round the table leg is a band, which also goes round a wheel at a little distance. This wheel is kept constantly turned by a woman or a boy, and as the wheel turns, the band causes the little table to twist round with it.

The potter sits on a stool behind his little whirling table. A boy at hand gives him a ball of dough large enough to make cup or jug or other vessel of a round shape. It is truly an astonishing thing to see the potter at work on his clay: it seems as if he could do anything, everything, with it.

Pressing his two thumbs on the top of the mass, he

hollows it, and, with the thumbs inside and fingers outside, he so draws and presses and moulds the clay as to make it convex outside and concave inside, and of any form he may desire. The whirling of the table causes the clay to whirl round under his hands, and so to take a round shape. Vessels which are not quite circular are baked in moulds.

We cannot follow the jugs and mugs through the drying, the shaving under the turner's lathe, the baking in the large sugar-loaf shaped kilns, from which they come out as *biscuit*. There is no pattern on the biscuit, and it is quite dull looking.

The pattern is drawn by a designer—leaves or flowers it may be, or pretty pictures; the engraver copies the pattern in deep lines on a copper plate. These deep lines are filled with ink of the proper colour, green, or blue, or red. A sheet of thin yellow paper is pressed upon the copper plate and takes the pattern of the lines in the moist ink. Then the paper is laid, inky side down, upon a dish or saucer, and a woman rubs the paper with a roll of flannel until the wet ink has gone into the dish and made the pattern on it.

The "biscuit" ware is baked again to fix the pattern; and then the vessels are plunged into a tub of *glaze*, and come out with a new coat,—they are covered with a substance bright and smooth like glass. After one more baking, they are ready for use;—cups and saucers, jugs and plates, such as we have upon our tables, which are smooth, shining, and gay with a pretty pattern.

The greatest of our English potters was Josiah Wedgwood, who lived in the reign of George III., and built the village of Etruria, or "Trury," as the people

call it, for his workpeople. He took part also in the making of the Grand Trunk Canal, a most useful canal to him, in bringing materials and carrying his pottery away from the works.

### Map Questions.

1. What does the north-eastern corner of Staffordshire consist of? What river divides Stafford from Derbyshire?
2. Name six towns in "The Potteries" upon the north-western coal-field.
3. What river crosses the county? What important town stands where this river leaves Staffordshire? What county does it then enter? Upon what tributary of the Trent does Stafford stand?
4. Name eight important iron-making towns on the southern coal-field (large print).
5. What town takes its name from the *Tame*? What cathedral city lies a little to the north of this town?
6. By what counties is Staffordshire surrounded? What position does this county occupy on the map of England?

## NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

### I.

NOTTINGHAM is one of the very flat midland counties in the Trent Valley. The northern part of the county is a continuation of the Plain of York; this is a good corn-growing district, with hop-gardens in some parts, as about East Retford and Kneesall.

Low as the county is generally, it sinks still lower near the rivers; and only by good draining are the river-side lands saved from being waste marshes; the farmers, however, manage to get, even in the most marshy spots, capital grass crops, upon which many cattle are fed; excellent cheese is made in the county.

The Car, quite in the north, between the Trent and its tributary the Idle, is one of these marshy tracts. So is the country about Newark, where the Trent bends north, and is joined by the Devon; this is a very low, flat district, and the rivers often overflow and flood the fields.

The south has some low moors, but the only part that can be called hilly is the west, the prettiest part of the county in every way. Through West Notts and Yorkshire, as far north as Whitby, the great forest of Sherwood once stretched, with its grassy glades, and mighty oaks, and merrie men clad in forest green. Here Robin Hood and his hundred merrie men, famous archers every one, did what they thought was rough justice—robbed the rich to help the poor. Those were





lawless days: the king, the brave Cœur-de-Lion, was in Palestine fighting in the Holy Wars, and his brother John, who cared for nothing but his own pleasure, ruled England in his stead; so the poor were oppressed, and bad rich men had things their own way.

Robin Hood, who was really a nobleman born, but who loved the free forest life better than lands or name, did what he could to right these wrongs. He, however, and Friar Tuck, Little John, and Maid Marion, and all his foresters free, lived royally on the king's deer, and helped themselves to all they wanted out of other people's purses; so we cannot think they went to work in the best way, or that they chose this way of life altogether for the sake of helping the oppressed.

There are many fine old oaks here still which might have sheltered Robin and his men, especially near Worksop. No less than five dukes have parks near this town; and there are many gentlemen's seats with fine trees in West Nottinghamshire.

The great coal-field which reaches from Leeds to Nottingham occupies part of the west of the county. Greasley is the centre of a mining and iron district, and there are ironworks at Mansfield and some other towns.

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## II.

### STOCKINGS AND LACE.

THE making of stockings and of lace are important employments in the three midland counties, Leicestershire, Derbyshire, and Nottinghamshire. The town of Nottingham is the centre of the trade, and all the

towns and villages in the south of the county are more or less employed in it—Radford, Basford, Stapleford, Arnold, Bulwell, and as far north as Mansfield.

The stockinger can do his work in his own home just as well as in a factory where many frames are engaged. He works at a stocking-frame, making his whole stocking of a single thread, just as a hand-knitter does; but instead of working with four needles, he uses many, as many as fifty needles to an inch if the stocking is very fine.

There are more *stockingers* in the trade than can be properly paid for their work: it is a business easy to learn; children and women can work the frames as well as men; and there are so many ready to do the work, that perhaps there is no trade at which people have to labour for such long hours and for so little money.

The poor pay he got for his stocking work put it into the head of a rather idle workman named Hammond to invent a way of making lace on his stocking-frame. Up to this time every tiny hole or *mesh* in lace and net was made by handwork, the work of women who might be seen with pillow and bobbins at their cottage doors. Hammond examined the pillow lace on his wife's cap, and at last did invent a frame, which succeeded so well that the stocking weavers were able to make far cheaper lace than the pillow-lace makers.

In the beginning of this century a Mr. Heathcote invented a bobbin-net machine, which made, at a quick rate, and for little money, net with a beautiful even mesh, as perfect as any hand-worked lace made in France.

Great was the excitement caused by this invention: everybody in Nottingham thought of nothing but ways

of making lace. The earnings of the workpeople were enormous; a man might easily earn 30s. or even 40s. a day at a lace frame.

But prices soon fell, and now the lace-makers are only a little better paid than the stockingers.

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### III.

#### THE TWO KINGS.

"THE princely Trent, the north's imperious flood," appears to have a special regard for the county of Notts. It enters from Derbyshire at the south-west corner, flows, "crowned with many a dainty wood," past "Nottingham's proud height, that brave exalted seat," the old feudal castle, with "large-spread meads upon the other side, all flourishing in flowers." Still between "large-spread meads" the river flows on to Newark, past another stately castle. Then as if loth to leave this favoured county, it takes a sudden bend northwards, and enters Lincoln after its junction with the Idle, quite at the north of Nottingham.

River vessels can make their way upon the Trent all through Nottinghamshire, indeed as far as Burton in Stafford; and perhaps it is to the Trent that the county owed its importance in days when there were no railways. Certain it is that many interesting events occurred at the two castles of Nottingham and Newark.

Not always pleasant events; these two castles are associated with two kings who went to war with their own people. One of these was John, whose barons rose against him because he broke the Great Charter they had compelled him to sign. The king had hired

foreign soldiers, who held Newark Castle. The barons besieged it, and John marched down from Lincoln in haste to relieve his friends. Then follows the story of how he lost the Crown jewels in the Wash, and fretted himself into a fever, and ate greedily while the fever was on him, and reached Newark Castle in time to die.

The second king, Charles I., though a far better man, plunged his country into a civil war of an even worse kind, for Englishmen fought against Englishmen, often brother against brother and son against father.

On the evening of a very stormy and tempestuous day he raised the Royal Standard at Nottingham as a signal for his friends to join him (1642). The standard was nearly blown down by the stormy wind, and but few gathered round the king at first; but this was the beginning of a civil war which lasted four years, and in which many terrible battles were fought up and down the country.

Many of his subjects cared more for the king than for father or mother, wife or child; many who had never seen him, nor been charmed by their prince's kind and gracious manner, were ready to give up lands and money, their dearest friends, their lives for his sake; and brave men, like the old lord of Basing House, brave women too, like the Lady Banks of Corfe Castle, did deeds of noble daring for the king.

But the efforts of his friends were vain; the county of Nottingham saw the close of the war as it had seen its commencement. An army of Scots had come into England to help the Parliament party; they were laying siege to Newark Castle, which was held by the king's friends. Charles saw that things were going against him, thought the Scots would be true, and gave himself into their hands. They retired from

Newark with their prize; and in the end they gave him up to the army of the Parliament. Two or three years were spent in trying to settle matters, and at last a grievous thing was done—the king was beheaded by his own people (1649).

### Map Questions.

1. What river valley occupies much of the county?
2. What two important towns stand on the Trent? From what county does the Trent enter Notts? What is its general direction in this county, and into what county does it next enter? What tributary joins the Trent where it leaves Notts? Name a town on this river. Name another considerable town in the north of the county. What name is given to the district bordering the northern course of the Trent?
3. What is the hilly district in the south-west called? This is a mining and manufacturing district; name half-a-dozen towns which stand upon it.
4. By what counties is Notts surrounded? In what part of England does it lie?

## WARWICKSHIRE.

## I.

THIS middle county of England is a very fair and pleasant shire. It has no high mountains, nor broad rivers, nor grand scenery of any kind. But it has broad pastures, with spreading oaks here and there for shade, and handsome cows dotted about upon them. It has pleasant hills with glorious views, and stately mansions in green parks, with stories enough belonging to them to fill a thick book. Feudal castles, too, it has, the proudest remaining in the land.

And there are beautiful meadows, gay with flowers, spreading wide on both banks of Avon, and, here and there, all over the county, meadows with clumps of noble trees. Indeed half the county is in meadows and pastures, for Warwick is a great grazing county, and the farmers are very proud of their beasts.

The south is for the most part under the plough, though waving corn-fields and green crops and clover-fields, as well as fruit orchards, are to be seen all over the shire.

From Coventry to Warwick is an especially delightful drive, a good deal of the charm of which lies in the stories belonging to the places on the way. There is the quaint old city of Coventry, with its queer corners and gables, and half-timbered houses with overhanging stories. The spires of its three ancient and beautiful churches—St. Michael's the most beautiful of the three





—may be seen from afar; for the city stands on a low hill in the middle of a valley.

Coventry used to be very famous for its grand yearly procession of the trades, and its shows, and the mystery plays performed in the streets by the monks. It owed its glory to the monks, who had a splendid Abbey there, founded by the fair Lady Godiva and the great Earl Leofric, who was lord of Coventry.

A rather hard lord he was, and forced from his people a heavy tax which they knew not how to pay, and they were weary of their lives for hard labour, which made them none the better off. This matter grieved the Lady Godiva, and she prayed her lord to ease them. The more she besought him the sterner he became, and at last he cried if she would have these idle Coventry folk eased of their burdens she must ride naked through their city at noon, a thing he thought his beautiful, delicate lady could never do. But Earl Leofric did not know what a pitiful heart may dare. The lady gave orders that every soul should shut him up in his house, that all doors and windows should be closed and screened; and, letting down her thick flaxen hair, which fell nearly to her ankles, she mounted her palfrey, and rode naked through the streets of the silent city. The story goes that one curious tailor, peeping Tom, must needs pop out his head, and that he was struck blind for his pains.

Coventry has long been famous for the manufacture of ribbons and watches; of late years there has been much distress among the ribbon-makers; foreign ribbons are now just as cheap, and are in some ways prettier and better than those of English make, so the trade of the town has fallen off.

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## II.

## THE CASTLES OF KENILWORTH AND WARWICK.

MIDWAY between Coventry and Warwick is the old-fashioned town of Kenilworth, with its single street stretching for a mile along the road. Combs are made there and silk is woven; not for these things, however, but for the ruins of its splendid old castle is Kenilworth famous. These grand ruins, overgrown with ivy, stand upon a rocky height, from which there is a wide view.

Kenilworth was long a royal castle, and many stories are attached to it. Its gayest days were when Queen Elizabeth went there on a visit to her favourite, Dudley, Earl of Leicester, to whom she had given the castle and its lands. She came attended by thirty-one barons, besides the ladies of the court, who, with four hundred servants, were all lodged in the fortress. For seventeen days the festival lasted, and ten oxen were slaughtered every morning, with many sheep and birds and fish.

Show after show was prepared to amuse the queen, who dearly loved shows, and all went merrily as in a fairy tale; perhaps such high festival was never held in England before or since.

The town of Warwick stands in a delightful spot upon the banks of the river Avon, in the middle of the shire of which it is the capital. It is a neat, modern-looking town, busy about the manufacture of hats and some other things; but its chief business is connected with the corn trade.

Nobody, however, pays much attention to the town, for close by, on a rocky height overhanging the river, rise the round and lofty turrets of Warwick

Castle, still the splendid home of a great noble, and perhaps the finest which is still remaining of the castles raised by the princely barons of other days. Some of the towers are very old; Domesday Book speaks of the castle as "a special stronghold for the midland part of the kingdom."

Leamington, which stands where the Leam joins the Avon, is a fashionable place with mineral springs, not far from Warwick.

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### III.

#### THE "SWAN OF AVON."

A FEW miles lower down the river is the town which makes the Avon famous, Stratford,—

"Where his first infant lays sweet Shakespeare sung,  
Where the last accents faltered on his tongue."

"The country about Stratford is not romantic, but extremely pleasant. The town stands in a fine open valley. The Avon, a considerable stream, winds past it through pleasing meadows. The country is well cultivated, and about are wooded uplands and more distant ranges of hills. The town itself is a good, quiet, country town; in Shakespeare's time it could be nothing more than a considerable village. Stratford appears now to live on the fame of Shakespeare." \*

Wherever you turn, you see the Shakespeare Hotel, or the Shakespeare Theatre, or the statue of Shakespeare in its niche in the front of the town-hall. A large sign informs you that "In this House the Immortal Bard was born," and you go in, and find the walls written all over, from floor to ceiling, and even

\* William Howitt.

upon the ceiling, with the names of the thousands who have come to Stratford to honour the memory of our great poet.

The Avon, which is in Warwick a gentle stream, flowing between wooded, beautiful banks, leaves this shire a little beyond Stratford, and flows through the lovely vale of Evesham. It takes its rise upon the battle-field of Naseby. For Shakespeare's sake this Avon is held dear and famous amongst all British rivers.

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#### IV.

##### THE BATTLE OF EDGE HILL.

"As I had walked from Stratford," writes Mr. William Howitt, "Edge Hill had gradually risen, as it were, before me, till it filled with its lofty *edge* the whole of the horizon on that side. A tower near a mill was pointed out to me by the country people as standing just above the scene of the battle. So great is the elevation that it gives you one of the most extensive prospects in the kingdom. The district towards Stratford, Warwick, and Coventry, and across into Gloucestershire and Worcestershire, lies in a grand expanse before you. You seem to take in, on a clear day, the breadth of a kingdom almost. Edge Hill is truly an *edge*, that is, it is a step, where the country takes an abrupt rise, and when you gain the summit you find yourselves, not so much on a hill, as on the level of a higher country."

The king's army marched hither from Shrewsbury; the army of the Parliament, under Essex, from Worcester. The day was spent before the two armies met.

The fight was fierce, and it was not plain at night-fall on which side the victory lay. All night the two armies lay under arms, and, next morning, found themselves in sight of each other. General, as well as soldier, on both sides, seemed averse to renew the battle; and thus ended the fight of Edge Hill, the first pitched battle of the Civil War. Five thousand men are said to have died on the field.

This is the prayer and charge of Sir Jacob Astley, one of the king's generals, before the battle began :—

“O Lord! Thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me. March on, boys!”

Rugby, in the east of the shire, is famous for its Grammar School, one of the great public schools of England, which owes its fame to the late wise headmaster, Dr. Arnold. He taught his boys there was something for each of them to care for beyond his own share of work and play—the good of the school. For the good name of Rugby, every boy must do his best, both in lessons and games; must set his face against mean, underhand ways; must help the young ones to keep straight and do their work. Rugby boys became proud of their school; and felt that any wrong-doing was a disgrace to them all; any well-doing, a credit. And more, they learned from Dr. Arnold that in being thus faithful to their school, they were doing what school-boys could to serve the Highest Master.

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## V.

## THE TOY-SHOP OF THE WORLD.

THE north of Warwickshire is a manufacturing district; a coal-field extends from near Coventry to Tamworth which employs many people, chiefly at Bedworth.

Nuneaton is a busy town among the collieries, where ribbons, silk, tools, and other things are made.

The great manufacturing town of Warwickshire, and one of the greatest in England, is Birmingham, situated close to the Staffordshire iron and coal mines. It stands on rather high ground, and is considered a healthy town; it has some wide streets and good buildings, and some famous colleges and schools. But it is not these things that make a holiday in Birmingham a great treat. The owners of many of the factories are good enough to let visitors go over them; and we may there see pens and pins, toys and brooches, turned out of hand in a wonderful way, for, in Birmingham, nearly everything is made by steam-power. It would be hard to name the thing which is *not* made there. Look round your room, and you will probably see twenty things which have been produced in this busy town: the bolt on the door, the screws which fix it, the gas-fittings, the castors on sofa or chair, the coal-box, perhaps the fender; the tea-tray, tea-pot, tea-spoons, the pen you write with, the inkstand you use; the buttons on coat or dress, the toys and dolls the little ones have left about; vases and glasses. Guns, too, are made here, and machines; things of all sizes and for all uses, from a pin to a steam-engine.

Let us get an order for Gillott's pen factory: the rooms are large and airy; there is no unpleasant smell;

but there is such a whirr of machinery that you can hardly hear the words of your conductor, who is kindly explaining everything. Where does the noise come from? All round the room there are countless machines, each about the size of a sewing-machine, all of which are kept at work by a steam-engine somewhere in the building. A woman, or a young girl, neat and well-dressed, sits before each machine. What is she doing? That you cannot discover; you see a sort of flutter of her hand, but that is all which tells you she takes a pen from a heap, holds it under punch or press, puts it with another heap, and takes another pen. The conductor explains all this, but the work-women are too rapid for you to follow their movements.

We have no time for a peep at the button factories, nor at Elkington's great plate factory, where teapots and spoons, candlesticks, forks, and a hundred other things are made; nor at the pin-making, gun-making, or any of the other curious manufactures of this great "toy-shop."

### Map Questions.

1. What river enters Warwick from Northamptonshire? Name four important towns on this river. What vale does it flow through on leaving Warwickshire?
2. What is the ridge of high land called which runs through the county from north to south? Name three places of interest which lie at the foot of this ridge.
3. What hill in the south was the scene of a famous battle? Date of the battle?
4. What counties border Warwickshire? In what part of England is this county? What great manufacturing town is on the Staffordshire border?

## LEICESTER AND RUTLAND:

### I.

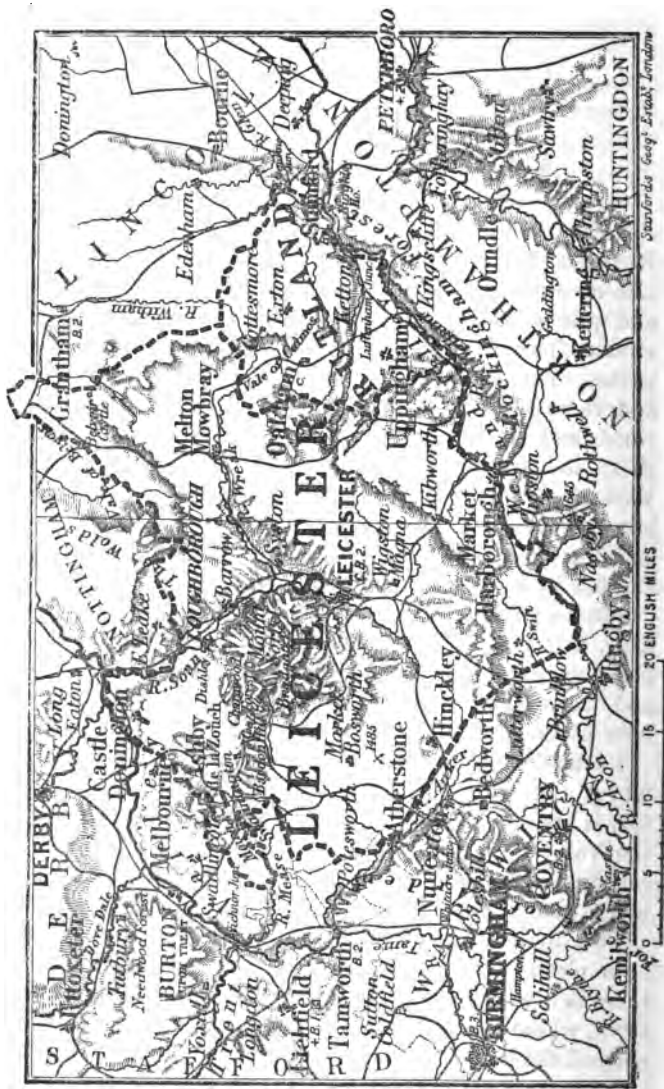
RUTLAND, the smallest county of England, is really like a corner of Leicestershire. It is a very pleasant and pretty county, with hills and vales, woods and streams, blooming orchards, and many fine houses and parks. There is some rather high land in the north, and there is the beautiful Vale of Catmoss, with its woods and green pastures. In the south of the shire there is part of the green and rather flat Welland Valley, as well as the valleys of the streams which join the Welland, little valleys, not a mile across, running from east to west, and divided from one another by ranges of low hills.

Often a noble mansion stands on one of these swelling hills, half hidden among great oaks and beeches; and there are green lawns, soft as velvet, about the house; and, beyond, the park, with its clumps of trees and open glades, and deer browsing in herds.

Rutland is altogether a farming county, and both its wheat and barley are thought particularly good; so, too, is its cheese; the kind called Stilton is made in the Vale of Catmoss. There, and in the east of the county, where the rivers meet, are broad pastures where many cows are fed.

This little county has only two towns of any note, both clean, neat, market-towns: Uppingham, where there is a well-known school, and Oakham, the county town, where was born Jeffrey Hudson, the dwarf who amused the ladies of Charles I.'s court.





## II.

LEICESTERSHIRE, also, is a farming county, a county famous for "Leicester sheep," for long- and short-horned cattle, and for horses. The raising of "stock," as it is called, is the kind of farming for which Leicestershire is most noted; perhaps because a Mr. Bakewell, of Dishley, near Loughborough, did a great deal to improve the breeds both of sheep and cattle. Great quantities of butter and cheese are made too; and the county of Leicester, with its green pastures, high hedgerows, and corn crops and green crops growing up to the tops of the low hills, with its woods and green meadows, streams and vales, is as pleasant to look upon as any in England.

The highest point in the county is Bardon Hill, near Charnwood Forest. Though only 850 feet high, it rises in such a flat district, that from the top of it on a clear day you may see nearly right across England, from the Welsh hills on the one side to Lincoln Cathedral on the other; such a wide view as is not to be had from any other point in the country. Charnwood Forest is a forest no longer; it is the highest land in the county, with hills and heaths and rugged wastes, though most of it is now under cultivation.

Nearly filling the corner of the county west of Charnwood Forest is the coal-field of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, measuring about ten miles every way. The chief collieries are at Ashby-de-la-Zouch—named after Alan de la Zouch, to whom the land belonged in the reign of Henry III.—and at Moira, Coalville, and Swannington.

Leicestershire is not only a farming county and a mining county, it is also a great manufacturing county. The chief manufactures are, like those of the neighbouring shire of Nottingham, stockings, mostly woollen, and bobbin-net lace. There is scarcely a village in the county where the cottagers may not be seen at work upon stocking-frames. In the large towns there are "mills," like those of Lancashire, where the frames are worked by steam power. Scarves and hoods, sleeves and vests, and other garments made with the stocking stitch, are produced upon these frames.

The chief stocking- and lace-making towns are Leicester, Loughborough, Lutterworth, Hinckley, and Melton Mowbray, which is a pleasant market-town, famous for its pork pies, and more so as the centre of a well-known hunting country.

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### III.

#### LEICESTER AND WOLSEY.

LEICESTER itself is a large and important manufacturing town, with many mills and many work-people. It is built chiefly of red brick, and, notwithstanding the smoke, looks bright and clean. Boots and shoes are largely made here, and a market is held for the sale of the cheese and other farm produce of the county. It is an old town, and was one of the five Danish *burghs*. The ruins of Leicester Abbey, which stand in a pleasant meadow, are the most interesting remains. Here died Wolsey, the great prince-cardinal, who was raised to almost royal state by his master, Henry VIII., and then, falling under the king's displeasure, was

suddenly degraded. Messengers were sent to bring him to London, that he might answer to a charge of high treason :

“After the stout Earl of Northumberland  
 Arrested him at York, and brought him forward  
 (As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,  
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,  
 He couldn't sit his mule.  
 At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,  
 Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,  
 With all his convent, honourably received him,  
 To whom he gave these words: ‘*O Father Abbot!*  
*An old man, broken with the storms of state,*  
*Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;*  
*Give him a little earth for charity!’*  
 So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness  
 Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,  
 About the hour of eight, full of repentance,  
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
 \* \* \* \* \* He died, fearing God.”

*Shakespeare.*

He was buried in the abbey church. Almost his last words were, “If I had served my God as diligently as I have served my king, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs.”

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#### IV.

#### LADY JANE GREY.

IN Leicester, the Duke of Suffolk proclaimed his daughter, Jane, Queen of England. The gentle Lady Jane was the favourite cousin and companion of the young king, Edward VI.; and while he lay a-dying

her father and her husband's father worked upon the king to leave the crown to her, instead of to his sister Mary, who was a Roman Catholic. But the king had no right thus to will away the crown, and the people preferred the rightful sovereign. So the Lady Jane Grey was never crowned, but was made a prisoner in the Tower, and was shortly beheaded. Poor young lady! she suffered for the pride of her parents; and hard parents they had been to her, who "with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways," made her life sad. The ruins of Bradgate Hall, where she was brought up, are still to be seen on the edge of Charnwood Forest, about four miles from Leicester. Here Roger Asscham, the schoolmaster who taught Queen Elizabeth, came to pay the Lady Jane a visit, of which he has left us the story. He found her alone in her chamber reading Greek, while the Duke and Duchess with all the household were hunting in the park. He asked why she was not taking her pleasure with the rest, and she told him that learning was her only pleasure, so kind was her schoolmaster and so severe were her parents.

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## V.

### THE LOLLARDS.

LUTTERWORTH has still the gown worn by John Wyclif, and the pulpit from which he preached. He was rector of this town in the days of Edward III.—days when the English Church was under the rule of the Pope of Rome, and when many of the priests of that Church were rich and proud and lived evil lives. Wyclif taught the truth about religion, partly by means of a

company of "simple priests," whom he sent all over the country, and who preached plain sermons that every one could understand, and spake true words that the people believed. So there were followers of Wyclif everywhere, and the country was full of "Lollards,"—that was the nick-name given to them, perhaps because they sang many hymns to rather dull tunes.

Wyclif did another thing for the English people; he gave them "Wyclif's Bible" in their own tongue, after long labour in his rectory at Lutterworth. For nigh two hundred years copies of parts of this precious Book, a gospel or an epistle, were hidden away as the dearest treasures of many a household. These portions of the Bible were hidden in secret places, in the roof, or under the floor, because the Church of Rome was very powerful, and days came when if a man were known for a Lollard he might be burnt at the stake.

Wyclif himself was allowed to die in peace at his Lutterworth rectory; for, though he had many enemies he had friends who loved him well, and were able to, protect him. Among these was John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the son of the king.

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## VI.

### BOSWORTH BATTLE.

IN Bosworth Field, close by the pleasant town of Market Bosworth, was fought the last battle in the thirty years' long Wars of the Roses. Here Henry Tudor (who was descended from John of Gaunt), at the

head of 6000 men, met Richard III. with an army twice as large. The tyrant king cast his eyes round the field, and, seeing his rival at no great distance, he drove against him with fury, in the hope that either Henry's death or his own would decide the victory between them. He killed with his own hands Henry's standard-bearer; he dismounted another knight; he was now within reach of his rival, who declined not the combat. Then Sir William Stanley, breaking in with his troop, surrounded Richard, who, fighting bravely to the last, perished by a fate too mild and honourable for his detestable crimes. The body of Richard, thrown carelessly across a horse, was carried to Leicester amid the shouts of the crowd, and was buried at the Grey Friars' Church of that place. Crown Hill, close by Bosworth Field, is still shown as the spot where Lord Stanley placed the crown upon Henry Tudor and proclaimed him king, Henry VII., the first of our Tudor sovereigns.

We must not omit to notice the beautiful Vale of Bever, "large, and very plentiful of good corn and grass," which lies to the north of Melton Mowbray. At the head of it is Bever, or Belvoir, Castle, upon a steep hill of red gritstone, such another "princely brow" as Windsor, with a wide view over a pleasant and fertile land.

#### Map Questions.

1. What tributary of the Trent flows through the middle of Leicestershire? Name two important towns on this river. Name a town which stands upon its tributary, the *Wreak*.
2. What vale is in the north-east of the county? What vale is in the north of the county of Rutland? Name two important towns in Rutland.

3. Name the highest hill in the hilly district in the north-west of Leicestershire.
4. Name five towns on the Ashby-de-la-Zouch coal-field
5. Name three considerable towns in South Leicestershire.
6. What interesting town stands on the Swift, which is a tributary of the Avon?
7. Near what town was a battle fought in 1485?
8. What counties surround Leicestershire?



## THE COUNTIES OF HERTFORD AND BEDFORD.

### I.

HERTFORD and Bedford are both farming counties, where there is scarcely a bit of waste land anywhere, excepting the round tops of the Chilterns, which divide the two shires. These hills form part of one of the long chalk ranges that start from Salisbury Plain. Ploughed fields and woods climb the slopes, and the short turf of the hill sides makes capital mutton, like that bred upon the Downs.

Both counties have many woods and many parks, with lordly mansions "where the wealthy nobles live." Though there are no hills of any height except the Chilterns, Hertford and Bedford cannot be called flat shires; for the ground swells and sinks with a pleasant rise and fall, and there are often clumps of trees upon the uplands.

Many cows are to be seen grazing, chiefly in Bedfordshire where butter is made for the London market. There are fine pasture-fields in the north of this shire, the soil being rather wet, like that of the fen counties round it on either side. This is the case especially along the banks of the Great Ouse, which makes endless loops and turns in its course. Famous onions and cucumbers are grown in the south-west of this county, where the sandy soil suits these vegetables. Hertford is, on the whole, a prettier county than Bedfordshire, with more woods and parks and hills. Besides the Chilterns on



the north-west and west, it has low hills along the Middlesex border. It is also a fruit-growing county, with large cherry and apple orchards, where fruit is grown for Covent Garden Market. Indeed, Herts is a friendly neighbour-county to the great city of London, which it supplies not only with fruit, but with all kinds of table vegetables. Lettuces, green peas, and cauliflowers are raised in its large market-gardens. Flowers, also, are largely cultivated; and the roses of Herts take the first prizes in the London Shows.

Better than flowers and fruit, better than peas and potatoes, is the water of the New River to London. This water is collected in large reservoirs at Hornsey and Stoke Newington. At these places it is filtered to clear it from impurities, and then caused to flow into pipes, which carry it all over London. Where does it come from, this water with which so many London tea-kettles are filled? There are some springs of delightful water close by Ware (where John Gilpin's friend lived); Chadwell is the largest. To bring the fresh water from these springs to thirsty London was the thought of one Sir Hugh Myddelton, who lived some two hundred and fifty years ago. He had a channel dug, forty miles long, for the stream to flow in, and this was the *New River*—really new then, though it is old now in all but name.

Though there is much gardening done in Herts, both this county and Bedford are, for the most part, under the plough. Perhaps there is, for its size, more ploughed land in Bedford than in any other English county. Wheat, barley and oats, potatoes and turnips, peas and beans are largely grown. Wheat is the chief crop, and the white wheat straw of these counties is put to an important use.

Throughout Herts and Bedford, and in parts of Essex and Suffolk, in which counties the wheat straw is of the right kind, the women and girls are at work in the cottages making straw plait, while the men are busy in the fields. Thirteen straws are generally plaited together, worked much in the same way as broad plaits of hair. It is easy work, which the children learn to do.

The towns in Herts where straw plait is most largely made are: the old town of Hitchin, Baldock, Royston, Tring, Hemel Hempstead, Watford, where paper also is made, and St. Albans. These are also the chief market-towns of the county.

The two best known straw-plaiting towns are in Bedford, these are Dunstable and Luton, both among the Chilterns. The kind of plait called "Dunstable" is much esteemed; at Luton "Tuscan" plait is made.

Bedford, Biggleswade, Ampthill, and Leighton Buzzard, which has an old stone cross, are also straw-plaiting towns. These are the market-towns of Bedfordshire, and in them, and indeed all over the county, another kind of cottage-work is carried on, the making of pillow-lace. This is but a poor trade since the invention of the Nottingham frame for lace-making.

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## II.

JOHN BUNYAN.

THERE are various places of interest in the county of Bedford. Near the market-town of Woburn is Woburn Abbey, an ancient abbey which has been converted into a very stately palace indeed, the seat of the Dukes

of Bedford; with many books, and pictures, and statues, beautiful and rare; with a wide park, and a model park farm. There is Ampthill, where once stood Ampthill Castle,

“The mournful refuge of an injured queen,”—

Katherine, the first queen of Henry VIII., whom he put away that he might be free to marry another lady.

And, most interesting of all, there is Bedford, among the rich meadows of Ouse, whose valley is here called the Vale of Bedford. It is an old town, with a rich Free Grammar School.

Bedford is a very quiet town, and its interest lies, not in the memory of dukes or queens, but in that of John Bunyan, a tinker by trade, who was for twelve years a prisoner in the old gaol which stood upon the bridge. Very sad for him, but well for us; for in that old gaol he saw Doubting Castle and the Slough of Despond, and the land where “the shining ones commonly walked, because it was on the borders of heaven.” There he saw Pilgrim leave the City of Destruction, and climb the Hill Difficulty, on his way to the Heavenly City, which was on a hill “higher than the clouds.” Perhaps but for this long imprisonment we should never have had the delightful and helpful story of ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ one of the best books in the world.

What was his crime? Only that he would persist in preaching in a Baptist chapel at Bedford without leave, without a licence. He lived in troublous times, through the Civil War, through the days of the Commonwealth, which were good days for the Puritans, of whom he was one. But after the Restoration the

king and his friends were bitter against the party who had put Charles I. to death. Thousands of Puritans were imprisoned all over the country for slight breaches of the law, and among the rest was John Bunyan.

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### III.

#### ST. ALBANS, HERTS.

THE town of St. Albans stands where stood the city of Verulam, one of the thirty-three great cities left behind by the Romans. The Watling Street passed under its walls; and it was here that "the British warrior queen," Boadicea, fell upon the Roman citizens with a large army of her people and slew many thousands of them.

Here fell the first martyr who died upon British ground for the faith of Christ. He was a soldier in the Roman army, whose name was Alban.

He was taken to the top of a hill clothed with flowers, and which sloped down to a beautiful plain. A great multitude of persons followed; and the martyr's face was so full of heavenly joy that the executioner begged he might suffer in his stead.

Five hundred years later a great abbey was raised here to his memory, and the town still bears the name of Saint Alban.

This rich and famous abbey received many visits from royal persons. Henry VI. was staying there when, upon a May day in the year 1455, was fought the first battle of St. Albans, the first battle in the grievous Wars of the Roses. A sad time for England followed; for sixteen years war raged up and down

the land. Though the people in the towns went on with their business, all the great barons and their retainers fought, either for the House of York or for that of Lancaster.

The king belonged to the House of Lancaster; he could not see any reason why he should not be king as long as he lived, and leave the crown to his son. He said, "My father was king; his father also was king; I myself have worn the crown for forty years from my cradle" (his father, Henry V., had died when he was a baby); "you have all sworn fealty to me as your sovereign. How, then, can my right be disputed?"

The king was right enough. There was no good reason why he should not be king. But he was often ill, and not able to govern the land himself, so things went wrong, and the king was blamed. When Richard, Duke of York, said he had the best right to be King of England, he found many ready to support him.

This first battle only lasted an hour, but Henry's army was beaten, and he was left, wounded in the neck by an arrow, a prisoner to the Duke of York.

Other battles followed; sometimes the Red Rose won, sometimes the White Rose. Those of the House of Lancaster chose the red rose as their badge, while those of York wore the white; and the civil war was thus known over Europe as the quarrel between the two roses.

Upon a Shrove Tuesday, six years after the first battle, the two armies met once again near St. Albans. The king was on the field, but he was brought there as a prisoner by the Yorkists. The battle lasted long, and when night set in the Yorkists fled, though the mighty Earl of Warwick was their leader. The victory

was with the queen; and when she heard that her dear lord was upon the field she took her son and hastened to greet him and bring him again to his own friends. Then the royal family and their northern lords went to the abbey, at the doors of which they were met by the Abbot John and his monks, who chanted hymns of triumph and thanksgiving; and the king and his party returned thanks for the victory and for his deliverance.

The Abbey Church still remains; it is built in the form of a cross, and is the longest church in England.

Hertford is an old town, which stands upon the Lea. It is known for its large fairs and markets, and for its rich free schools. In its ancient castle all the kings of the House of Lancaster have held court. Six miles off is Hatfield House, which was given to the Princess Elizabeth by her brother; here she dwelt as a sort of prisoner at large during the reign of Mary; and here is the tower from the window of which she looked down with envy upon the happier milkmaid at her work.

Near the city is the Rye House, famous because the owner of it formed a plot with some others to shoot Charles II. This plot was discovered, and led to the death of two good and great men who had nothing to do with it, Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney, of whose most unjust execution our country must always be ashamed.

#### Map Questions.

1. What river crosses the county of Bedford? What name is given to its valley in this county? Name three towns on this river. What county does the Ouse flow into when it leaves Bedford?
2. What part of Bedford is hilly? Name three towns among the



hills. What range of hills runs between Hertford and Bedford? Name three towns among these hills.

3. Give the dates of the two battles of St. Albans and of the battle of Barnet. Near what town are Hatfield House, Rye House, and Chadwell Springs?

4. What towns or villages in Middlesex are upon the Thames? Name three other towns in this county. From what counties does the Thames divide Middlesex?

5. In what part of England do these three counties lie?

## THE FEN COUNTIES.

BETWEEN the counties of Lincoln and Norfolk there is a broad inlet of the sea called "The Wash," and round its low marshy shores lie the "Fens," which stretch far inland into the three shires of Northampton, Cambridge, and Huntingdon.

Soil which is always soaked with water is a *fen*, or, as it is more often called, a bog or a marsh; indeed, the name Fens only belongs to this one great eastern level, which stretcheth fifty miles north and south and twenty or thirty inland.

The Fen country is dreary indeed to people who are used to hills. It presents a dead level everywhere, stretching away to the far-off horizon. There is never so much as a hedge to vary the scene; nothing but the straight, gleaming water-lines, often broad and deep as rivers, which cut and score the country in every direction. These are the dykes or drains, which are bordered by high green turf-banks. Here and there is a windmill or a steam-engine to pump up the water into the dykes, in which it often rises higher than the surrounding land. Long lines of pollard willows, all just like one another, stretch away upon these banks by the never-ending dykes. Where hedges should be, waving sedges hide the water in the broad ditches which part field from field.

Dull as you would think the country from this description, the view from any of these same dyke-banks on an autumn day, a bright, sunny day, is simply

glorious. You are in the midst of a wide sea of golden corn or of deep green pasture, which stretches away out of sight on every side. There are patches of barren swamp, the haunts of coot and heron, where reeds and rushes grow and wildfowl swarm; but, on the whole, there is no richer land in England, no land which bears more bountiful crops of goodly corn. Certainly there is no part of England where man deserves a better harvest or does more to earn it; for Nature, if left to herself, would make all this precious land, which now brings forth bread for thousands, a soaking bog, into which a man might sink to his neck.

This fen country is not only very flat, but it lies very low, hardly a few feet above the sea-level. Low shores slope down to the Wash; they are so low at the east end of it that the sea would come in were it not kept out by earthen mounds. This piece of Lincoln is called Holland, or hollow-land, like the Holland over the sea, where the people have even more trouble to keep their heads above water.

The four rivers, Witham, Welland, Ness, and Ouse, which flow into the Wash, find very little fall in the land to help their waters on. You know how much easier it is for water to run off a slope than off a level. Thus the rivers are very slow in carrying their own proper waters to the sea; and when heavy rains come they overflow their banks, and the Fens are flooded.

There is one other reason why this fen country is wet and spongy. If you have ever made mud pies you know how nicely they hold water—that it will not soak through. The surface of the Fens is covered with dark brown, or black, crumbly peat, composed chiefly of decayed leaves and branches. This peat, which

makes the very best soil when it is properly dug and looked after, lies in a mud pie; that is, there is a layer of clay underneath it through which water cannot pass. Now you can understand why the Fens should be so swampy: the water cannot flow off because the land is flat, has so little slope; it cannot sink far into the earth because the clay holds it. So there it would lie, filling the peat on the surface, and making the whole country an unwholesome swamp, but that men come to the aid of Nature, and make ways for the water to escape. All the wonderful dykes which cross the land everywhere are channels which have been dug for the waste water to fall into. Through these it at last finds its way to the sea; and, drained in this way, this eastern level is no longer a swamp, but a most fertile district.

In the Saxon days, and later, much of the Fens belonged to rich abbeys; the monks drained the land, and the vine, and corn, and abundance of all good things rewarded their labour. In those days a great deal of "English history" took place in these flat fens. By-and-by, after Henry VIII. had turned the monks adrift, the dykes and drains got out of order, and the mouths of the four rivers became choked up so that their waters could not escape. The sea-banks were neglected, and the sea broke through; and the whole district became full of stagnant pools and spongy earth, unwholesome and useless.

A great part of the Fens, measuring forty miles each way, and including a part of each of the five Fen counties, is called the Bedford Level. Francis, Duke of Bedford, in the reign of Charles I., thought it a pity that so much good land should lie waste, so he got some other persons to join with him, and they formed

a company for raising banks and digging dykes in the Fens. The Old Bedford River and the New Bedford River were both made by this company. They run side by side, a mile apart; they are both twenty-one miles long, and the New River is a hundred feet wide. Countless drains have been cut since these were made, called leams, cuts, dykes, eaux, or droves.

The northern half of Cambridge, as well as part of Huntingdon, is in the Isle of Ely, which is not an island out in the open sea, but was called an isle because all round it there were once rivers or waterways. A wild, out-of-the-way tract it was at one time, which only those who knew the way through the marshes could get at. The Great Eastern Railway carries you through the Isle now, and the only sign left of the old wild marshes is that the whole island is cut up by dykes into four-cornered fens, each fen bearing the name of the village or town close by.

Crowland, in Northampton, was once upon such another island, only a much smaller one; and to it, as well as to Ely, many a tale belongs.

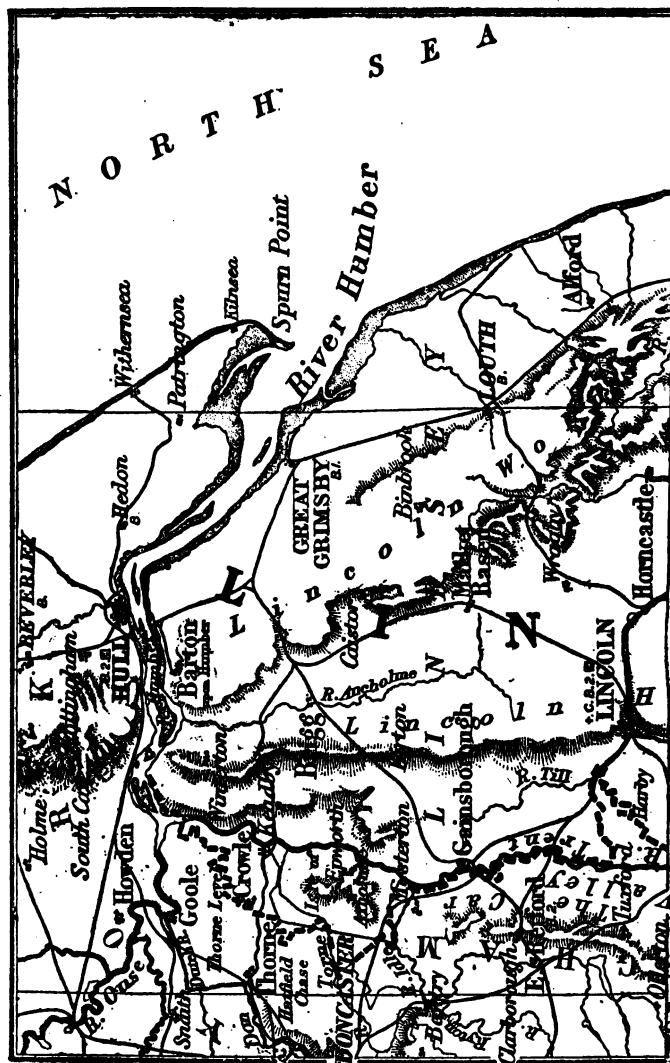
## LINCOLNSHIRE.

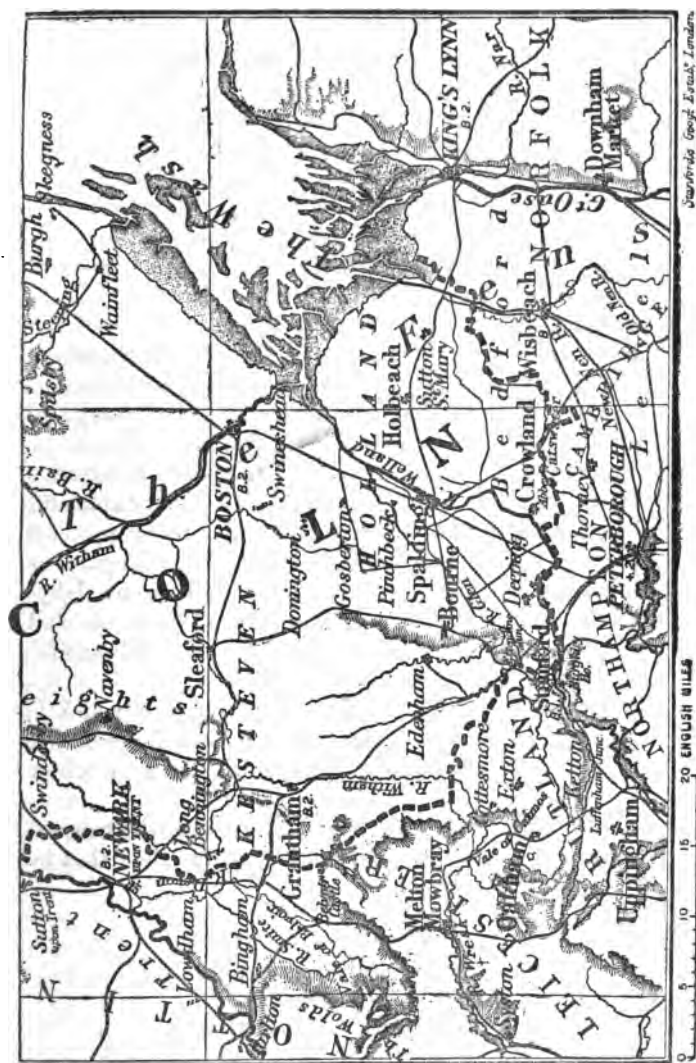
THERE is not much more to be said about this county : farming is the chief business of the people, and famous farmers the Lincoln folk are. The towns, such as Spilsby, Louth, Grantham, and *Market* Rasen, are generally *market*-towns, where the wheat and flour, peas and beans, potatoes, turnips, and carrots produced in the county are brought by the farmers upon certain days of the week to be sold to traders from a distance.

Flax is brought to market too, for there are large fields of flax to be seen in Lincoln. The flax is grown, not for the sake of its pretty blue flower, but for the fibres of the stalk, which, when properly prepared, make the threads of which linen is woven. In most of the market-towns fairs are held for the sale of horses and cattle, sheep and pigs ; for all of which Lincolnshire is famous. Some of the farm-produce is taken to the ports to be sent away by sea.

Lincoln county has a long, low coast, and but few ports, because there are few safe shelters for ships. There is the long, flat coast on the Humber, so filled with shifting sandbanks that only skilful pilots can bring ships into it with safety. Grimsby stands at the mouth of the Humber, and may become a great port one day, because good docks have been built there.

There is no important port on the low North Sea shore, but on the Wash are Boston, near the mouth of the Witham, and Spalding, on the Welland. There is







another Boston across the Atlantic, one of the most famous towns in the United States. In the early days of his reign, before the Civil War began, Charles I. tried to make all the English people belong to the Church of England. The men of the Fens loved liberty too well to submit to any rule about such things, and many of them took ship for free America. Many of these went from Boston, and in honour of them the Boston of the States is named.

Spalding was a favourite landing-place for the black boats of the North-men, as it is the port for Stamford, one of the five great *burghs* of Danelagh. Stamford is an important and busy town, with an iron-foundry and machine works. Near it is "Burleigh House, by Stamford town," which belonged to Queen Elizabeth's famous minister, Lord Burleigh. It is a very splendid house, with 145 rooms, and containing many precious pictures and carvings and statues. Beautiful gardens surround the house, and in them may be seen a labyrinth, and a wilderness, and smooth terraces, and musical fountains, and every sort of rare and beautiful flower and tree.

There is a story about a Lord of Burleigh, which is told by Mr. Tennyson, the poet, who is a Lincolnshire man, and so knows all about it, and who knows, too, how to tell stories in the most delightful way.

This story is about a Lord of Burleigh who married a farmer's daughter, she thinking all the time that he was poor like herself:—

" And a gentle consort made he,  
And her gentle mind was such,  
That she grew a noble lady,  
And the people loved her much.

"But a trouble weighed upon her,  
And perplex'd her night and morn,  
With the burthen of an honour  
Unto which she was not born.

\* \* \* \* \*

"So she droop'd and droop'd before him,  
Fading slowly from his side;  
Three fair children first she bore him,  
Then before her time she died."

Lincolnshire is not without its uplands; there are round, swelling chalk Wolds, which reach from the Humber to Spilsby. Farther west, running in a straight line through the county, are the Lincoln Heights, upon which the Romans made their *Ermine Street*, which is a good road still.

Lincoln city, with its castle and glorious cathedral, stands upon one of these hills; and the cathedral, one of the finest in England, can be seen from all the flat country round. It has a famous bell, called "Great Tom," which measures more than two yards across at the mouth. This ancient city was once a great Roman town; and a single Roman gate still remains. There are engine works here, where steam ploughs, and thrashing and other machines used in farming, are made.

The little piece of Lincolnshire to the west of the Trent is called the Isle of Axholme; it is low and marshy like the isles of the Fens.

### Map Questions.

1. What estuary bounds the north of this county? What seaport town stands near its mouth? What river enters the Humber from Lincoln? From Yorkshire? What is the corner of Lincoln to the west of the Trent called? Name an important town on the river. Name all the counties through which the Trent flows.

2. What hill ranges lie to the east and the west of this flat county? What city stands on the western heights? Name a town among the Wolds. Another considerable town in East Lincolnshire.

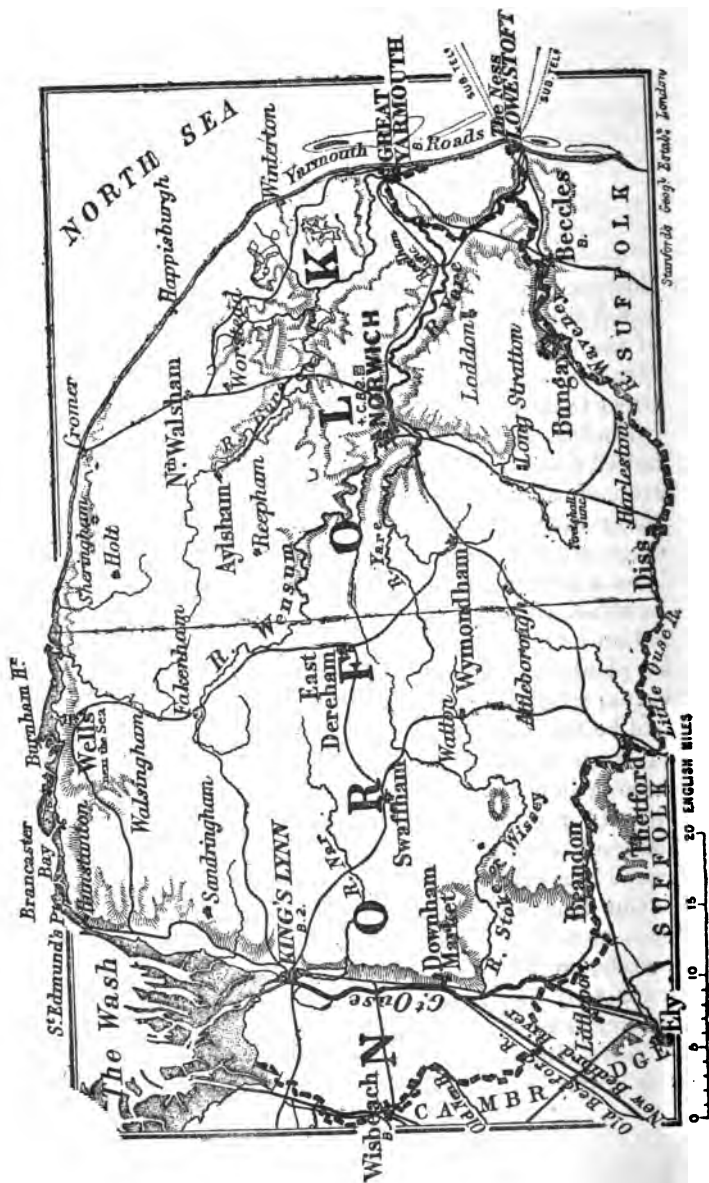
3. Near the mouths of what rivers are the ports of Boston and Spalding? Into what opening do these rivers flow? Name two other rivers that flow into the Wash. Notice the sandbanks in the Wash. What name is given to the low land which lies round the south coast of the Wash in Lincoln? What part of the county is in *Bedford Level*? What name is given to the whole of this low district?

## NORFOLK.

NORFOLK is another shire of the Danelagh, and is nearly as flat as a table everywhere, except at the north corner of the Wash coast, where some chalk downs end in Hunstanton Cliffs. King's Lynn, at the mouth of the Great Ouse, is the port for this part of Norfolk.

Norfolk, like Lincoln, is a great farming county; indeed there is no English county in which the farmers are more skilful in the management of their land. One thing they are particular about is to have different crops growing in the same field in following years. Thus a field yellow with ripened corn one year might be sweet with bean blossom the next, and then be a potato or a turnip field. The reason for this is that all plants do not take the same kind of food out of the earth; what wheat will not touch, the potato will take and be thankful for. So the farmers arrange a round, or, as it is called, a *rotation of crops*, to follow one another in order. Sometimes a *four-shift*, sometimes a *five-shift* rotation is employed; that is, four or five different crops follow one another; and then the round begins again.

Our four kinds of corn—wheat, barley, oats, and rye—as well as beans and peas, potatoes, turnips, and carrots, are all grown in Norfolk. There are prettier crops too: fields of red clover; fields of the crocus flower, from which saffron is made; fields of the delicate blue flax flower; and other fields, gay with the bright blue, handsome flower of the chicory plant,



the large roots of which are cut into squares and roasted, and then ground into chicory.

The very finest Christmas turkeys come from Norfolk, and geese just as good; while sheep and bullocks, pigs and horses, all get an excellent living in this rich shire.

Of the chief towns of the county, Wymondham and Attleborough, East Dereham, Aylesham, Diss, and Thetford, a town of fame in Saxon days, with several others, are market-towns.

Norwich is a pleasant city, built on a hill, a thing to be proud of in this shire. The city covers a good deal of ground, and there are openings planted with trees, from among which the towers of the churches rise; so that an old writer speaks of it as "Norwich (as you please), either a city in an orchard, or an orchard in a city." The keep of the ancient castle remains. The cathedral is a good specimen of Norman architecture.

The eastern counties have always been friendly to the people of the low-lying lands over the sea. These Flemings have been for centuries famous as skilful weavers, and the Conqueror brought over some of them, who settled in Norwich, to teach their art to his English subjects. Later, Edward III. invited parties of these same Flemish weavers to come to England, for the king thought it a pity that the fine wool of the English sheep, the finest anywhere, should be sent to Flanders to be made into cloth. Many of these remained in Norwich, and taught the citizens how to make cloth, and in later days crape. Still later, in Elizabeth's reign, more than 3000 of these same people came to seek a home in this city. They were Protestants, and were so persecuted by the Catholic king of Spain and the Netherlands that they had no

rest in their own land. Norwich made room for them, and busy and useful inmates they proved, bringing with them this time a new manufacture, a stuff made of a mixture of silk and wool.

Norwich was at one time Norwich-by-the-Sea, and the spot where part of Yarmouth now stands was under the sea when the Conqueror came. The Yare, at the mouth of which Yarmouth, or *Yare-mouth*, is built, fell then into a broad estuary, another Wash perhaps, which reached inland as far as Norwich. By degrees, however, the sea and river between them formed a line of sandbanks across the mouth of this estuary. Though the river still made its way out, the tide could no longer get in; the waters were thus drained off, and what was at one time an arm of the sea is now covered with villages and busy farms.

This new land still lies very low, and the Yare widens out into a sort of lake, four miles across, before it reaches the sea. The Waveney and the Bure, which join the Yare near Yarmouth, both flow through very low land, and spread out into many pools.

Eastern Norfolk is full of these pools, or *broads*, as they are called in the county; pools often three yards deep, fringed with tall bulrushes. These pools are mostly in lonely spots, and are the haunts of water-hen and wild duck, heron and kingfisher; indeed the wild fowl and the fish have it pretty much to themselves. The rivers overflow in heavy rains, and leave the broads filled when they return to their banks.

Yarmouth is a busy, pleasant trading town, which has always had so much to do with foreign sailors that it is like a foreign town itself. It has many herring-houses, where the herrings caught off the coast are cured and made into "Yarmouth bloaters." The grand

church of St. Nicholas here is the largest parish church in England.

If the sea has been turned out on the east side, it is making steady advances into Norfolk on the north. At the village of Sherringham, near Cromer, it has gained as much as fifty feet in five years; the sea has gradually undermined the cliffs, and now ships may anchor where villages once stood. Cromer is a charming watering-place, where the sun may be seen to rise and set in the sea. Admiral Lord Nelson was a native of Norfolk.

### Map Questions.

1. Name two rivers which enter the Wash in Norfolk. Name two straight artificial rivers which have been cut to drain the Fens. What town stands at the mouth of the Great Ouse?

2. At the mouth of what river does Great Yarmouth stand? What large tributary joins this river? What city stands at the junction? Sandbanks lie off the coast near Great Yarmouth—what is the water-passage between these and the coast called?

3. Name four other towns in Norfolk. What is the character of the county, flat or hilly? What counties border Norfolk? What sea washes it? In what part of England does it lie?



## NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

THIS midland county, though it has no mountains and no very high hills, is not a dead level like parts of the eastern counties. It is bordered by hills on the north-east and south. Indeed, gentle hills, cultivated to the top, valleys full of rich crops and watered by streams, with here and there a wood, are to be seen from any height in the western half of the county; from the hill upon which Naseby village stands, for instance. This hill is the highest in several counties round, and four rivers take their rise in it, the Welland, the Nen, the Swift, and the famous Warwickshire Avon. These all flow in different directions, and thereby prove that Naseby is the highest land in the neighbourhood.

On this height of Naseby was fought the last great fight of the Civil War, which ended "fatally for the royal cause," as says the pillar which has been raised on the spot in memory of the battle. The Parliament forces were upon the hill and held the village; the king's army advanced up the rising ground to attack and dislodge them. The heat of the battle was on the rise of the hill, towards the trees; Cromwell concealed his men behind the trees and the little rises of the hill; thus they took the king's friends by surprise, and easily drove them back with great loss. Before the fight was over about 800 men were killed on each side; but the Parliamentary forces took besides thousands of prisoners and all the guns.

The narrow north-east corner of the county is fen,



the great Peterborough Fen, from the midst of which rises the beautiful cathedral. Rockingham Forest borders the Fens, and is all that is left of the vast forest in which Hereward and his men hid when they were driven out of Ely.

Northamptonshire is not altogether a farming county ; most of the land is laid out in farms, and very fine cattle are fed on the pastures by the sides of the rivers and in the fens. But this county is bordered on the east by manufacturing shires, and the towns here are busy places, where more people live by making shoes, stockings, and lace than live in the villages by farm-work.

The chief shoemaking places are Northampton, Daventry, Towcester, Kettering, and Wellingborough, with the villages near them. Lace is made at several of the same towns,—Daventry, Wellingborough, Towcester, Higham Ferrers, and Brackley ; and the women in the neighbouring villages work hard at their pillows. Stockings are made at Daventry.

The eastern half of the county is almost shut in between the rivers Welland and Nen. The old county town, Northampton, with the ruins of a castle, stands on the Nen ; it is a rather handsome town, built of stone ; and most of the people are employed in making boots and shoes.

The chief ornament of Northampton is the Queen Eleanor's Cross, which stands about a mile from the town on rising ground at the side of the road, backed by trees. There are four statues of the Queen in the Cross, all with the same gentle, calm, sweet face, and all graceful and dignified, and like a queen.

To Fotheringay Castle, upon the Nen, close by the town of Oundle, belongs the end of the sad story of

another queen, the beautiful Mary of Scotland. After nineteen weary years of imprisonment, she was tried before forty-seven noblemen in Fotheringay Castle, and condemned to die because she had helped to plot against the life of the Queen Elizabeth of England.

### Map Questions.

1. What cathedral town stands in the Fens to the north? What famous house is in the north of the county, near Stamford town? What river valley and what forest occupy the north-west of the county?

2. Name four towns upon the Nen. Where does this river rise and where does it empty its waters?

3. Name three other considerable towns. Give the date of the battle of Naseby.

4. What counties surround Northampton? In what part of England is it situated?

## THE SHIRES OF CAMBRIDGE AND HUNTINGDON.

THE two counties of Cambridge and Huntingdon fit into one another so closely, and are so much alike, that one description will serve for both. The northern half of each county belongs to the Fens, and even beyond the Fens the fields are for the most part very flat. Both counties have hills in the south; those of Cambridge are called the Gog Magog Hills. Green pastures and meadows with water-ways running through them are to be seen everywhere; these are *dairy* counties, that is, cows are kept from whose milk butter and cheese are made. The butter of Cambridge is sold in an odd way; you ask, not for a pound, but for a yard or two yards. Stilton in Huntingdon gives its name to a famous kind of cheese, of which gentlemen are fond. A good deal of corn is grown in Hunts, and Cambridge has large orchards scattered over the shire.

There are not many important towns in either county; Ramsey, where are still ruins of the old abbey, St. Ives, St. Neots, and the county town are the chief places in the little shire of Huntingdon. The town of Huntingdon had the honour of giving birth to Oliver Cromwell, the great opponent of Charles I., who became "Lord Protector of the Commonwealth."

The towns of Cambridgeshire are, Cambridge, the cathedral city of Ely, March, Chatteris, Wisbeach, which is a port, Whittlesea, and Newmarket, where



most of the people are in some way busied about the horse races, which take place there seven times a year. But the one really famous place in the county is Cambridge, which is known all over the world for

### THE UNIVERSITY.

The town of Cambridge stands on level ground, by the side of the river which forms part of its name; the stately college buildings, rising from among groups of splendid trees, distinguish the beautiful town. Englishmen look upon these buildings with reverent eyes, not for the sake of their beauty, but for that of the great men who have been educated within their walls, and whose names are the glory of England.

History does not declare when Cambridge first became an University, where all learning was studied, all students welcome. Most likely it grew up, like the Universities of Oxford, Paris, and some others, after the return of the Crusaders, who came home fired with a desire to possess the wonderful learning they had seen and heard of in the East.

In early days, the students of Cambridge lived in much discomfort; scattered through the town in miserable lodgings, or gathered together in "hostels," or "inns," where many lived under a principal of their own. But the people of the town charged such high rents for these poor places that they nearly drove the scholars away altogether.

This state of things led rich men and women, who cared about learning, to give land or money for building and endowing colleges, where the students might live and study in comfort.

St. Peter's College, or Peterhouse, was the first to be

built; and it, together with a church and a library of written books, was the gift of one Hugh de Balsham.

There are now in all seventeen colleges in the University; and among the most notable of these, are King's, founded by the "Royal Saint," Henry VI., which has the most beautiful chapel in the world, with

" High embowered roof,  
With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light " :—

Trinity, with its noble hall and library of precious books, and its pleasant walks by Cam; and St. John's, and Jesus College, on the banks of Cam.

#### Map Questions.

1. The Isle of Ely, in the north of Cambridge, is in the Fens;—name any cuttings which have been made to drain this low district. What river does the city of Ely stand upon? From what county does this river enter Huntingdon? What tributary joins the Ouse near Ely? What famous town stands on the Cam?

2. Name four other considerable towns in Cambridge. What hills are in the south of this county? What range extends into Hertford?

3. Name three towns in the little county of Huntingdon.

4. What four counties border Cambridge and Huntingdon? In what part of England do these two counties lie?



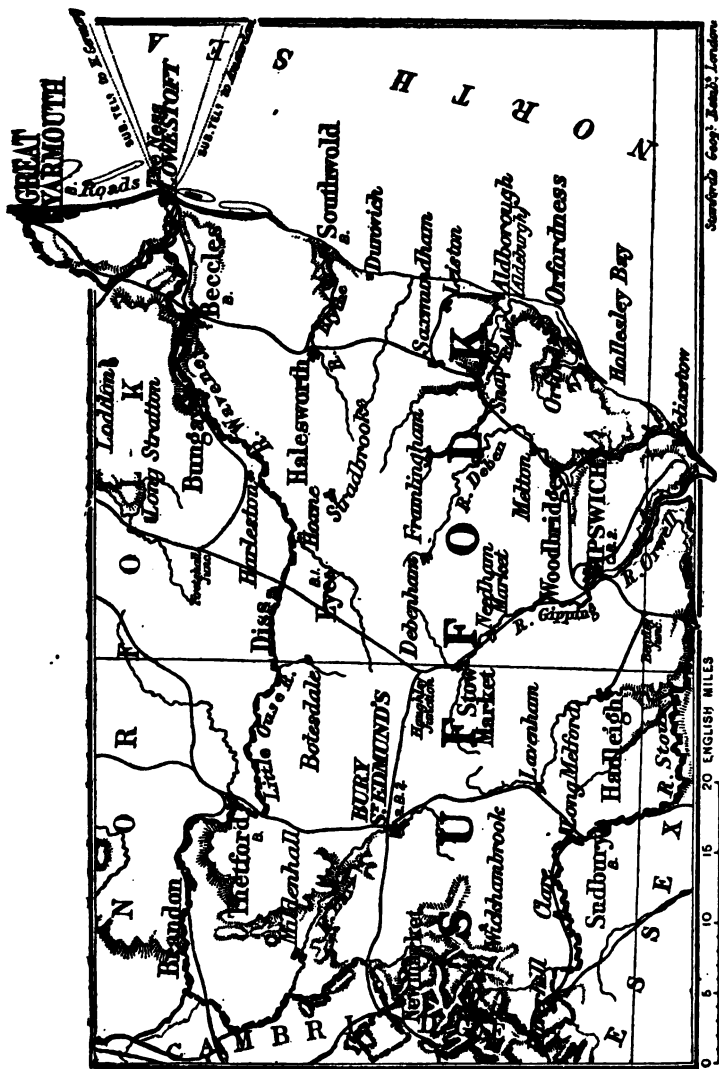
## SUFFOLK.

## I.

SUFFOLK is another low, flat eastern county, a county without any hills to speak of. The middle of the shire is well covered with large farms, where four sorts of corn are grown, as well as peas, beans, and green crops. There are pastures, too, for the cows, from whose milk capital butter is made. Suffolk horses are reared here, and the famous Suffolk pigs are raised; and such turkeys and geese for the Christmas dinners of folk in large towns!

Most of the towns are market-towns, where the good things raised in this farming county are sold. There is Bury St. Edmund's, the chief town in West Suffolk, a large town that owes its name to a story which you shall hear presently. It has the ruins of a splendid old abbey; and here twelve people were burnt at the stake in the persecution under Queen Mary. Another tale of a Suffolk martyr belongs to the market-town of Hadleigh. Eye, where lace is made; Stowmarket, where gun-cotton is made; Halesworth, and Framlingham, which has an old castle, are all market-towns, and so is Ipswich, the county town, which is also a port.

Ipswich stands at the end of the estuary of the river Orwell, and ships come up to the town, though it is eleven miles from the sea. The Orwell estuary joins that of the river Stour, which divides Suffolk from Essex. There are large iron-works at Ipswich, in



which ploughs and harrows and other farm implements are made.

Along the low river mouths are marshes, and high banks have been raised to keep the river waters in. The north-west corner, also, between Cambridge and Norfolk, is part of the fen country, a district of marshes, peat fens, and stretches of open heath upon which sheep find a living. There is another marshy corner in the north-east, to the east of Waveney river, where "Green grow the rushes, O," upon "broads" like those of Norfolk.

Heather wastes with sheep feeding on them, and marshes, with cattle dotted about in the deep green pastures, and low sands running far inland; these are the kinds of land to be found lying along the low coast of Suffolk, which seems to be gradually sinking into the sea.

Indeed, at many points of the coast where the sea is now deep enough at low water to carry the largest ships, harvests were reaped and villages were standing not so very long ago. Dunwich is now a little village with not more than twenty houses; it stands on rather high ground, and all about it is waste and desolate. A thousand years ago, Dunwich was a rich and great city, with a bishop and twelve churches; and there was a large wood between it and the shore. But the sea made its way in, and carried off Dunwich city bit by bit; a monastery, churches, four hundred houses, were swept off at once in the reign of Edward III. The people at last fled from the sea, and made their homes in the present village of Dunwich.

Lowestoft, close by which is the Ness, the most eastern point in England, and Southwold, Felixstow, and Aldborough are pleasant bathing places on this east coast; they are also fishing towns and sea-ports.

## II.

## THE SUFFOLK MARTYRS.

THE North folk (Norfolk), and the South folk (Suffolk), made up the Saxon kingdom of East Anglia, and this kingdom was under the rule of the brave and pious King Edmund. Lodbrog, the Dane, had found his way into Suffolk, and had been basely slain. False news came to Hubba and Hungnar, the sons of Lodbrog, that Edmund the king had killed their father. So the Danish brothers got ships and men, and their twin sisters wove them a standard with a raven upon it, a dark standard which was to wave over many a bloody battle-field. And they came, the first of the long stream of Danes, kings, and jarls (earls), and fighting men, which for three hundred years poured down upon the shores of unhappy England.

At Hoxne, on the banks of the Waveney, the brothers met King Edmund; the Danes numbered more than the Saxons, and the king "fought fiercely and manfully against the army. But because the merciful God foreknew that he was to arrive at the crown of martyrdom, he there fell gloriously." He was made captive, fettered, and barbarously beaten. Then the Danes said he should live if he would renounce Christ; but the king refused to receive his life as the price of dishonour to his Lord. So they bound him to a tree, and shot at him with arrows till he died; and then the Danish brothers struck off his head and threw it into a thicket.

The body of the martyr was carried to a town called Badrichesworth, and there buried; wherefore this town came to be called *Bury* St. Edmund's. Many years

after, Canute, himself a Dane, raised a great abbey there, one of the most splendid in the land. In all the country-side the death of King Edmund was kept in mind, and pictures might be seen in many church windows of how he was bound to a tree and shot to death with arrows.

In the early days of the Reformation, Hadleigh had a good and gentle vicar, named Rowland Taylor, who taught his people the truth as he found it in the Bible, and would not allow in the parish church the services of the Church of Rome. Now, Queen Mary was not only a zealous Roman Catholic herself, but she meant that all the people of England should be subject to the Pope. She set herself to root out the Protestant faith by burning all who held it.

Good Dr. Taylor was one of the first to suffer; he was held for two years in the King's Bench Prison, and then, seeing that he would not recant, was sent home to Hadleigh to be burnt at the stake.

It was very dark, and they led him without lights to an inn near Aldgate. "His wife watched all night in St. Botolph's Church porch, beside Aldgate, having with her two children.

"Now when the sheriff and his company came against St. Botolph's Church, Elizabeth cried, saying, 'O my dear father; mother, mother, here is my father led away.' Then cried his wife, 'Rowland, Rowland, where art thou?' for it was a very dark morning that the one could not see the other.

"Dr. Taylor answered, 'Dear wife, I am here,' and stayed. Then came she to him, and he took his daughter Mary in his arms; and he, and his wife, and Elizabeth kneeled down and said the Lord's Prayer.

At which sight the sheriff wept apace, and so did divers others of the company.

"Then he took farewell of his wife and children; his wife saying, 'God be with thee, dear Rowland; I will, with God's grace, meet thee at Hadleigh.'

"All the way, Dr. Taylor was merry and cheerful as one going to a most pleasant banquet or bridal.

"The streets of Hadleigh were beset on both sides with men and women of the town and country who waited to see him; whom, when they beheld so led to death, with weeping eyes and lamentable voices they cried, 'Ah, good Lord! there goeth our good shepherd from us, that so faithfully hath taught us, so fatherly hath cared for us, and so godly hath governed us! Oh! merciful God, strengthen him, and comfort him.'"

Arrived at the spot, "when he had prayed, he went to the stake and kissed it, and set himself into a pitch barrel which they had set for him to stand on, and so he stood with his back upright against the stake, with his hands folded together and his eyes towards heaven, and so let himself be burned." \*

### Map Questions.

1. What two rivers bound Suffolk on the north? In what direction does the Waveney flow? Name three towns on its banks. The town and cape at its mouth. The watering-place at the mouth of the Blythe. The village to the south of it.

2. What river forms part of the southern boundary? Name the estuary on which Ipswich stands.

3. Name three considerable towns in the west of Suffolk. What is the character of this county? Name the eastern counties of England.

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\* Fox's 'Book of Martyrs.'

## BERKSHIRE.

### I.

#### THE VALE OF WHITE HORSE.

"Most of you have probably travelled down the Great Western Railway as far as Swindon. Those of you who did so with their eyes open have been aware, soon after leaving the Didcot Station, of a fine range of chalk hills running parallel with the railway on the left-hand side as you go down, and distant some two or three miles, more or less, from the line. The highest point in the range is the White Horse Hill, which you come in front of just before you stop at the Shrivenham Station. The Great Western now runs right through it, and White Horse Vale is a land of large rich pastures, bounded by ox-fences, and covered with fine hedge-row timber. The villages are straggling, queer, old-fashioned places, the houses being dropped down, without the least regularity, in nooks and out-of-the-way corners, by the sides of shadowy lanes and footpaths, each with its patch of garden.

"I pity people who weren't born in a vale. I don't mean a flat country, but a vale: that is a flat country bounded by hills. The having your hill always in view if you choose to turn towards him, that is the essence of a vale.

"And then, what a hill is the White Horse Hill! There it stands right up above all the rest, 900 feet above the sea, and the boldest, bravest shape for a chalk



Stanford's Geog. Estab. London.



hill that you ever saw. Let us go up to the top of him and see what is to be found there. Ay, you may well wonder and think it odd you never heard of this before; yes, it is a magnificent Roman camp, and no mistake, with gates and ditch and mounds, all as complete as it was twenty years after the strong old rogues left it. The ground falls away rapidly on all sides. Was there ever such turf in the whole world? You sink up to your ankles at every step, and yet the spring of it is delicious.

“And now we leave the camp and descend towards the west, and are on the Ashdown. We are treading on heroes. It is sacred ground for Englishmen; more sacred than all but one or two fields where their bones lie whitening. For this is the actual place where our Alfred won his great battle, the battle of Ashdown, which broke the Danish power, and made England a Christian land. The Danes held the camp and the slope where we are standing—the whole crown of the hill in fact. ‘The heathen had beforehand seized the higher ground,’ as old Asser says, having wasted everything behind them from London, and being just ready to burst down on the fair vale, Alfred’s own birthplace and heritage. And up the heights came the Saxons, as they did at the Alma. ‘The Christians led up their line from the lower ground. There stood also on that same spot a single thorn tree, marvellous stumpy, around which, as I was saying, the two lines of foemen came together in battle with a huge shout. And in this place, one of the two kings of the heathen and five of his earls fell down and died, and many thousands of the heathen side in the same place.’

“After which crowning mercy, the pious king, that there might never be wanting a sign and a memorial

to the country-side, carved out on the northern side of the chalk hill, under the camp, where it is very steep, the great Saxon white horse, which he who will may see from the railway, and which gives its name to the vale over which it has looked these thousand years and more." \*

It would take too long to describe, or to tell the stories belonging to half the places in the vale, which is shut in between two ranges of downs out of Wiltshire,—the downs with White Horse Hill which run across the middle of the county, and another range which keeps within a mile or so of the Thames, on the north. There is Abingdon, with no sign left of its splendid abbey; and Wallingford, with only ruined walls to show where its famous castle stood; and Faringdon, which held out so stoutly for Charles I.; and Wantage, with its cherry fair, where the Great Alfred was born. Tales of old times belong to all four, and they are all, now, pleasant market-towns to which the good things grown in the vale are brought for sale.

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## II.

### EAST BERKSHIRE.

It is not only White Horse Vale, watered by its little river Ock, but the whole county which is full of goodly farms and pretty villages. Broad pastures for the cattle, smooth hills for the sheep, green meadows and corn-fields and copses, are to be seen everywhere; for Berkshire lies within the fertile valley of the

\* 'Tom Brown's School Days.'

Thames, which goes in and out in endless curves along the north of the county, dividing it from Oxford.

Another beautiful and fertile valley is that of the "Kennet swift, for silver eels renowned," a valley famous for its wheat, and at the bottom of which are beautiful bright green water-meadows, which lie between the streams into which the river is here and there divided.

Within a mile of the Kennet is the market-town of Newbury, close by which two battles in two following years were fought during the Civil War, with such even courage on both sides that neither gained the victory. In the first battle, the king's side suffered a grievous loss; Lord Falkland, the most gentle and learned of them all, was among the slain. On the morning of the battle he had said, "I am weary of the times, and foresee much misery to my country, but believe that I shall be out of it ere night." "Peace, Peace!" were his last words. Before the war, he had been full of cheerfulness and playful wit; but he loved the king and he loved his country, and he thought the war altogether wrong and evil, though it still seemed to him a duty to fight for the king. So in these troublous times he went about with a heavy heart and a sad countenance; and often, among his friends, after a deep silence and many sighs, he would with a sad accent say the word "Peace." Upon Newbury field he found the peace for which he yearned.

Reading, the county town, is in a beautiful spot, just where the Kennet joins the Thames; in these days it is chiefly noted for Huntley and Palmer's delicious biscuits.

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## III.

## WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE chief glory of Berkshire is Windsor Castle, the splendid home of our beloved Queen, and a very stately and beautiful home it is. It is both a castle and a palace; the palace part is built on each side of a square, and has the State Apartments, and the Queen's Private Apartments, and the Visitors' Apartments; and in the last two alone there are more rooms than there are days in the year. Splendid as the State Apartments are, the castle is the most interesting part. A royal castle from Saxon days, it is to Edward III. that Windsor owes its chief glory. In his wars he made two kings his prisoners, David of Scotland and John of France; and with the money paid for the ransom of these captive kings he built two of the castle towers; and his architect was none other than William of Wykeham, the famous Bishop of Winchester.

One of these is the Round Tower or Keep, which stands upon a mound, and was built by the king to hold a Round Table for his knights, like the famous Round Table of King Arthur.

The interior is reached by a covered flight of one hundred steps, and a second flight leads to the battlements of the proud Keep, from which twelve counties may be seen. To this Keep belong many of the stories of Windsor Castle, for, since Edward's reign, it has been used as the castle prison.

Here, for the most part, was James I. of Scotland, the young poet-king, confined for nineteen years by order of Henry IV. The next great captive in the Keep was, strange to say, the next poet who wrote such sweet true verses that we care for them still—

Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, a brave soldier and a most courtly knight, who was beheaded for no sufficient reason by Henry VIII.

The stately towers of Windsor look out upon the Thames on the north; and to the south there is first the Great Park with its noble trees—really a part of the Forest—and beyond that still, the great Forest of Windsor.

To reach the Forest from the castle, we must go through the Long Walk, which is three miles long, and quite straight, and runs from the castle gate to the top of Snow Hill; such a walk, with its double row of great elms on each side, as is hardly to be seen anywhere else.

Then there is St. George's Chapel with its painted windows, and the Tomb House, or Albert Chapel, which the Queen has had made very beautiful in memory of her dear husband, Prince Albert, "Albert the Good."

And there is the Forest itself, with its oaks and beeches; and the Model Farms, where all the best plans are followed; and the huge statue of George III. at the end of the Long Walk. Within the palace there are more beautiful and curious things, pictures and wood carvings, and grand furnishings, than we have room to describe.

### Map Questions.

1. Name five towns on the Thames on the Berkshire side. Two ranges of downs cross western Berkshire—what valley divides them? Name a town in the northern range. A town in the southern. A hill in the southern range. What battle was fought here, and when?
2. What river valley divides the western from the eastern half of the county? Name three towns in the south of Berkshire.
3. What counties are on the opposite side of the Thames? What other counties border Berkshire?

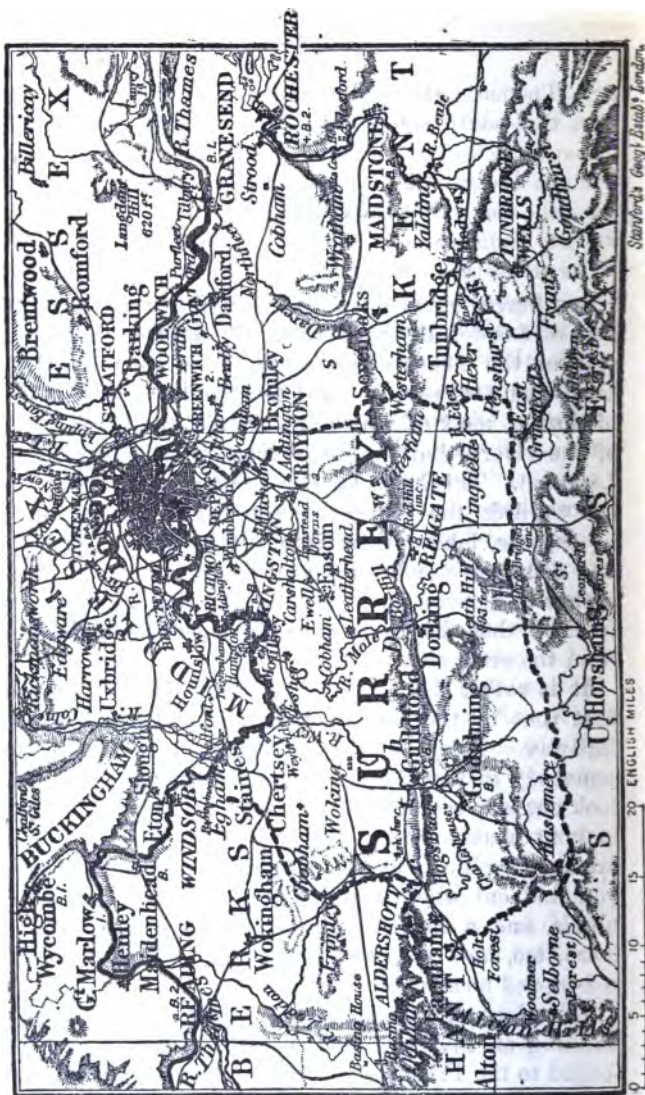
## SURREY.

## I.

"THE Surrey side" does not mean the most pleasant part of London by any means. Of course, the Surrey side of the Thames is meant; and a very crowded, busy, and poor part of great London town is that bit of Surrey, most of which lies within the north bend of the river—that is, the *boroughs* of Southwark and Lambeth. This huge London has a way of stretching out towards the villages and towns around it, and, by degrees, taking them into itself. Thus, Lambeth and Southwark and various other places are now altogether in London, and have nothing but their names to show that they were once villages at some distance from the great city.

It is rather disappointing to enter London for the first time by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. Long before you get to London Bridge somebody says, "We are in London now"; and you look out and see nothing but rows and rows of mean-looking houses with red-tiled roofs. By-and-by you are busy spelling out the names on the factories; and you find out where matches, and blacking, and wire blinds, and a hundred other things are made. You learn, too, how the people who live in that forest of red-topped houses get their livings.

The glory of Lambeth is the Palace, a grand old building on the bank of the Thames, which has belonged to the Primates of England for seven centuries.



St. Thomas's Hospital is the most imposing building on this south side of the river. It is a large new hospital, clean and airy within, and handsome without, where everything is arranged in the most perfect way for the comfort of the sick.

St. Thomas's is in Lambeth; Southwark, which also lies along the river on the side nearest Kent, has, too, its great hospitals, Guy's, and Bethlehem, or Bedlam as it is called, the hospital for mad people.

South of Lambeth, and beyond the endless market gardens where green vegetables for London are raised, we come to a pretty country, with high breezy commons here and there, and clumps of trees, and, among the trees, the handsome houses of rich London merchants. Streatham, a pleasant village at the foot of a furzy common, which is surrounded by houses of gentlefolk buried among trees, is one of the prettiest of these places.

Norwood, Upper and Lower, with roads bordered with villas, also hidden among trees, is another pleasant suburb.

Near Norwood is the Crystal Palace, a great structure of glass such as might have come out of a fairy tale; and, what with fireworks and fountains, and painted savages lurking about in strange places, and music, pictures, and every kind of delightful show, it is indeed a fairy palace, and we are rather sorry for boys and girls who have never been there.

These *suburbs* of London, the half-country places about the town, reach south as far as Croydon, which is a rather busy, crowded town, the largest in Surrey after the London boroughs. Near it is Addington, where the Archbishop of Canterbury usually lives.



## II.

## THE DOWNS.

THE North Downs enter Surrey from Hants by the old town of Farnham. First comes a long, straight, narrow ridge called, because it is so straight, the Hog's Back. Then there is a break in the hills, through which the "chalky Wey" passes on its way to join the Thames at *Wey*-bridge. In this opening lies the pleasant old town of Guildford, with its ruined castle, the county town of Surrey. East of Guildford, quite close to the town, the line of Downs begins again, spreading wider and wider towards the north. When the hills reach Dorking, they part again to make way for the little Mole, another tributary of the Thames.

Dorking, all among hills and trees, lies in the prettiest part of the Down country, and, on the other side of the river, the Downs begin again with Box Hill. This is a delightful hill, covered with groves of dark-green boxwood, from which the winding Mole, and Dorking, and many a pleasant village may be seen; the London holiday-makers know it well.

From Box Hill, the line of Downs still continues eastward until it gets within the Kent border. A line it can hardly be called now, for the rolling Downs spread to a width of eight or ten miles, past Epsom, on whose breezy downs horse races are held, even as far north as Croydon. This part of Surrey is very pretty; there are trees in the dips, and the hills are generally well covered with trees, from amongst which peep out the handsome houses of the rich people of London. There is hardly a prettier bit of railway line in England than that between Leatherhead and Dorking.

The Chalk Downs are not the only hills in Surrey; south of these is a long line of high commons, sometimes rising into hills, like Leith Hill, to the south-west of Dorking, the highest in the county. These commons are generally bare and dreary enough,—broad wastes, covered with furze and heath. Godalming, where is the Charterhouse School, is the chief town in this part of the county.

Below the commons begins the pleasant woody Sussex Weald, which lies between these North Downs and the South Downs of Sussex.

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### III.

#### THE "SURREY BANK."

We can only speak of a few of the interesting places on the Surrey bank of the Thames. Going up the river, there is Kew, with its delightful Botanical Gardens. Richmond is a pretty and pleasant town at the foot of, and stretching up the slope of Richmond Hill, whereon is a Park and a Terrace. From this terrace you look down upon the Thames, as

"Soft and slow,  
It wanders through the vale below."

Richmond has the remains of the old Sheen Palace, in which Queen Elizabeth died. Sheen was the old name of the town; it received its present name from Henry VII., who was Duke of Richmond in Yorkshire.

Higher up the river is the true Kings' town, *Kingston*, where, standing in an open space railed in, is a famous stone, upon which seven of the Saxon kings were

crowned; for Kingston was a royal town in Saxon days. A quaint and pleasant old town it is still—the old part that is—with in and out streets, and queer corners, and houses meeting over narrow alleys.

One other place we must speak of. On the bank of the Thames, close by the Berkshire border, there is to this day a marshy flat called *Runny-mead* (or meadow). In the days of King John, here lay the great barons of England, while on the opposite bank the king and his people were encamped. And king and barons met on an island in the river, which thus lay between the two camps, to discuss the Great Charter. On this spot the barons compelled the king to sign that charter which has done so much to make the English a free and great nation.

#### Map Questions.

1. Name six towns on the Surrey side of the Thames. What two counties are opposite to Surrey, on the northern side of the river?
2. From what county do the North Downs enter Surrey? What is the first hill in the range called? What tributary of the Thames breaks through the Downs at the end of this long hill? What town stands in this opening? By what town does the Wey join the Thames? What town lies to the south of Guildford?
3. What tributary of the Thames breaks through the Downs at Box Hill? What town stands in this opening? What hill, not in the Downs, lies to the south of Dorking? Name three considerable towns in the east of Surrey.
4. What counties border Surrey on the east, west, and south?

## THE NORTH BANK OF THE THAMES— OXFORD, BUCKINGHAM, MIDDLESEX, ESSEX.

### I.

THE Thames washes the southern border of these four counties. They all have low hills and spreading vales; but, whatever there may be of hill and dale, the general slope of the land is towards the river, which is bordered by flowery meads and shady trees.

Leaving Gloucester at Lechlade, where the Leach joins it, the Thames takes its course through a most pleasant green vale, between Berkshire on the south and Oxon and Bucks on the north. The Windrush joins it a few miles below the Leach. Oxford, the city of palaces, with many stately halls and colleges, stands in wide, tree-shaded meadows, where the Cherwell enters the Thames, which is here called the Isis.

The "fruitful Thame," whose course is partly through the fertile Vale of Aylesbury, joins the Thames at a point near to which was fought the battle of Chalgrove Field. It was hardly a battle, only a skirmish of the Civil War, but a man fell here whose death was a sorrow to the whole English nation, even to the king against whom he was in arms—the noble patriot, John Hampden:—"the loss of Colonel Hampden goeth near the heart of every man that loves the good of his king and country."

Perhaps the prettiest part of the Thames Valley is where the river makes a bend to wind round the southern end of the Chiltern Hills. These hills, part of a long chalk range, run in a north-easterly direction through Bucks and Bedfordshire, generally in a waving line. Sometimes they are clothed with thick woods of beech, now they swell into wide and open downs, and now show their white chalk sides amidst the dark foliage of the beech trees. Oxfordshire is still famous for its beech woods, though much land is now farmed which not very long ago was forest.

Amongst the beeches, at the foot of the Chilterns, upon the bank of the Thames, nestles the pretty town of Henley.

Leaving Henley, the river skirts [Buckinghamshire, another county of beeches, which is said to have got its name from the Saxon *buccem*, a beech tree. The Thames flows on—

“Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;  
Strong, without rage; without o’erflowing, full;”—

through deep, shady meadows, with, here and there, a border of forget-me-nots; past Great Marlow, where pins and paper are made; and close by the foot of Woburn Hill.

The beauty of the river becomes more striking as it takes its course through the trees of Windsor Forest, with the stately castle crowning the hill on the Berkshire side, and the buildings, stately also, of Eton College rising from among trees on the other. This is an old college, founded by Henry VI. for the education of twenty-five “poor and indigent boys.” Some seventy “King’s Scholars” are still taught at Eton; but besides these there are from 900 to 1000 other

scholars, the sons of the most noble and wealthy persons in the country. Round the college buildings are gardens, and large and beautiful playing fields.

"Unmuddled by commerce, but flowing free and pure, amid the greenest meadows, scattered villas, and trees overhanging its clear waters, and adding to its glad aspect the richness of their beauty," the Thames continues its course. At Staines it is joined by the Colne. The chief beauties of the river are on the Surrey side now; Middlesex has, however, the grand front of Hampton Court Palace, Bushey Park, and Twickenham, where the poet Pope lived.

"Bushey is laid out with a fine sheet of water, and with splendid rows of horse-chestnut trees on each side of the public road which runs through it to Teddington and Twickenham. It is a very pleasant drive through this park, especially when the chestnuts are in full blossom.

"A visit to Hampton Court is one of the bravest pleasures that a happy party of friends can promise themselves."\* We do not see this stately palace, which outshone all the king's houses, at its best. Much of Hampton Court, as it was built by the proud cardinal, has been pulled down and replaced by less stately building. Here had Wolsey full room for the thousand persons, servants and gentleman attendants, who waited upon him. Here he kept great state, and entertained king and court with music and feasting, shows, and other delights. When his fall was approaching, he presented his Hampton Court Palace, one of the finest in Europe, to the king.

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\* Wm. Howitt.

## II.

THE village of Teddington, Tide-end-Town, marks the spot to which the tide is felt, nineteen miles above London Bridge.

Onward still flows the river, towards great London town; past Brentford, where the Brent joins it, and where the old palace of Sion House stands on its northern bank; round Chelsea, really a part of London; under Hammersmith Suspension Bridge, the first of the twelve great passenger bridges which cross the Thames within London. This of Hammersmith, and the granite bridges of London and Waterloo, are among the finest anywhere. Five railway bridges also cross the Thames in London.

Perhaps the finest view of London is to be had from Westminster Bridge. There is the hoary Abbey close by; beyond it, we get glimpses of green parks and stately palaces; the magnificent Parliament Houses, and, on the Surrey side, St. Thomas's great hospital. Towards the east is the round dome of St. Paul's in the distance; while beyond, and about, and stretching out of sight everywhere, are the endless buildings of London, a sea of human habitations. A forest of masts, belonging to vessels trading to every part of the world, throngs the river itself.

Large vessels come up to London Bridge, sixty-four miles from the sea, where the river is about twelve feet deep at low water; it gradually increases in depth as it nears the sea, and vessels of the largest size get as far as Deptford.

"There is no other example in the world, with, perhaps, the exception of the Amazon, of a river being navigable for large sea-going vessels through so great

a part of its course ; its depth of water, the far advance of the tide, and no mud-bar at its mouth," are among the causes why the Thames, but a small river after all, is renowned as one

" Whose ample breast displays unfurl'd  
The ensigns of the assembled world."

East of the City, in the Tower Hamlets in Middlesex, and along the Essex and Kent banks, most of the people are engaged in sea-faring business. The land lies low and is very flat, and the water is kept out by walls and banks. The river-side houses in the Tower Hamlets and in Lambeth are, however, frequently flooded during high tides.

Not far from Purfleet in Essex, is Tilbury Fort, a place of brave memories ; for it was here the men of England gathered to meet the great Spanish armada, should it ever get nigh English ground, which it did not ; the Queen's " sea dogs " and the storms of heaven prevented that. " It was a pleasant sight," says an old writer, " to behold the soldiers as they marched towards Tilbury, their cheerful countenances, courageous words and gestures, dancing and leaping wheresoever they came ; when rumours of their foes' approach and of coming battles reached them, they were joyful at such news, as if lusty giants were to run a race." Then down came Queen Elizabeth and spoke to them the words of a brave queen to her brave people :—" I know I have the bodie of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king—and of a king of England too ! and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm, . . . not doubting, but by your obedience to my general, your concord in the camp, and



your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdom, and my people." And this, after she had declared she had come down "resolved, in the midst of heat and bataille, to live or die amongst you all."

"In the early times of our history, the natural aspect of the Thames below London, and for some distance above it, was widely different from what it is at present. Where smooth pastures now form the banks, with grazing cattle, busy towns, and villages enlivening the landscape, the stream once spread without restraint, covering the surface with shallow and stagnant waters. Under the early Plantagenet kings, embankments were made at the cost of the citizens, to keep in the vagrant flood, extending to the distance of nearly forty miles."

The Victoria Thames embankment of our own day has rescued a broad and beautiful river-side walk for the citizens from the oozy margin of the river.

We have no room to speak of all the ships which come to do their business upon the Thames from every part of the world; nor of the endless river-craft, the steamers and barges; nor of the 3000 vessels which are employed in carrying coal from the northern coal-field for the use of the monster city: these things alone would fill a book.

## MORE ABOUT OXFORDSHIRE.

OXFORDSHIRE is a farming county, with broad meadows and pasture-fields in the river valleys. It has hill ranges in the north-west, and also in the south-east; those of the north-west are the Edge Hills of Warwick, and at the foot of this range there are wide heaths.

Copredy is in this part of the county; the town is interesting because, during the Civil War, a fight took place upon Copredy Bridge in which the king's side was victorious.

Banbury, too, is near here, a fact which you know when you steam into the station, for "Banbury cakes! Banbury cakes!" are brought to the carriage windows for sale. It has some quaint old inns, and is a town with a history, having stood two long sieges for the king during the Civil War.

In the old town of Woodstock there was, until quite lately, a royal palace, where many of our kings dwelt. Henry II. had a bower made in a maze near the palace, to be the secret abode of the Fair Rosamond. Here the Black Prince was born; and in a house close by the park gate it is thought that Chaucer, the first of our great English poets, was born, and

"Dwelt for many a cheerful day."

Near Woodstock is the splendid palace and park of Blenheim, a present from the nation to the Duke of Marlborough, in memory of the famous victory he gained over the French near the village of Blenheim



on the Danube, in the reign of Queen Anne. Woodstock is famous for its doe-skin gloves.

Witney, farther south, has a Blanket Hall in its High Street; but "Witney blankets" are no longer made here, but in Wales and in Yorkshire.

The interest of the shire centres in the ancient city of Oxford. Here perhaps Great Alfred dwelt, and the University may have been founded by him, though there are no records to prove the fact. The castle, whose grey walls are still to be seen, was held by Queen Maude against Stephen. When the fortress could hold out no longer, the queen and her attendants, clad in white sheets, escaped in the snow, unchallenged by the sentries.

Far more interesting is the *Martyrs' Memorial*, which has been lately erected. The martyrs were: Ridley, Bishop of London; Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, whose hearty ways, plain speech, and love for the truth made him dear to the people of England; and Cranmer, the Archbishop, who gathered together the beautiful prayers and services in the Book of Common Prayer. These three, like Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, and Dr. Taylor, of Hadleigh, were burned at the stake in the persecution under Queen Mary.

Latimer and Ridley perished together; while the flames shot up around him, the old preacher cried to his comrade, "Play the man, Master Ridley: we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out."

The horrible agony of a death by burning filled Cranmer, who was not a strong man, with fear. In a moment of dread, he had signed a paper, denying the truth he held. But when the awful hour came his fear departed. He thrust the hand that had offended into the fire the first, saying, "This was the hand that wrote

it, therefore it shall suffer first punishment;" and holding it still in the flame, he never stirred nor cried till life was gone.

Of the University, little need be added to what has already been said of that of Cambridge. The early history of both is very much the same. Oxford claims to be the elder sister. This University owes a great deal to Wolsey, who built and endowed Christ Church, one of the largest and most beautiful of the colleges, and who caused Henry VIII. to benefit the University in various ways.

Oxford has twenty colleges altogether; perhaps the finest are in the High Street, a street of palaces, in which are Magdalen and Queen's and All Souls'. Balliol and Trinity are in Broad Street. Keble College has been founded lately in memory of the author of the 'Christian Year.'

Great Tom, the famous bell of Christ Church, is one of the shows of Oxford—a huge bell, more than seven feet across, which tolls 101 times every night at ten minutes past nine.

We should see, before we quit Oxford, the Cathedral, the great printing-works of the Clarendon Press, and the Radcliffe Library.

#### Map Questions.

1. From what county does the Thames divide Oxford? In what county does it rise? What famous city stands on the river? What four tributaries join the Thames in Oxford? Name any towns on their banks. What battle was fought in the valley of the Thames? Date?

2. What hills cross the south-east corner of the county? Into what county on the north-east do these hills extend? Name one of the heights.

3. Name a town in the north of Oxford. What counties bound Oxford on the north, east, and west? In what part of England does this county lie?

## MORE ABOUT BUCKS.

THE centre of Bucks is occupied by the Vale of Aylesbury, one of the richest and most fertile valleys in England, with corn-fields and meadows, and cherry orchards and pastures, about which are scattered scores of handsome cows. Bucks is a great dairy county, in which enormous quantities of butter are made and sent both to Oxford and to the London market. Sheep and oxen, hogs, ducks and geese, are also reared in great numbers.

Aylesbury, the county town, is a good-sized market-town, where lace-making is carried on.

Lace-making is a common cottage employment in Bucks, and is carried on largely in the four towns upon the Ouse, Buckingham, Stony Stratford, Newport Pagnell, and Olney.

The Great Ouse has a very winding course in this county, amongst flags and reeds. Cowper, the gentle poet, whose house at Olney is still shown, tells us how he took a walk with his dog Beau, when—

“The noon was shady, and soft airs  
Swept Ouse’s silent tide;”

and while the poet walked, Beau—

“Now wantoned lost in flags and reeds,  
Now starting into sight,  
Pursued the swallow o’er the meads  
With scarce a slower flight.



"It was the time when Ouse displayed  
His lilies newly blown;  
Their beauties I intent surveyed,  
And one I wish'd my own."

Beau, seeing his master's desire, plunged into the river, broke off a lily, and brought it to the poet's feet.

Cowper speaks of "the meads," for Ouse is bordered with broad meadows; the Ouse Valley is also a fertile corn-growing district.

Buckingham is an old town with a long history; Stowe, the grand seat of the Dukes of Buckingham, is near the town. The making of straw plait is carried on here and in many towns and villages on the Hertford border.

Paper is made in some towns at the foot of the Chilterns—High Wycombe, Chesham, and some others. About five miles south of Chesham is the village of Chalfont St. Giles, where Milton, the blind poet, stayed while the plague raged in London; here he revised his great poem, 'Paradise Lost,' and wrote the story of 'Paradise Regained.'

The Chilterns, which cross the county, were once clothed with a vast forest of beech and oak; many of them are now cultivated to the top, or are divided into pasture fields.

### Map Questions.

1. Name two towns in this county which stand upon the Thames. What county lies on the opposite side of the river?
2. What range of hills enters the county from Oxford? Into what county are these hills continued? Name three towns among the hills.



3. What vale occupies the centre of the county? What town stands in the valley?

4. What river drains the north of Buckingham? Name four towns upon the Ouse. Into what county does the Ouse next enter?

5. What counties surround Buckingham? In what part of England does it lie?

## LONDON.

## I.

"THE people, ah, the people!" Not the same people standing about in a crowd, but new people always, streaming past like the waters of a river. Not excited crowds, hurrying to a show; but, quiet and grave, everybody intent on his own business, nobody dawdling or looking about, on they pour in two streams, forward and back. See, there is a countryman, he is peering round to see where all the folk can be going; now he has got in the way, and is jostled and pushed until he finds his place. We are on London Bridge, and "Keep to the right," and "Go straight on," are the rules by which we must keep our footing.

Surely all London is not so crowded; let us try the City. Yonder is the big round dome of St. Paul's to guide us, the dome which is to London as the nose upon its face. Still we hold our breath and say, "The people, ah, the people!" Not the same sort of people, however; most of these wear black coats, and look keen and full of business. It is one o'clock, and the City clerks are hastening to the eating-houses to lunch. We wish to cross the street; somebody says, "Wait till the road is clear"—a joke evidently. Does this roaring tide of vehicles never ebb? On they go, up one side of the street, down the other; the back of carriage or cab under the nose of the horse behind. Yes, we are told, there are times when this hurrying

to and fro ceases. Come here on a Sunday, or late in the evening, and you will find these noisy and crowded streets empty and silent. The three and a half millions of London people do not live here, but in the streets of dwelling-houses which extend east and west, north and south of the City. Three and a half millions of inhabitants! Why that is enough to people a country. Holland has not many more; Switzerland, considerably fewer. London is indeed a wonderful place; perhaps there has never been in the world so large or so rich a city, or a city with such a wide foreign commerce. A walk of eight miles would hardly take you from the farthest east to the farthest west end; and from north to south is not short of six miles. To go round London you must make a circuit of between twenty and thirty miles.

Londoners have no time to walk much; omnibuses and tramway carriages carry them about, and help to throng the streets; streets so crowded, that a novel plan has been hit upon to lessen the traffic. A tunnel, an underground passage, has been bored, making a circuit beneath the busiest and most crowded part of the metropolis. Lines of railway are laid in this tunnel, and there are stations above ground at many busy points; people go from place to place by this underground railway, and think no more of it than they do of driving in a cab.

Not only underground, but under water, have the Londoners bored. There is a Tunnel, a dry road, right under the bed of the Thames from the Middlesex to the Surrey side, a road twelve feet broad, which you reach by a sort of shaft with one hundred steps for passengers to go up and down by, and through which the East London Railway now runs.

## II.

## THE CITY.

To return to "the City." The portion of London to which this name is properly given is really but a small part of the whole. Once the City was enclosed within walls, and was entered by gates, and people who care for relics of old times were sorry when old Temple Bar, the last of the gates, was taken down quite lately. Now there are no gates to show that you are within the bounds, but the roar of business in Cheapside does not leave you in doubt. The City is the very heart of London, the seat of its vast commerce; and perhaps Cheapside, always in a "very turmoil of trade," is the heart of the City.

Running out of Cheapside, and indeed out of all the City streets, are narrow byways, where the walls on each side are so high that you look up at the bit of sky between as from the bottom of a well. These are the warehouses where the merchant princes keep their precious stores. Now you see why the walls are so high. Room, more room! is the cry here as in every corner of the vast metropolis. Enormous as many of these stores are, every inch of space, from roof to basement, is crammed. Goods to the value of thousands of pounds are bought and sold in one such warehouse every day. Well may the men of the City look full of business! Very busy, too, do they keep the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street;" so the clerks irreverently call the Bank—the Bank of England. Strangers are allowed to go through some of the rooms; and it is curious to see the rapid way in which gold and notes are handled.

Then there is the Royal Exchange to be seen, "where merchants most do congregate," but it is

beyond us to understand anything about the great money transactions which take place here. We can only look at the outside of the noble building, and looking up we catch the words, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof"—a pleasant, restful thought (chosen by "Albert the Good"), for we are apt to forget that it is as true of the wealth of this busy city as of the fulness of orchard and corn-field.

We must not miss the Mint, where all our money is coined, stamped with the Queen's head; and we must see the General Post Office, one of the great sights of the City. We should be in time to see the red mail carts come in from all parts of London, each with its cargo of letters and parcels.

The Port of London, with which the City has much to do, lies farther east, between London Bridge and Blackwall. Here are the Docks, the finest in the world. Those on the Middlesex side are the London, St. Katharine, West India and East India Docks, and, farther on, the Victoria. Along the banks of the river are warehouses and wharves, and workshops and factories of every kind. Here is, also, a dense mass of narrow streets and crowded houses, the homes of the river-side population, sea-faring folk, who have little to do with the rest of London.

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### III.

#### ST. PAUL'S.

We must not leave this part of London without a visit to its great church, the Cathedral of St. Paul, the patron saint of the City, whose day was kept with great rejoicings in old St. Paul's.

It would be strange to us to see a church used as was this old St. Paul's. The floor of the church was laid out in walks, and it was a common thoroughfare for porters and carriers; nay, mules and horses and other beasts were driven through the aisles.

This cathedral was entirely destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, in which nearly all London was consumed,—a terrible fire which raged from street to street for four days and nights, while the people who had escaped from their burning houses could but stand looking on, helpless. They could not stop the raging fire-fiend; in vain they tore down houses and brought water as they could; the wind favoured the spread of the flames, which rushed onward, king and people looking on in despair. From the Tower to Fleet Street was as if a volcano had burst in the midst of it and destroyed it. The very ruins were reduced to powder.

It was a terrible misfortune at the time, but did not prove a bad thing for London in the end. The old streets were narrow, with overhanging stories, so that people might almost shake hands across the street out of their top windows; the houses were built of wood, and were mostly very old, and not over clean. Worse than all, the year before, London had been visited by an awful sickness. There was hardly a house whose door had not been marked by a red cross to show that some one within lay sick of the plague. At night carts were carried round the City for the dead; a bell was rung, and "Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!" was cried before every house.

The year after this sickness the fire came, and burnt the old plague-stricken houses clean away; a merciful thing, for perhaps it was the only way to save London from being again a City of the Plague.

The cathedral was gone; as it had stood in the middle of the City, and on the highest point in London, no better site could be chosen for the new St. Paul's, of which Sir Christopher Wren was to be the architect. He made a cathedral quite unlike any other in the country, but very suitable for the great metropolis, spreading and vast, as if to gather all London into its broad aisles: then the dome—what would London be without the great black dome of St. Paul's? Flying buttresses and tapering spires would not suit our solid City half so well. The tombs of many famous men were destroyed with the old cathedral, but in the vaults beneath our St. Paul's lie two of England's greatest sons; there, side by side, rest the ashes of Wellington, our greatest soldier, and Nelson, our greatest sailor.

The City of London is in many ways under the rule of the Lord Mayor and his Council of Aldermen. Perhaps, in the Guildhall, or by the Mansion House, we may get a glimpse of them in their grand civic robes. But we must hasten westward to another city with another minster, for London includes two.

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#### IV.

#### WESTMINSTER.

Now we are within the much quieter old City of Westminster, which was once divided from London City by green fields and country lanes. There is the splendid Westminster Palace—the new Houses of Parliament, and Westminster Hall, and there is the West Minster itself, the grey old Abbey. How beautiful it is, with fretted stone-work, and sculptures, and airy pinnacles, and

with its ascending lines rising, light as flame, towards the sky. What a look of reverend age it bears! It would seem removed by centuries from the bustle and business of the City we have just quitted.

We go softly as we enter, for within lie the mighty dead: the last honour England pays to her noblest sons is a place among her Great in Westminster Abbey. Their monuments crowd about us,—statesmen and soldiers, men of science and men of letters—names which belong to England's history. The poets have a corner, Poets' Corner, to themselves; and in Henry VII.'s beautiful Chapel rest all our Tudor sovereigns with the exception of Henry VIII.

No monument is more interesting than the crumbling shrine of the Confessor King; despoiled now of gold and gems, but still surmounted by the iron-bound oaken coffin which contains the ashes of the last Saxon king of England.

Dear was the Abbey to him: he found it, even then, an old minster; and to rebuild and beautify it was the great work of his life. A tenth of his substance, in gold, silver, cattle, and all other possessions did he give to this work; and we may think of him as watching its progress from his palace hard by, a palace of which no trace remains.

Hither came the Conqueror to be crowned; and the coronation of every king and queen of England, from the Norman William to our Queen Victoria, has taken place in Westminster Abbey; with one exception, the boy-king, Edward V.

Nothing remains of the Confessor's work but a few blackened arches. The Abbey, as we now see it, was rebuilt for the most part by Henry III.

Not far from Westminster is Whitehall, the royal



palace in which Charles I. was beheaded; and near it are the Government Offices and other interesting buildings which we cannot stop to speak of.

We must go through the parks, Hyde Park and St. James's, and get into the *West End*. The West End is the best end of London, the end where are the mansions and stately houses of the rich people and noblemen; and for a good reason. The wind which blows upon England most days in the year is a west wind, a wind that blows up from the Atlantic; the wind drives the smoke before it, and the smoke from the chimneys of the West End is carried east, towards the City.

The two finest streets of shops in this part of London are Regent Street and Oxford Street; very fine shops they are, with such shows of silks and velvets and furs, gems and laces, pictures and porcelain, in their windows as country folk do not often see.

We have no room to speak of the British Museum, nor of the National Gallery, nor of the statues of great men, nor of a hundred other interesting sights; but we must pay a visit to

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## V.

### THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THERE it stands, on the bank of the Thames, a strong fortress for the protection of the City, east of which it lies. It is not one tower, but many, grey and old, with walls so thick that a winding staircase has been built in more than one place in the thickness of the masonry. A Tower Palace, of which little remains, was once enclosed with the fortress within the strong outer walls. It is not for the sake of palace or fortress

that every English person cares to visit the Tower : since the days of the Conqueror, this has been the State Prison of England.

In one or another of its narrow chambers have been confined many of our country's heroes who have fallen under the displeasure of the crown ; and the walls of many of the cells are scratched all over with brave, patient words, or with the names of those dearest to the noble prisoners. The **IANE, IANE**, scratched by the poor young Lord Guildford Dudley is still to be seen. His wife, Jane, was in another cell, and there is the window at which she stood praying while she watched her young husband led forth to be beheaded on Tower Hill, within the walls of the fortress. The Lady Jane herself was the next to suffer this traitor's death. Three weeks before she had entered the fortress as Queen of England.

There is the Bloody Tower, in a chamber of which the two young princes, Edward V. and his brother, were smothered by order of their uncle, afterwards Richard III. In this Bloody Tower Sir Walter Raleigh was confined by James I. for twelve dreary years for no fault of his. There is the Traitors' Gate, a water-gate fronting the Thames, by which the young Princess Elizabeth, to her anger and dismay, was brought in from her home, Hatfield House in Herts : she was shortly released.

Not so had it fared with the most gentle, witty, and wise of statesmen, Sir Thomas More. He had been brought hither from his pleasant house at Chelsea, in the gardens of which he and the king had often walked up and down in merry talk ; but he would not tell a lie to satisfy the king, and Henry VIII. would brook no contradiction, so he, too, fell as a traitor.

## MIDDLESEX.

LITTLE need be said about the county of Middlesex, beyond London. It is rather hilly, and the handsome houses of rich people stand among trees in every pleasant spot, for the suburbs of London stretch far on all sides. Hampstead is one of these pleasant places;



it stands at the foot of a wide, open heath, 430 feet above the sea. Highgate Hill is about the same height, and so is the hill on which the town of Harrow stands, famous for its old Grammar School. Primrose Hill, just beyond Regent's Park, a hill of which the Londoners think a great deal, is not more than half the height of

these. There is some high ground, hills and heaths, in the north, on the Hertfordshire border. After London there are no important towns in the county. Brentford has but one long street on the bank of the Brent. Hounslow stands on the edge of a wide heath of celebrity in other days as a haunt of highwaymen. Uxbridge has a corn market; and Staines is another small town.

#### Map Questions.

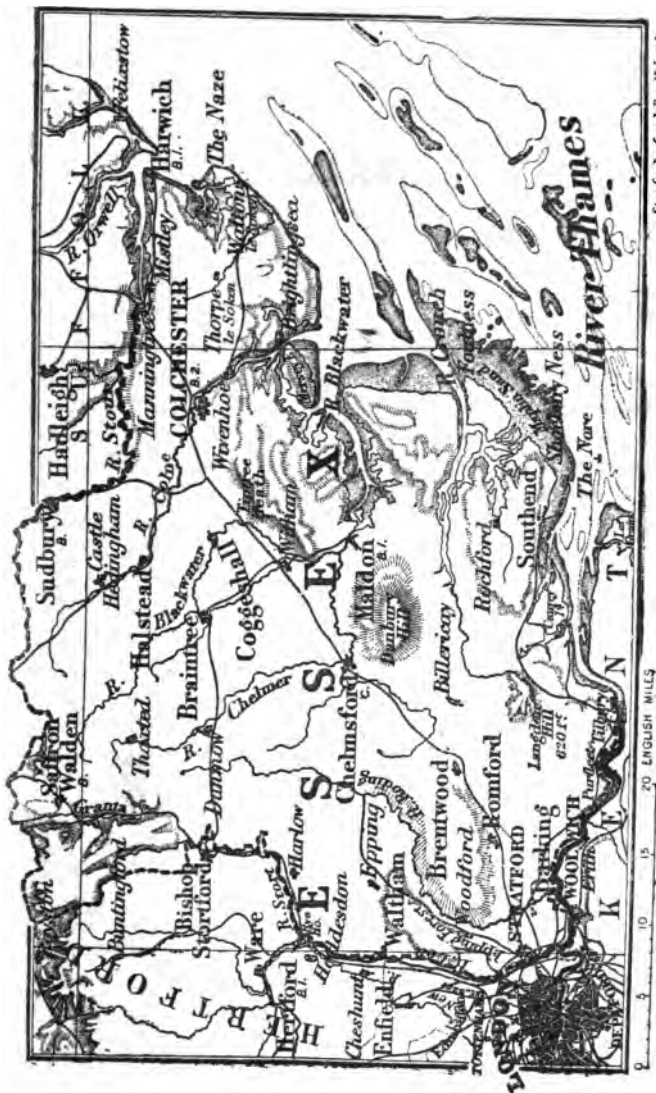
1. What county lies on the opposite bank of the Thames? Name the places, to the west of London, which are upon this river.
2. What counties bound Middlesex on the west, north and east?

## ESSEX.

Of Essex, also, little need be said; the coast on the German Ocean is so low, that the sea is only kept out by sea-walls and embankments; and all along the shore were marshes, which have been well drained and made into pasture fields. The Naze is the most easterly point of the county, and stretches out near Harwich, a small bathing-place and packet station, with an excellent harbour. There are many creeks on the coast, the outlets of the rivers. Pleasant uplands, with trees, are scattered over the county. It is a farming county; wheat and other kinds of corn are largely grown; and, near London, are a great many market gardens. There were once large forests in Essex, of which Epping Forest is the largest remaining; it lies upon high ground and is a favourite holiday place for Londoners. Colchester, which is chiefly noted for its oyster fishery, is the largest town. In the persecution under Queen Mary, more than seventy Protestants of Colchester were dragged through London at the end of a rope. At Brentwood, a young boy, named William Brown, was burnt at the stake, and people noticed that the sun lighted up his face as if it had been the face of an angel when he called upon his Lord. Chelmsford, a market town, is the county town.

### Map Questions.

1. What tributary of the Thames divides Essex from Hertford? Name a town on this river. What forest lies near its lower course?



Stanford's County Gazetteer, London

Name five places upon the Thames and its estuary in this county. Notice the sandbanks in the estuary of the Thames; also, notice how the waters of the rivers spread on the low shores.

2. Name three rivers which flow eastward in Essex. Name a seaport town at the mouth of the Stour; a town upon the Colne; a town upon the Blackwater; two towns upon the Chelmer.

3. Name the eastern counties of England. What is their general character?

## CORNWALL.

### I.

CORNWALL is not like the rest of England; the natives have habits of their own, and some remains of a language of their own. The land itself is not like that of other counties, and the people have unusual ways of earning their living.

Cornwall is at the very end of England, the south-west end; it is a sort of horn, stretching out into a stormy sea, which washes it all round except on the Devon side, and on this side the river Tamar nearly makes an island of it.

The Saxons called this out of the way corner "Cornwall," which means the horn of the strangers or foreigners, because here the Britons held their own for from four to five hundred years against the invaders who had conquered the rest of the country.

The descendants of the Britons still occupy Cornwall, and though they no longer speak the ancient Cornish tongue, they have words and ways yet which show their origin.

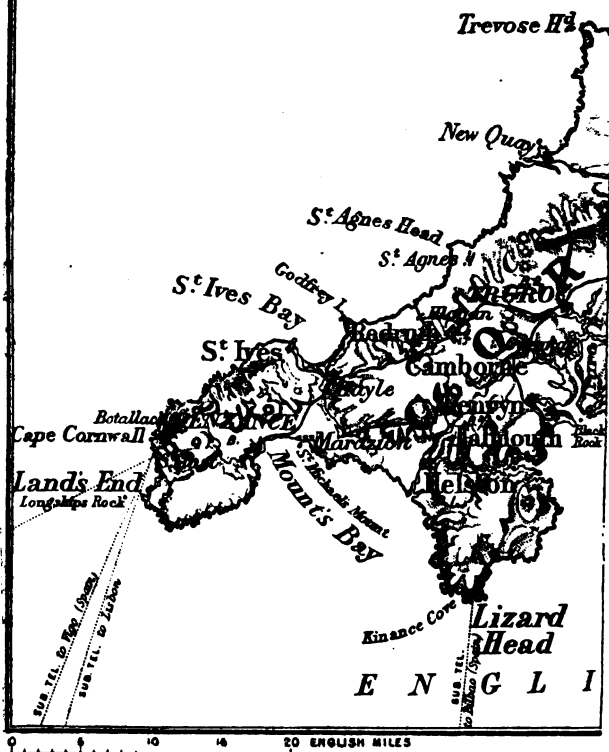
This county is in itself a history of England, the most ancient of all histories, to be read, not in printed books, but in rocks and ruins and in strange folk-lore; a history which carries us back to days before those when King David ruled in Israel.

Its rocks are made of granite, an exceedingly fine, hard stone, which takes a high polish, and is beautiful to adorn our churches, and firm and durable enough to



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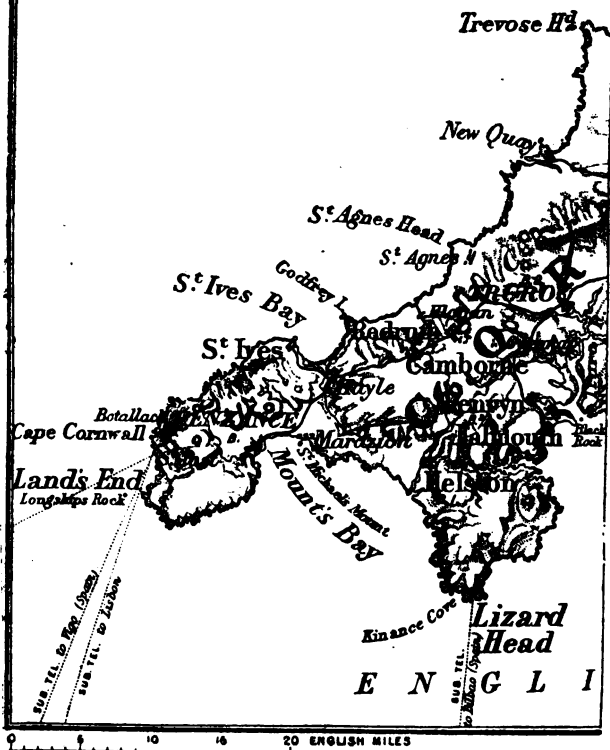
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support our bridges. This granite formation goes through the whole length of Cornwall, from Devon to Land's End, rising in huge bosses here and there, and giving a peculiar character to the country.

For granite is no friend to the farmer; there is seldom any depth of soil upon it. Though here and there, even upon the moors, there are cultivated patches and trees, much of central Cornwall is waste moorland.

Entering the county from Devon by the Cornwall Railway, we cross Mr. Brunel's wonderful Suspension Bridge at Saltash. This bridge carries the railway from the hills of Devon to those of Cornwall at a height of 100 feet above the water of the Tamar estuary, which is here wider than the Thames at Westminster. The bridge is about half a mile long, and is a marvel of engineering skill.

Saltash itself, inhabited by fishermen, stands on the steep bank of the Tamar, the old houses rising in rows one above another.

Going on by rail to Liskeard, we pass through country full of hills and hollows and deep gorges, but not by any means bare. This part of Cornwall is richly wooded with all kinds of forest trees and many apple orchards.

Between the four towns of Liskeard, Bodmin, Camelford, and Launceston, lies the Bodmin Moor, the dreariest and wildest tract in Cornwall, though it is not without an interest of its own.

The town of Liskeard stands upon rather high well-cultivated land; it is a good point from which to cross the moors.

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## II.

## THE MOORS.

For many miles the waste stretches away without any break except the rounded moor hills. These are commonly capped with cairns, formed of huge blocks of granite heaped together in fantastic shapes. These cairns tell a tale of their own, and are a bit of very early history. The Britons loved to bury their famous warriors upon their hill-tops; and, to make the graves the more conspicuous, they piled cairns upon them, that men who came after should say, "Some warrior lies here." The coffin was often placed upon the top of the cairn, and was a great stone chest, or *Kistvaen*. Sometimes the kistvaen was placed in a mound of earth, or *barrow*, which, also, it was the custom to place upon a hill-top. There are many such barrows on the hills in the north of Cornwall. The slopes of the moor hills are usually strewn with great blocks of granite.

Rowtor bristles all over with cairns, perhaps more than any hill on the moor. These cairns are formed of the largest blocks of granite in Cornwall, lodged on one another in a curious way, and giving Rowtor a magnificent appearance, more grand and rugged than any mountain in Cornwall, though it is not quite the highest. Under the north side of this hill are many of the circles of unhewn stone which are supposed to be the foundations of the round huts, with pointed roofs, which were the homes of the ancient people.

Not far from Rowtor is Brown Willy, the highest of the Cornish hills (1368 feet). It is perhaps more

beautiful than its neighbour, if not so grand. Granite cairns surmount the crest of Brown Willy, but its sides are less rugged than those of Rowtor.

Near this mountain is one of the many valleys, or bottoms, as they are called, which furrow the Cornish moors; most of them, like this, are occupied by stream-works, some disused and some in full force. The tin which has made Cornwall famous for more than 2000 years is generally to be found in granite; and when, in the course of ages, the granite becomes worn down, much of the tin is dislodged, and sinks in grains to the bottoms. It is supposed that the tin for which the Romans came to Cornwall, before they had conquered Britain, was obtained by *streaming*, that is, by sending a stream of water through the bottom with force enough to carry away the earthy matter, and so leave the heavier tin exposed. The most important stream-works of Cornwall are on or near the south coast.

The stranger who ventures across Bodmin Moor may easily find himself in one of the deep bogs which fill up the lowland, as the moor is apt to be wrapped in thick sea-fogs which rise without warning; or the traveller may be nearly blinded by such storms of wind, full of sea-spray or pelting rain, as only Cornwall knows. Dozmare Pool is one of the marvels of the moor.

Launceston has a remarkable ruined castle, surrounded by three walls. It was very loyal to Charles I. during the Civil War.

Bodmin, near the borders of the Moor, was once the largest town in Cornwall; it is still the county town and the assizes are held here, but it is not otherwise of much importance.

## III.

## KING ARTHUR AND TINTAGEL.

LEAVING the moor at Camelford, and turning a little to the north, we come to Slaughter Bridge, where the hero of British romance, the fair King Arthur, received his mortal wound in battle with his ungrateful nephew Mordred.

Beyond the bridge, upon the coast, is Tintagel Castle, the birthplace of the king.

Nothing remains of the old castle but its ruined walls, dark and solemn, rising out of the rock on which they are built as if they were part of it.

Tintagel Castle is a fitting spot to have been the home of the hero-king. It is built upon a high headland, one of the most wild and beautiful spots in Cornwall. The walls, of rude stone, with china clay for mortar, still cover a great space, and show the square apertures through which King Arthur's knights may have aimed their arrows, and the low-arched entrances under which they must have come and gone.

About three miles to the north of Tintagel is Boscastle; the town stands on a steep hill which rises out of furze-covered valleys; and the harbour of Boscastle is one of the sights of Cornwall. It is one of the little lovely inlets, or *porths*, as they are called, which break every part of the Cornish coast,—sheltered coves bordered by high cliffs. The cliffs between Boscastle and Tintagel are of slate, so curiously broken and storm-worn as to look like huge ruins.

Still in the slate district, about seven miles south of Boscastle, are the Delabole quarries, three enormous pits, with dark-blue hills of rubbish all about, where a thousand men are employed in quarrying the slate.



## IV.

## THE MINES.

CORNWALL is a great mining county; barren and poor as the moors look, they have a wealth of their own, for the tin for which Cornwall has been famous for these 2000 years is held in their granite crust.

Right through Cornwall, from Devon to the Land's End, tin is found, either in bottoms, from which it is got by streaming, or the tin ore runs in veins or lodes below the surface. These veins vary in width from an inch to some yards, and usually run in a direction from east to west. A shaft is sunk and a mine opened where a good lode has been found. Some of the largest mines are on or near the south coast, as St. Austell, St. Blazey, Carclaze. The last is a very interesting mine, as it is open to daylight, and crowds of men and horses may be seen at work; it is a huge, white, silvery pit, in the side of a black moor hill, and looks like an opening into a mountain of silver. Now, and indeed since the time of Queen Elizabeth, most of the tin used in Europe is brought from Cornwall.

Truro, which stands on an inlet of the sea called Truro River, is in the centre of a mining country, and exports tin; it is really the busiest and most important town in Cornwall; a clear rivulet runs through the town, and is led through every street. It has paper-mills, foundries, smelting-houses, and, in the museum, a collection of Cornish birds.

Henry Martyn, the eastern missionary, was the son of a miner of Truro.

Copper ore is as abundant as tin in the granite, and the veins run in the same general direction; the

copper-mining country lies to the south of Truro; and Redruth is the centre of a famous district, which includes Gwennap, St. Agnes, and Illogan. Heaps of rubbish upon which no green thing will grow disfigure the country; and there is little of interest to be seen, as the works are underground.

When a good lode has been found, a well-like shaft is sunk to a great depth; then, running out from this, at a distance of 60 or 100 feet below one another, long galleries or tunnels are driven, so as to enable the miner to get at the metal. These underground *levels* in the Gwennap mines measure altogether 60 miles.

There is always much water in the mines, which must be got rid of by pumping, and an engine capable of raising water from a depth of 2000 feet is employed.

The miners go to work dressed in flannel, the best kind of clothing to absorb perspiration, though in the lower levels of the deep mines they work naked to the waist; for it is a curious fact that the lower we go in a mine the warmer it becomes. There is little to be seen in such a mine; though there may be hundreds of men at work in the miles of underground galleries, they work quietly, each by himself breaking down the ore by the light of a candle fixed to his hat with a lump of clay.

A visit to Botallack, near St. Just, might be a little exciting, as that mine and a few others run under the sea, and the miners may hear the roar of the waters overhead.

The underground miners, or *tributers*, as they are called, like their work, as they have a share in the profits,—so much for every pound of ore they get. They are as a rule clever, good-looking men, and are very generally teetotallers and Wesleyans.

The Cornish miners owe a great debt to Wesley; about a hundred and fifty years ago they were so wild and drunken a set that strangers were afraid to venture into Cornwall, which was then known as Barbary, and its people as barbarians.

Into this wild country John Wesley came, earnestly desiring that the Cornishmen should live as pagans no longer. They pelted him, mocked him, nearly killed him, but he would not be driven from among them. He went from end to end of the county, preaching, teaching, pleading, until at last the hard hearts were broken, and wherever Wesley preached, in pit or on moorside, they came in crowds to hear. Often he would preach upon the desolate moors far into the night, the sound of his voice being broken only by the sobs of the listening multitude.

His work has not passed away.

To this day the Cornish men live sober, earnest lives, and every Whitsun Monday, which day they keep as their anniversary, between 20,000 and 30,000 people collect in the great Gwennap Pit, where he so often preached to the miners, to celebrate the memory of Wesley.

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## V.

### THE PILCHARD FISHERY.

TWICE every year, in July and August, and again in October and November, the Cornish folk all along the south coast are busy with the pilchard fishery. The pilchard is a fish found only about the Cornish and Devon coasts; it is rather smaller than a herring, but so like it that only people who are accustomed to

pilchards can tell one from the other. The pilchards spend the winter in the deep waters to the west of the Scilly Isles; when spring comes they begin to collect in small shoals, and about the beginning of July, millions of them gather together under the "Pilchard King" and make for the shore with such force that the foremost ones are driven upon the beach. Now is the time for the fishermen. *Huers* (callers) have been watching upon the headlands for some time—solitary men gazing out to sea, with glass fixed upon the most distant spot at which the pilchards will begin to darken the waters. *Heva, heva, heva!* (found) they cry, and at once all is bustle in the villages below, where the people have been on the watch for this signal. Boats are manned; the great *Seine* net, perhaps 300 yards long, is taken out, and millions of pilchards are caught in a single taking. They are kept in the sea, enclosed in the net, for perhaps a week, being taken to shore a few thousands at a time, as fast as the girls and women can salt them. The casks of pilchards are mostly sent to Italy and Spain, Roman Catholic countries, where fish must be eaten many days in the year. St. Ives is one of the fishing towns; it is very pretty and picturesque, but has a strong odour of pilchards. About 10,000 persons are employed in this pilchard fishery.

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## VI.

### LAND'S END AND THE LIZARD.

THE Land's End, the most westerly point of England, is a large rampart of granite cliffs, which seems to have been set where it is to resist the fury of the

Atlantic storms. Perhaps the fact is, that land which lay beyond this point has been washed away. The point which juts farthest into the sea is about 60 feet high, and is pierced by a sort of natural tunnel; on either side are still higher cliffs. Below these cliffs are huge rocks against which the sea is constantly breaking, and in the cliffs are caverns, many of them large enough to hold twenty men, with smooth, shining walls of granite polished by the action of the waves.

People usually visit Land's End from Penzance, a pretty little town ten miles distant, where nearly every building is of granite. It stands on the beautiful and sheltered Mounts Bay, where the climate is so mild that Penzance is famous for its early vegetables. Southern flowers which will only grow in greenhouses in other parts of England flourish here in the open air.

About 30 miles from the Land's End are the Scilly Islands, a large group of islands formed of granite, six of which are inhabited. They seem to continue the granite highlands of Cornwall, and there is a tradition that they were once joined to the mainland by the "sweet land of Lyonesse," where some of King Arthur's battles were fought. But this land, with all its people and more than one hundred churches, was swept away by a sudden rising of these stormy seas. So at least says the legend.

The whole of the projection forming the heel of Cornwall, which ends in Lizard Head, is formed of a beautiful rock called serpentine, perhaps because it has streaks resembling the skin of a serpent. It is generally of an olive-green colour. The Lizard district approached from inland is rather a dreary tableland,

but its soil favours one beautiful plant, the white Cornish heath, the rarest and most beautiful of English heaths.

There are two large lighthouses upon Lizard Point, but notwithstanding this precaution many ships are lost in foggy weather off this dangerous headland; the cliffs are so steep that it is impossible to send help from shore to a sinking ship. The most beautiful sight at the Lizard is Kinance Cove. A snow-white beach, washed by a blue sea; a background of cliffs, green and purple and red; pebbles of gorgeous colours strewn on the white sand; the cliffs pierced by caverns with polished walls of all beautiful colours, fresh and glowing from a sea-bath—these are some of the beauties of Kinance Cove. The three chief caverns are named the Parlour, the Drawing-room, and the Kitchen.

St. Michael's Mount, upon which was a chapel dedicated to the archangel, looks down upon the cove. Near it is the old town of Helstone.

Penryn, famous for its beautiful granite (of which Waterloo Bridge is made), and Falmouth, are the last places of interest we can notice.

Falmouth Harbour is one of the finest in England; the town itself consists only of one long, narrow street, which straggles along by the side of the water.

Cornwall is a Duchy, settled upon the eldest son of the sovereign of England.

### Map Questions.

1. What waters wash the coast of Cornwall? What river divides it from Devon? What are the hills called which run through the middle of Cornwall?
2. Name the four towns which surround Bodmin Moor. What is the height of Brown Willy? Name one or two other moor hills.

3. Name three or four mining towns which lie to the south of Bodmin. Name six mining towns which lie within eight miles or so of Truro.

4. Name the fishing towns on the south coast, beginning at St. Ives Bay. What is the most western point called? The most southern? The bay between these? What mount overlooks it? What cove opens into Lizard Head?

5. What castle stands on a headland on the northern coast? What bridge is near it? What slate quarries are near the bridge? What town stands at the mouth of the Camel? Name two headlands on the north-western coast.

## DEVONSHIRE.

### I.

LEAFY Devon is the beauty of the western counties. It has a blue sea margin north and south, bordered with cliffs, which on the south coast are often of pink and grey marble. Trees fringe the coast almost to the water's edge, and the very cliffs are hung with creepers.

Much of central Devon is breezy moorland, bleak and barren enough; and there is another stretch of moor towards the north; but spurs from these high moors reach the coast, both north and south, and between these spurs are deep, shadowy *combes*, the valleys of the sparkling moorland streams.

The villages nestle in these *combes*; and very pretty a Devon village is, with its narrow, steep lanes, bordered by high hedges, and its snug-looking cottages, with thatched roofs and rosy walls of cob. Cob is made of the reddish mud of the district mixed with pebbles or straw. The villages often lie among great orchards of apple trees, and myrtle grows freely about the cottage doors.

Pleasant as the whole county is, the very garden of Devon is the *South Hams*, the district south of Dartmoor, and between the Tamar and the Teign.

This is the cider country, with orchards of apple trees like forest trees for size. Cider making is the great business of the autumn in the South Hams. The gathered apples are allowed to lie for two or







three weeks exposed to the air; then, when they have begun to rot, they are ground in a mill; the broken apples, or cheese as it is called, is placed under a press, and the juice is drawn out. After one or two more processes this juice is put in casks, and is ready for use. Cider is the general drink in Devon.

Though so unlike Cornwall in many ways, Devon is built on the same kind of rocky framework. The central moors are of granite, and, like those of Cornwall, contain copper and tin ore, the mines and stream works being managed in much the same way.

Though "clouted cream" is made in both counties, Devonshire has the greatest name for this delicacy; it is delicious cream (thick and solid enough to be cut with a knife), which is made by scalding the milk over a wood fire.

Junkets are another Devonshire dainty, made of cream and spice and all things nice, but how, only Devon folk know.

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## II.

### NORTH DEVON.

THE combes along the north coast lie between the spurs of Exmoor, which come down to the water's edge.

Exmoor itself is a tract of moorland rising everywhere into dark hills, of which Dunkerry Beacon (1668 feet) is the highest. The two Lyns, East and West, are mountain torrents, which, when they leave Exmoor, come tumbling along over stones, the one through a thickly-wooded combe, the other between bare, stony hills, till they flow into the sea by one

mouth. Here stands the beautiful little village of Lynmouth, shut in among the cliffs. A steep road leads from Lynmouth to Lynton, which looks out over the moors.

Combe Martin is a long village, also lying in a valley. It is famous for its two silver-lead mines, which did England good service in the reigns of both Edward III. and Henry V., for they helped to bear the cost of the Hundred Years' War with France. The levels of these mines run underneath the village.

Ilfracombe, a watering-place, and Barnstaple, which has lace mills, and Bideford, which is built on a hill-side and overlooks the Torridge, are all pleasant North Devon towns. Near Bideford is Clovelly, a fishing village, which seems to hang in the air. It is built on a hill-side so steep that the only way up is by a zigzag pavement, which ends towards the top in a flight of steps.

Lundy Island, about eighteen miles off, may be seen from Clovelly—a granite island, bordered by granite cliffs.

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### III.

#### DARTMOOR.

DARTMOOR is a great granite tableland, which measures twenty miles each way; a waste, where there is no sound of living thing, bird or beast, but an awful stillness, broken only by the roaring of the winds and the torrents. No habitation is within sight for many miles; everywhere are billowy hills, and dark glens, where not even furze will grow. Heather, reeds and moss, and whortleberries are the moor plants.

There is a large morass in the centre of the moor, which will not bear the lightest footed creature, and here rise many of the streams which rush as brawling torrents across the moor, and then descend through the beautiful combes of South Devon. The Dart, Teign, Tavy, and the Taw all get their pure azure waters from this morass; azure except after heavy rains, when the torrents are red with the peat they have torn up. And this is not seldom; for north wind, south wind, east wind, west, every wind that blows, seems to bring rain to Dartmoor. When there is not rain, a thick sea-mist often wraps the moor for a week together. The prospect, when it is to be had, is very fine—the wide stretch of hilly waste, the faint tints of the hills, and their delicate shadows.

The *Tors*, great granite rocks crowning the hills, of all strange shapes, like castles, or giants, or huge beasts, are the most remarkable things on the moor. They all have names of their own, and give their names to the hills they crown. Yes Tor (2050 feet) is the highest; a good deal higher than the Cornish Brown Willy, than which, indeed, nineteen of the Dartmoor Tors are higher.

Cawsand Beacon and the Great Lynx, with its Tor like a ruined castle, and many others are visible from Yes Tor, which is itself a desolate hill, with streams of loose granite down its sides.

Fur Tor, Hound Tor, Rough Tor, Brent Tor, and Hare Tor are among the chief heights. Sheeps Tor, which is full of caverns and hollows and queer hiding-places, is the favourite haunt of the small folk of Devon, the Pixies, invisible to mortal eyes. Indeed, it is said that the Pixy king himself holds court among these dark hollows.

Perhaps you have never heard of the Pixies, but if you were Devon born you would know well enough about the small green people who sport in the dark levels of the mines. Many a traveller, so the country people tell, has been Pixy-led far out of his way under cover of the mist, to be lost at last in a morass. These Pixy fables are amusing, though we know they are not true.

There is a large prison on the moor, where more than a thousand convicts are confined; they are made to cultivate the moor about the prison walls.

#### THE MINES.

The mines lie chiefly between Dartmoor and the Tamar, that is, in the Tavy Valley, and about the well-to-do town of Tavistock, where Sir Francis Drake was born. Copper, tin, lead, and other metals are found in this district. The two great copper mines, Devon Great Consols and Huel (Cornish for mine) Friendship, are among the richest in the world. The country about these is dark with smoke, and bristles with engine chimneys rising from among the huts of the miners.

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#### IV.

#### PLYMOUTH AND THE EDDYSTONE.

PLYMOUTH, Stonehouse, and Devonport, all on the Plymouth Sound, are in fact one great town. Plymouth is the city, the trading place, full of shops and the stir of business; Devonport, built on higher ground, is the fashionable *West End*; and Stonehouse is filled with hospitals and manufactories. Plymouth

is supplied with water from Dartmoor, by a leet, or artificial channel. Sir Francis Drake had this leet brought into the town, and when the work was finished, people, Mayor and Corporation, went out to meet the stream, and followed it through the town with music and the firing of cannons.

In Stonehouse are the Naval Hospital and the Victualling Yard for the ships. The last is an enormous place, with a beef-house where there are always many thousands of pieces of salt beef in store; there are stores for vegetables, for books, for clothes, for bedding, and a long wing of the building for corn and baking. Within the bakehouse all the work is done by an invisible giant, a mighty fellow, who does the work of a thousand bakers at once; grinds the corn, kneads the dough, spreads it ready for biscuits, cuts it up, and has a sack of flour ready for the oven in two minutes. Steam is this rapid workman, who is employed in all the stores.

The great show in Devonport is the Dockyard. In the *Building Ships* ships are to be seen at every stage, from the skeleton frame to the finished vessel. Near by are kilns where planks for the ships are steam-boiled to give them the proper curve. Then there is the blacksmiths' shop with its forty-eight forges, always filled with smoke and with a terrible din; in it too is Nasmyth's great hammer, heavy enough to pound a house down, yet so delicately managed that it can crack a nut without crushing the kernel. These are only a few of the things to be seen in the Dockyard, which is open to visitors.

The Sound is a great station for our ships of war; but the southerly winds made it unsafe until Mr. Rennie, a famous engineer, invented a way to keep

the breakers outside of the harbour. He found that the action of the water had itself raised shoals of sand to a height little short of the top across the mouth of the Sound, and he thought that if rubble—rough blocks of stone some tons in weight as well as smaller stones—were cast into the sea, the waves would arrange it in the best shape to keep out the breakers. His plan was adopted; many men were employed in quarrying, and many vessels in carrying the stone and casting it into the sea.

The Breakwater has answered perfectly; the waves coming in and going out fixed the stones at the proper slope, and now, however stormy the outside sea is, the waters within the Sound are always calm.

A terrible danger to home-bound ships was the Eddystone, a narrow rock about fourteen miles from Plymouth, which is daily covered by the tide. A Mr. Winstanley, a brave gentleman of Essex, raised a lighthouse here to warn the ships of the hidden danger. It was a most difficult undertaking, for as fast as the foundations were laid at low tide, high water washed them away.

The work was finished with much toil, but it had not stood more than a couple of years when lighthouse and architect were engulfed during a great storm (1703).

In 1757 Smeaton planned the present lighthouse. It is said he looked about for a model of perfect strength, for some natural form which stood firm in the most furious gales, and he fixed upon the trunk of an oak, with its curve inward, and then its slight outward swell towards the top.

The building is of granite; the foundations, of marvellous strength, solid blocks of granite dove-



tailed and clamped with irons to the rocks below and to each other.

It has stood for more than one hundred years, sending its light out a distance of fourteen miles; and the event has proved that the foundations were firmer than the very rock they were raised on. The sea has beaten against the rock beneath the building until it is nearly worn away; the old lighthouse must come down, and a new one is being built at a stronger point.

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## V.

### THE DART AND TORBAY.

THE Dart, with its rapid course and sudden bends, deserves its name (which, however, is derived from the Celtic word *Dwr*, which means river); these sharp turns make it look like a chain of lakes, for bit after bit of the river seems to be shut in by land. It begins on the moor, flows, a mountain torrent, through rocky defiles, through the ancient oak forest of Holne Chase, past quiet Ashburton and old Totnes. The valley becomes more fair and fertile as it reaches the sea; rich meadows, studded with trees, and apple orchards border the banks of the river, and at its mouth is the ancient town of Dartmouth, with its projecting upper stories.

Dartmouth fishers were among the first who went after Newfoundland cod, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert who took that island for Queen Elizabeth was a Dartmouth man.

Torbay, a beautiful bay with blood-red cliffs, lies between the Dart valley and that of the Teign. Torquay is under its north headland; it is a pleasant bathing-

place, with a mild climate, where delicate people winter. Brixham, to the south of the bay, is a fishing town, the place of the Devonshire *trawlers*, who catch whiting, haddock, and other fish in a net about seventy feet long, shaped like a bag, with a beam at the mouth, which they *trawl* or drag along the bottom.

Most memorable in the history of Torbay are those July days of 1588, when the great war ships of the Spanish Armada ventured slowly past Berry Head. The little English ships, under the valiant "sea-dogs" of Queen Elizabeth, dashed in and out among them, sinking one or two, disabling many, firing a broadside and away again before the big Spaniards had time to turn round; while the English people stood in crowds watching and praying upon the shore.

The most famous of Elizabeth's captains were Devon men; Sir Francis Drake, who was the first to sail through Magellan's Straits and round the world, attacking the Spaniards everywhere; Frobisher; Sir John Hawkins; Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the "most learned and pious of them all"; and, not least, Sir Walter Raleigh, his half-brother.

Farther north is Teignmouth, a large watering-place at the mouth of the Teign.

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## VI.

### EXETER AND THE OTTER VALLEY.

EXETER, the Queen of the West, stands on the Exe; a city on a hill, and with hills around it. The cathedral with its two high old towers built after the Norman fashion, was the work of the Normans.

Crediton, where shoes are made, and Tiverton, where there are lace mills, are higher up in the Exe valley. Dawlish, in a sheltered valley, and Exmouth, on a hill, are two bathing-places near the mouth of the estuary.

The beautiful and costly Honiton lace, the manufacture for which Devonshire is most famous, is made chiefly in the Otter Valley. It is a snug valley, sheltered by hills on each side, well-wooded hills, from whose tops the pink marble of Devon crops up. The cottages lie among the orchards, and the lace-makers may be seen at work at their cottage doors. This delicate fabric is made altogether by hand. The lace-maker sits on a stool with a hard cushion on her lap; the pattern is sketched on a piece of parchment which is laid upon the cushion; pins are put through the pattern to mark it, and the worker forms the mesh and makes the pattern with many small bobbins on which threads are wound, fine threads for the meshes, coarse for the pattern. Though the lace is costly, it takes so long to make it that the workers are not very well paid.

Lace is made in the numerous lanes which wind about Budleigh Salterton, a delightful little watering-place, set in apple orchards; it is also made in the large red village of Otterton, in Ottery St. Mary, and in most of the villages in this neighbourhood. It is sent to Honiton or to Exeter for sale. Colyton, on the Axe, is another lace-making place. Axminster, on this river, was once a famous carpet-making place, but its trade has declined.

The vale of Honiton is as famous for its butter as for its lace; there, and in the Exe valley, the best Devonshire cream and butter are made.

**Map Questions.**

1. What counties does Devon lie between? What waters wash it on the north? on the south?

2. What moor occupies the west of the county? Name two or three of the highest *Tors*. Name the three longest rivers which rise in the moor and flow south. Into what estuary do the Plym and the Tamar fall? What town stands on this opening? Two other towns join Plymouth—name them.

3. What is the southern corner of Devon called? Name the port at the mouth of the Dart. Another town on this river among the hills. Name the watering-places north and south of Torbay. What is the southern headland of the bay called? What town stands at the mouth of the Teign?

4. In what moor does the Exe take its rise? Name five towns upon this river. Name three towns in the valley of the little river Otter. Two in the valley of the Axe.

5. Name four towns on the north coast, among the Exmoor Hills. What river rising in Dartmoor flows north? What town stands at its mouth? Name two towns on the Torridge. A town near Hartland Point. What island lies beyond Barnstaple Bay?

## SOMERSET.

### I.

SOMERSET is a wide county stretching along the Bristol Channel. It is a land of hill and vale, but the vales are broader than those of Devon, and the hills do not rise out of one high moor, but are scattered in ranges here and there over the county. Somerset, the name given to this district by the Saxons, means "the pleasant country," and, next to Devon, it is the prettiest county in the west, and has a fertile soil and a delightful climate.

The surface of the county is greatly varied. Going eastward from North Devon to Wilts, we cross—Exmoor, a continuation of the North Devon moorland; the hilly country between the Quantocks and Blackdowns; the fertile hollow or *Dean* of Taunton; the low marshy Somerset levels; the rugged Mendip district, and the Avon valley in which Bath stands.

The Somerset, or, as they would call themselves, "Zummerzet" folk, are generally farmers, and good farmers too. Many jokes are made about the way the people speak; they turn "s" into "z," and "f" into "v," and have words which are not used in other parts of England; but many of these are real old English words.

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Surveyed by George E. Smith, London.

## II.

## EXMOOR AND TAUNTON DEAN.

EXMOOR, with its dark hills and valleys, stretches eastward out of Devon. It is for the most part a barren tract, but some of the most beautiful country in Somerset lies on the edge of the moor, having its dark hills for a background.

East of Exmoor are the Quantock Hills, a heathery range containing copper, running north from Taunton to the sea.

In the south of the county, between it and Devon, are the Blackdown Hills, upon one of which is the Wellington Monument. This is a stone pillar raised in memory of the Battle of Waterloo (1815), and put up in this place because Wellington, a red-brick town at the foot of the hills, had the honour of giving title to our great "Iron Duke."

The country between the Blackdowns and the Quantocks is very pretty, and Milverton, Wiveliscombe, and Combe Florey are all pleasantly placed upon or among the hills.

Taunton Dean lies to the east of the Quantocks and Blackdowns; the Tone, which gives names to the vale, flows through it to join the Parret. Taunton Dean is so fertile "with the *sun* and the *soil* alone that it needs no manuring"; so the Somerset people say.

Taunton itself is the county-town of west Somerset; a pleasant sunny town, with broad streets and comfortable houses, where the rich farmers of the vale meet to sell their crops. The town stands on rising ground above the Tone, and has the ruins of an ancient castle.

About four miles from Taunton, where the Parret and Tone join, is the Isle of Athelney; it is not a real island in the sea, but rising ground with marshes all round it—most of which have now been drained. This is the island to which King Alfred fled when he was driven from Chippenham by the Danes; a very good hiding-place it was, because only Somerset folk could make their way hither among the fens; and for a whole year he lay concealed here, going out with his men every now and then to harass the enemy.

The cowherd's hut where he burnt the cakes was in Athelney; and here he lost a gold ornament from the heavy necklace which it was the custom of the Saxon nobles to wear. This ornament was picked up about two hundred years ago, after having been lost for eight centuries; and on it are the words, "Alfred het meh gewircan"; that is, in the English of to-day, "Alfred had me made."

At Athelney the king gathered his friends and marched into Wilts to fight the great battle of Edington; and in memory of his victory, he founded an abbey in the island, but no ruins of it remain.

Bridgenorth stands on the Parret, about six miles from the shore. The spring tides come up as far as Bridgewater, where the tide-wave meets the waters of the river coming down in their narrow channel: for an instant, neither river nor sea can get any farther, and the waters rise in an upright wave, nine or ten feet high. Such a wave is called a *Bore*.

The tide leaves a mixture of clay and sand in two spots by the river side; in these two places, both near the town, there are *Bath-brick* works, and though Bath-bricks are used all over the world, these are the only places where they are made. The sediment left



by the tide is dried and cut into brick-shapes, which are sold as Bath-bricks, though why they are called so does not appear.

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### III.

#### SOMERSET LEVELS.

BRIDGEWATER is on the skirt of the Levels, which stretch eastward along the shores of the Bristol Channel and a long way inland, as far as the Mendips. This is a flat and rather dreary district from which the sea is kept out by banks raised along the shore; it is so low that the water cannot drain away, and the whole district—measuring 200 square miles—was formerly a wet morass. But dykes, or *rhines*, as they are called there, have been made to carry off the water, and some of the finest grass fields in England are now upon this land that was once marsh. A good deal of the district is still undrained.

The whole of this low land is comparatively new country, where was at one time an arm of the sea; and the hills which flank the level are the high coasts of the ancient estuary.

Glastonbury is built on what are called the Avalonian Hills, which stand like islands among the marshes. The town is in the form of a cross, and grew up in the first place about the famous abbey which tradition says was founded by Joseph of Arimathea.

Ilchester, on the Yeo, is a poor-looking town in the marshes, about ten miles south of Glastonbury. It was the chief Roman town in this part of the country,

and the Fosse Way, a great Roman road, ran through it on the way from Bath: it is still the principal street of the town.

Yeovil, about five miles below Ilchester, is also on the Yeo, but beyond the marsh country. It is a handsome, busy town, among hills, where the making of kid gloves occupies the people, both in the town and in the neighbouring villages.

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#### IV.

#### THE MENDIP HILLS.

THE Mendips are a range of hills, not more than about 1000 feet high, which run across the county for twelve miles in a north-westerly direction, towards the Bristol Channel. The heights are covered with barrows, many of them of the bowl shape; but the Britons used another kind of burying-place in this district which nature had contrived for them. The hills are of limestone, and, like all limestone hills, they have many large and curious caverns, not unlike the caves we read of in the Bible. In one of these, Burrington Cavern, a strange sight was seen when first it was discovered. The mouth of the cavern opens upon a sanded floor; from the roof of the chamber hung sparkling pendants of many strange shapes, and, upon the floor, there was a long line of about fifty skeletons—the bones of British warriors who lay among the weapons they had used in life. Human bones have been found in many of these limestone caverns, which prove them to have been used by the Britons, as Abraham used the Cave of Machpelah, to bury their dead out of their sight.

Cheddar Cavern is a strange, fairy-like spot, crowded with glittering figures of every shape, turkeys and monkeys, men and trees. How these forms, the growth of ages, come to be in such caverns is explained elsewhere.

"Cheddar Cliffs" is a pass or ravine among the hills about a mile in length; a little winding road leads through this pass, quite shut in between lofty walls of rock,—dark-blue precipices, shooting up into towers and pinnacles, with here and there a crack in the limestone, which gives growing room to a mountain ash or yew. The Cheddar water rushes out from a cavern at the foot of the cliffs; it is one of the underground streams common in limestone country.

Wells is a quiet little city at the foot of the hills, where knitted stockings and brushes are made; it is chiefly known for its cathedral, which has nine rows of statues, 300 in all, upon the west front.

Frome, upon the river Frome, is a curiously-built old town among the hills; hats and gloves are made here, but the cloth-mills, which stand among trees by the river side, employ most of the people.

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## V.

### BATH.

BATH stands upon the steep sides of the Avon Valley, its terraces rising one behind another to a great height. It is a handsome town, built of white Bath stone, and is a fashionable watering-place, where people go to drink, and, as the name shows, to *bathe* in, the warm mineral waters which first made the place famous.

According to ancient legend, the British Prince

Bladud was a leper, who was driven from his father's palace and sent forth to herd the pigs in consequence of his loathsome disease. The pigs were leprous too, and Bladud noticed that they rolled in the warm mud about these springs, and were healed. He tried the same plan, and he, too, was cured; and when he became king, he built a city about the healing springs. So runs the story, but perhaps the truth is that the Romans first discovered the virtue of these waters. Certain it is that one of the chief Roman stations was built here, and the ruins of a Roman city have been found buried twenty feet deep below the present city; there are remains of walls, streets, temples, and magnificent baths for which the modern Pump Room is a poor substitute.

Clevedon and Weston-super-Mare are both sea-bathing places on the Bristol Channel.

#### Map Questions.

1. What moor is continued from Devon into this county? Name the highest point. Name a town at the north and a town at the south of this moor.

2. What range of hills reaches from the coast to Taunton Dean? Name one or two towns in the valley between these hills and Exmoor. What river flows through Taunton Dean, and what large town stands upon it? What *isle* stands at the junction of this river with the Parret? What town stands on the Parret? Into what water does this river fall?

3. What hills does Glastonbury stand amongst? Name a cavern and two towns among the Mendip Hills. What important town stands in the north-east corner of the county on the lower Avon? Name two towns upon the Frome.

4. What two ranges of hills are in south Somerset? Name four towns in the south. What counties border Somerset? What waters wash its northern coast?

## WILTSHIRE.

### I.

#### ABOUT CHALK.

A LINE drawn from the east of the Wash to Portland Bill cuts off a corner of England peculiar in many ways. Dig below the surface-earth deep enough to reach the underlying rock almost anywhere east of this line and you come upon a very familiar substance indeed—common chalk.

What is chalk, and how comes so great a piece of England to be made of chalk?

Many ages ago this piece of country lay under very deep sea, along the bottom of which was a white muddy sediment, hundreds of feet in thickness.

The rivers brought much earth to the sea, and in this earth was a good deal of carbonate of lime, but in such atoms that it could not be seen, and might have floated in the water for ever without sinking to the bottom.

The sea, however, was full of tiny creatures, so small, "you could put millions of them into a school-girl's thimble." These creatures used the carbonate of lime to form shells round their soft bodies. They lived, perhaps, a day; as they died, they sunk slowly; there was always a shower of these, light as motes, falling on the floor of the sea.

This went on, century after century, for thousands of years; these minute shells forming, by slow degrees,



the white, oozy sea bottom—a bed 1500 feet in thickness. At last a change began, a very slow change. Perhaps at the rate of a few feet in a century, the ocean floor was raised, and raised, until at last there was no place for the waters, which were forced to find a bed elsewhere. Where the ocean had been, a great chalk continent stretched across what is now Europe. At first, this was only a pasty mud flat, but it hardened by degrees, and, by means of wind and rain, and in other ways, a mould was formed, and vegetation followed.

Great changes have taken place since; in many places the chalk continent has been quite washed away or heaved apart. Where pieces of this old continent still exist, it is no longer a flat plain, but has been weather-worn into rounded hills and valleys covered with close short grass or with various crops.

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## II.

### SALISBURY PLAIN AND STONEHENGE.

THE greater part of Wiltshire belongs to the chalk country; Inkpen Beacon, over 1000 feet high, the highest of the chalk hills, rises just where Wiltshire, Hampshire, and Berkshire join.

From this point four ranges of chalk hills branch out; the Chiltern Hills, and, joining them, the East Anglian Heights, which reach the coast of Norfolk, by the Wash; the North Downs of Surrey, the South Downs of Sussex, and the Downs of Dorset.

Salisbury Plain in the south of Wilts is in the very heart of the chalk country. It is a great stretch of

rather barren land, twenty miles long and fifteen broad, which heaves and swells with its chalky waves like the ocean heaving after a storm. Chalky, but the chalk is well hidden by the sweet short grass which feeds countless flocks of sheep, each attended by its own shepherd. The people of the plain have always been shepherd folk, used to lonely wanderings among the deep valleys and over the smooth downs, bare of trees, where a keen sweet wind is always blowing—

“Wild are the walks on these lonely downs.”

Upon this wild plain, strange, out-of-the-way sights are to be seen. There are huge mounds or hills whose regular shape shows they have been raised by man; some are long, some bowl-shaped, some the shape of a bell. What are these, and why should men have undertaken such laborious works? They speak of love and honour for the dead. Each *barrow*, so they are called, is a sepulchral mound, raised perhaps 2000 years ago by loving hands.

They are relics of a people who have nearly passed away, the Britons, the first inhabitants of our country about whom anything is known.

Upon the plain, too, some ten miles north of Salisbury, is another mighty relic of these people, the great temple of Stonehenge, open to the heavens, where, perhaps, the Druid priests performed their rites.

Stonehenge, when complete, consisted of two circles, one within the other, and of two imperfect circles within these, with a bank and ditch round the whole. The outer circle was formed of huge upright stones, set about a yard apart, and connected by other stones



laid on the top of these so as to form a circle, about sixteen feet from the ground. Within the circles the blocks stood higher, twenty-five feet from the ground.

But Stonehenge has been spoiled; many of these blocks have been thrown down or carried away, though the remains of the great circle are still to be seen.

Around the site of the temple is a circle of barrows, known as the Old King Barrows.

There is a delightful legend about the raising of Stonehenge;—Hengist, the Saxon, summoned the British king, Vortigern, to a conference on Salisbury Plain, and there treacherously slew him and three hundred of his nobles. The king who came after Vortigern resolved to raise a monument which should keep this evil deed in memory.

He summoned the enchanter Merlin to his aid. Merlin told him of a great stone circle in Ireland which had been brought out of Africa by giants. The king desired the enchanter to bring it to England and set it up on Salisbury Plain. He filled his caldron, muttered his spells, and the stones came floating over the sea, and marched through the land, and set themselves up upon Salisbury Plain, where they may be seen to this day.

To the north of Salisbury Plain are the Marlborough Downs, very like the Plain itself; and not far from the town of Marlborough, which is chiefly remarkable for its college, is Avebury. This is an older Druid temple than even Stonehenge, and is sometimes called the Serpent Temple, because there are two stone avenues leading up to it which give it a serpent-like form.

Not far from Avebury is Silbury Hill; a marvellous hill, truly, for it is not one of nature's making, but is

most probably a barrow, and it is 135 feet high, and 500 feet round at the base; people who understand such things know how much human labour must have gone to raise this great pile.

To return to the Plain: the small stone circles upon which were raised the round huts of ancient British villages may be traced on the sides of the hills, but not in the valleys; these were probably marshy, and apt to give the people ague.

British roads run up hill and down dale, and, below them, are the level, well-made roads of the Romans; for the city of Old Sarum, not far from Stonehenge, was one of the chief Roman strongholds in the land, from which roads led in every direction. Until the thirteenth century, Sarum was one of the chief cities in England, a busy handsome town, with many people and many buildings; now there is no trace of it left, and the plough is driven over its once crowded streets.

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### III.

#### KING ALFRED AND CHIPPENHAM.

A GREAT deal of "English history" has taken place in Wilts. After the departure of the Romans the Britons made a fierce struggle here against the invading Saxons, and this county was the last addition to the Saxon kingdom of Wessex.

But Wiltshire is interesting, chiefly, as having been the scene of much of the life of Alfred the Great,—*great*, because he was wise and good and loving to his people. At Chippenham he held his court, and to his palace here, perhaps, belongs the story of the painted candle. Here he was attended by his Palace School,

where he and his courtiers sought knowledge at the lips of the learned men he had brought into England.

But the marauding Danes came, and drove him, after a brave struggle, from his Chippenham Palace into the wilds of Somerset; the Danes took possession of his house and made the town their camp.

Then follows the story of how Alfred gathered his friends by degrees; visited the Danish camp dressed as a harper, amused the Danes with songs and took note of their riot and disorder. Then he went back for his friends, marched through Wilts at their head, was met by the Danes at the field of Edington, and there he defeated them with great slaughter, and drove them back to their camp, which he took after a siege of fourteen days. Alfred made merciful terms with the Danes, and allowed them to remain in the northern parts of England which they had conquered upon certain conditions. After which the king once more set up his court at Chippenham, and, during ten years of peace, devoted himself to the care of his dear people of Wessex.

There is a figure of a huge white horse scored into the chalk on the side of a hill close to the field of battle, which is said to be a memorial of Alfred's victory. The White Horse was the Saxon standard.

Chippenham is now a busy town; it stands on the Avon, which is here a clear winding stream working many cloth and silk mills; its cloth received the first prize in the Great Exhibition. Chippenham has the largest cheese-market in England.

Wiltshire takes its name from Wilton—a very old town, once the Saxon capital of Wessex. It is now famed for *Wilton carpets*, first made in England at this town.

## IV.

## SALISBURY AND THE CATHEDRAL.

SALISBURY itself is a comparatively new town, built in the thirteenth century, when the cathedral was founded ; an event which proved the ruin of Old Sarum, for the inhabitants followed the cathedral and went to live in the new town ; hitherto they had had a cathedral in their own city.

The town is very regular and airy, because, before the buildings were begun, the ground was divided into squares, or chequers, as they are called, round which the houses are built, leaving a space in the middle for yards or gardens.

The cathedral is the pride of Salisbury ; it stands in an open lawn with trees about it, and is perfectly beautiful in its lightness and grace, a queen among cathedrals. The spire is the tallest in England, rising 400 feet from the pavement, and is greatly admired for the way in which, without bulge or break anywhere, it gradually tapers towards the sky. Unlike other English cathedrals, Salisbury was all built at one time—finished in about thirty-five years.

Salisbury stands upon the Avon, where it is joined by three smaller streams.

Clarendon, once a royal palace, where were drawn up the "Constitutions of Clarendon," in the reign of Henry II., is now a gentleman's seat ; it is about two miles from Salisbury.

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## V.

## CLOTHING TOWNS.

THE great manufacture of Wiltshire is the famous West-country broad-cloth. The woollen manufacture is usually carried on in pleasant situations, where there are hills and valleys, because the streams which water the valleys are required in the first and last processes of the manufacture. Thus, the clothing towns of Wilts, Bradford, Chippenham, Trowbridge, Westbury, and Melksham, are all on the Avon itself, or on one of the streams flowing into it.

Trowbridge, an old, irregular town, standing on a rocky hill, first made cloth in the reign of Henry VIII.

Bradford is going down as a clothing town. It is a large town, built in the hollow of the Avon Valley, with hills all round it.

Devizes, in North Wilts, also has some cloth-works; it is an old town with a Norman castle, and is chiefly known for its large corn-market; it stands in a corn-growing part of the county.

North Wilts, crossed by the upper part of the Thames, is a fertile plain, with corn-fields and rich pastures where the cows feed from whose milk Wiltshire cheeses are made. The excellent Wiltshire bacon, too, is provided from the pigs fed upon this northern plain. We can only mention two more of the interesting things in Wiltshire: the Wansdyke, an earthen mound stretching across the county, which is supposed to have been made by an ancient British people as a defence against their neighbours; and Box Tunnel, the most remarkable modern piece of work in the county—a tunnel, through a hill, a mile and three

quarters in length, and, in some places, more than 300 feet below the surface.

Wiltshire has two Avon rivers; the lower Avon, which falls into the Bristol Channel, and the Salisbury Avon. Avon is the old British name, and means waters, so it is a suitable name for any river; there are, indeed, fourteen Avon rivers in Great Britain.

### Map Questions.

1. What plain occupies the centre of the county? Find Stonehenge and Old Sarum on the plain. What are the downs which stretch to the north of the county called? Name three towns in the part of Wilts between Salisbury Plain and the Marlborough Downs. What tributary of the Thames rises in these downs? Into what other counties do the hills from Wiltshire extend?

2. What five small rivers unite near Salisbury? Name a park near the city. Name an old town from which Wiltshire is named.

3. Name five towns in the west of Wiltshire, upon the Avon (West). What battle-field lies among the hills to the south of Trowbridge? Date?

4. What famous river has one of its sources in the north of Wilts? What town stands on its bank?

5. What counties surround Wilts? In what part of England is it situated?

## DORSETSHIRE.

### I.

DORSETSHIRE is a chalk county, the greater part of it being filled with the two chalk ranges which leave Salisbury Plain. The North Downs, a range from ten to twenty miles broad, run across the county from east to west. In this hilly district there are not many towns and not many people, but rolling downs covered with close turf upon which large flocks of sheep are fed. The South Downs, which run near the coast, are a narrow range, not more than two or three miles in breadth.

Between these ranges of Downs is a sandy waste, barren and forsaken, which reaches from Poole to Dorchester. It has chalk hills on each side of it, north and south, and is covered with purple heather. This waste yields nothing but blue potter's clay, which is dug from many pits, and sent to the Staffordshire potteries.

Dorsetshire is a poor county, and the villages have a rather forlorn look ; still there is some good pasture land upon which cattle are reared, and Dorset butter is very well known.

The Romans had several towns in Dorsetshire ; Dorchester, the present county town, being their chief station in the county ; it stands upon a hill, and the old Roman roads are still its highways.

Sherborne at the north of the county is another interesting town, with a beautiful old abbey church ;





the chief employment of the people is silk-throwing, for which there are three factories. Sherborne Castle, which stands on the hills above the town, was given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Walter Raleigh. He did not live in the castle, but built for himself and his dear wife "a most fine house, beautified with orchards, gardens, and groves of much delight"; much delight to him, for he took great pleasure in gardening.

Shaftesbury, perched high up on a narrow ridge of chalk, is another old town, not far from which is the Vale of Blackmoor, a wide level with rich pasture lands, which feed many herds of cattle and great droves of pigs. From these Blackmoor pigs much of the bacon eaten in London is obtained.

Parts of the coast are very beautiful. Among these is Lulworth Cove, a little round basin shut in by high chalk hills; and Lyme Regis, set in a deep combe, with black precipices and broken crags round it.

The most interesting parts of the coast are the islands of Purbeck and Portland, neither of which is an island in fact, as we shall see.

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## II.

### THE ISLES OF PURBECK AND PORTLAND.

PURBECK is bounded on one side by Poole Harbour, a beautiful estuary, which looks like an inland lake at high water, because the heaths reach down to the shore, and the waters branch into them in every direction.

Poole itself is an old red-brick town, with large quays always full of shipping; it trades with Newfoundland and other distant lands, getting timber and

corn, and sending out potter's clay and clothing, chiefly linen shirts, which are made in the town.

Poole Harbour is the estuary of the river Frome, which gives to Purbeck the appearance of an island. It really is a peninsula, about fourteen miles long, with the Frome and the harbour on the north, the sea east and south, and on the west a little river which rises near Lulworth and joins the Frome. There is no water to divide it from the land about Lulworth.

Purbeck is, for the most part, a heathy moor, crossed by a range of chalk hills, which shut it in upon the north like a wall. Along the east coast many quarries of Purbeck stone are worked. This is a hard, close stone, used a good deal in making London pavements; the top layer is the Purbeck marble, so much prized for its beauty, and used for the pillars and fonts of churches.

There is a gap in the wall of chalk hills which borders Purbeck on the north, and in this gap stands Corfe Castle, with its rock-like towers, the key of the island. It is chiefly famous for the way in which the brave Lady Banks held it for the king during a six weeks' siege in the Civil War (1643).

The name of another lady is connected with Corfe Castle, a lady of evil fame. You doubtless know the story of how King Edward visited his step-mother Elfrida at Corfe Castle, and how she had him stabbed at the gate, that her own son Ethelred might reign in his stead (A.D. 979).

Portland Isle is a rocky peninsula, jutting out into the Channel, and shaped something like the beak of a bird; hence it is called the Bill of Portland. The island is famous for its building stone; there are about 100 quarries, and the great heaps of waste

stone from these have been used for several years to make a breakwater on the plan of that at Plymouth.

Some 1500 men were employed about this breakwater, who marched to and from their work in dull-looking gangs; men who never spoke to, rarely looked at, one another, and who never dared to stop their work. They were men with hard-looking, heavy faces for the most part, wearing the same sort of rough clothes, and all with a badge; these were the convicts from the large and dreary convict prison upon the island.

It is not right to call Portland an island, as it is tied to the mainland, about ten miles off, by a bank which keeps close to the shore, leaving space for a narrow channel called the Fleet.

This is the Chesil Bank, a great natural curiosity. It is a ridge of shingle, about 200 yards across, with a steep slope to the water on each side. The pebbles of which it is made become larger and larger from west to east, and they are of such different colours that the Portlanders say there is a prize of 50*l.* for any one who shall find two stones alike.

### Map Questions.

1. What two ranges of downs enter Dorset from Wilts? What is the valley between these called? Name two towns within this valley. A considerable town in the north-west of the county.

2. Name five towns on the coast. What is the projection at the end of Chesil Bank called? Name the *cove* which lies between Portland and St. Alban's Head. Upon what island is this cape? Is it really an island? What harbour and what river wash it on the North? On which side is it not washed by any water? What castle stands upon the isle? Name the seaport town upon Poole Harbour.

3. What counties bound Dorset on the north, east, and west? What sea washes it on the south?

## HAMPSHIRE.

### I.

HAMPSHIRE is a pleasant county; warm and woody, with forests and green hills, breezy commons, waving corn-fields and hop-gardens; and a coast of the most curious shape with openings running far into the land. It has the honour of sending three tributary streams to "Father Thames"—

"The Kennet swift, for silver eels renowned;  
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crowned";—

both of which rise in the North Downs;

"And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave,"

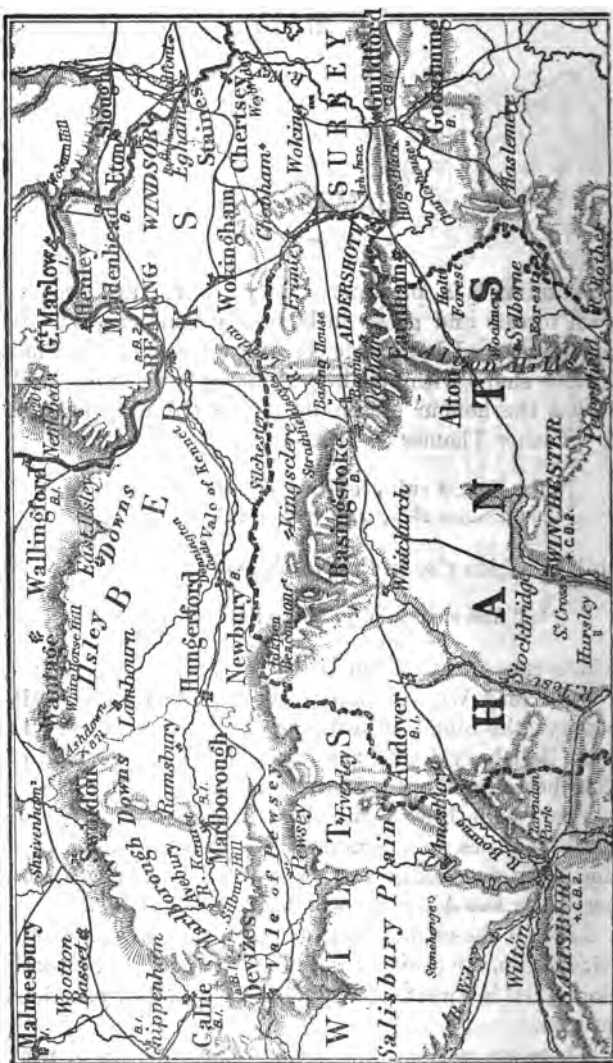
which rises in the Alton Hills.

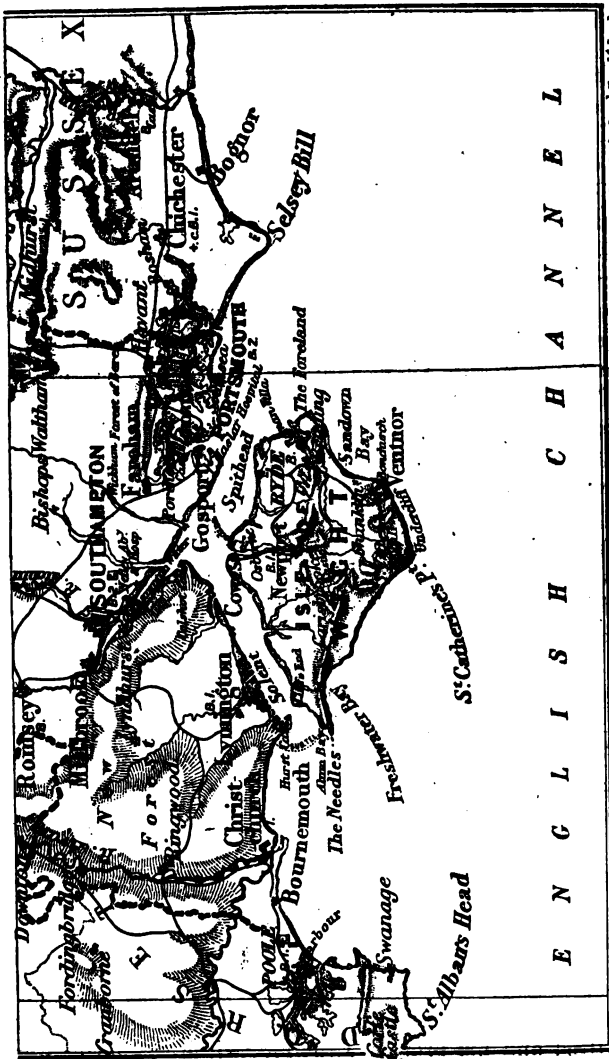
Well may Wey be chalky, for Hampshire is a chalk county; the round swelling South Downs come straight from Salisbury Plain, run across the county south of Winchester, and enter Sussex on the east.

The North Downs run from Inkpen Beacon, where three counties join, across North Hants, almost in a line with the South Downs; and these two are connected by the Alton Hills, another chalk range.

Like all the chalk hills, these Downs are well dotted with sheep, for short as is the grass upon their smooth slopes, it is sweet and tender and makes excellent mutton.

There are various interesting places among or near





Scale of the Coast, English Miles

20 ENGLISH MILES

15

10

5

0

E N G L I S H C H A N N E L

the North Downs. Kingsclerc, a little country town, has seen better days, for here was once a royal palace. Three or four miles off is Silchester, which, as the "chester" in its name shows, was once a Roman camp. The ruins of the old city walls remain, broad old walls, on the top of which a thick grove is growing now. Within the walls there is no longer any sign of streets or palaces, houses or temples; nothing but waving corn. And yet there is a sign; in places, the corn grows thin, in straight lines, running north and south, east and west. These thin places look just the width of streets, like so many streets of thin corn; that is exactly what they are; they are the streets of the old Roman city, upon which the soil is not yet deep enough for the corn to thrive.

Near Silchester is Strath-field-saye, an estate which the nation gave to our great Duke of Wellington; it is not a very fine place, but there are some magnificent cedars of Lebanon and some other fine trees in the park.

Taking the road south to the Downs again, we come to Basingstoke, a well to do town in a pleasant spot; a town that has been well to do since the days of the Conqueror. Close to it is Old Basing, to which belongs the story of a brave deed.

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## II.

### THE SIEGE OF BASING HOUSE.

At Basing the Danes were beaten in a great battle by Alfred and his brother Ethelred, while the latter was

king. And here stood Basing House ; a very splendid mansion, full of the most costly furnishings, and beautiful ornaments, and gold and silver plate, belonging to the Marquis of Winchester.

John Paulet, the fifth Marquis, loved Charles I. better than lands or gold ; and when the Civil War broke out, Basing House held out for the king. The old marquis gathered his friends within, made fast all weak places, set cannon to fire from the walls ; and made the place so strong that for two whole years it was held against the besiegers.

Then, Cromwell and his Ironsides, the men who never were beaten, marched down on the unhappy house. They placed their cannon so as to batter down the weak places ; at six o'clock in the morning a signal was fired, and the storming began.

Holes, or breaches, were made in the walls ; Cromwell's men set up ladders and got through these holes, cutting their way through the bodies of the defenders.

A terrible scene followed ; the fierce soldiers in their search for plunder burst in upon the few ladies and aged men. One young lady could not keep from words of scorn and anger when she saw them use her old father hardly. The Ironsides did not forgive her ; her dead body was found among those of the hundred men who fell in trying to save the house. Her two sisters and six or seven other ladies escaped, and so did the marquis ; but all his precious things were carried off, and his house was burnt down by the pitiless Ironsides.

Farther east, still among the Downs, is the pleasant old town of Odiham, with its ruined castle, in which King David of Scotland was confined for seven years after the battle of Neville's Cross.



Aldershot, famous for the great camp,—with its rows and rows of soldiers' huts, with its drill, and red coats and bugle calls,—lies among the heaths and commons of the north-east corner.

The road south from the camp passes through Farnham to Alton; a most pleasant woody country, with here and there hop-gardens stretching on each side of the way. Hops are grown largely in East Hants, and "pickers" swarm here much as they do in Kent.

Alton is a rather busy brewing town, with the Alton Hills running south from it. Just at the foot of the hills, and close on the borders of Woolmer Forest, is Selborne, which has had the story of its birds and other creatures written by the loving hand of Gilbert White, in the 'Natural History of Selborne.'

All East Hants is woody country; there is Holt Forest, and Woolmer Forest, and Bere Forest; but these are only bits of the great wealden forest of former times; this part of Hampshire belongs to the Sussex Weald.

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### III.

#### THE COAST.

A CURIOUS crinkly coast have the Channel waters made for Hampshire, except on the bit of cliff between Bournemouth and Hurst Castle, where the sea has not been able to make much way.

To the east of Hurst Castle the coast is everywhere broken by inlets and islands and harbours and queer little peninsulas. The land lies low, and into the lowest places the sea makes its way, sometimes cutting off bits of land from the rest and making islands of them.

Hayling Island is one of these, and, to the north of it, the water is so shallow that the railway from Havant goes right across. So it does to Portsea, which lies close to Hayling on the west. Close together as the two islands are, they are very unlike in character. Hayling is a quiet, sandy bathing-place. Portsea is busy and bustling; the water on the west of it is a wide, deep harbour with a narrow opening, deep enough for the largest war ships; and on the island is the great seaport town of Portsmouth, with its parts—Portsea and Landport, Kingston and Southsea.

Portsmouth is a very strong place, with towers or batteries which command the Channel, and with earth-works to protect it on the land side. There is a Royal Dockyard at Portsea, the largest in England, where many of our war ships are built, and where the ships come to get stores of salt beef and biscuit, clothes, and whatever else they may want for a long voyage.

Here the men-of-war lie by when there is no war going on in which they are wanted; as many as a thousand might lie at anchor in Spithead, a safe and sheltered spot.

The grey ruins of Porchester Castle stand at the north end of the harbour; and Haslar Hospital for sick sailors is on a tongue of land at the south.

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#### IV.

#### THE ISLAND—

So south-country people call the Isle of Wight, as if there were only one island in the world! But then our Queen spends a great deal of time there, at Osborne, on

the north of the island, close by the little river Medina. Here the Queen lived when she was the young Princess Victoria, and perhaps she loves the present Osborne House because it was planned by the Prince Consort.

“Of all the southern isles she holds the highest place,  
And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's grace.”

And well does the green island deserve “Britain's grace,” with her pretty houses nestling among trees like primroses among their leaves, and her delightful winding lanes over-arched with green boughs, her pleasant hills and quiet valleys.

A range of chalk hills runs through the middle of the island, stretching from near the Foreland to the Needles; and there is also St. Catherine's Hill (800 feet), in the south, the highest point in the island.

Just below it, on the east, the beautiful Undercliff begins. This is a strip of the shore about six miles long and from a quarter to half a mile wide remarkable for its wildly broken surface. As this strip of land is sheltered by the hills from the cold north winds, myrtles and geraniums and other delicate plants endure the mild winter here in the open air.

The whole south coast of the island is interesting and beautiful; there are towering cliffs, upon whose ledges the sea-fowl swarm, and caves which the ocean has worn at the base of the cliffs; there are rocks, arched, needle-shaped, and of many strange forms; and there are the romantic *chînes*.

These are narrow chasms, cut and torn in the strangest way; they seem to have been formed in the course of ages by the streams which descend through them from the high lands to the sea, and which swell

into strong torrents after heavy rains. Steep as are the rock-walls of these glens, trees have found room to grow, and, all the way up to the top, the sides of the chines are covered with flowering plants and trees and ferns. Conceive a rill making music among the ferns and grasses at the bottom, and you will be able to imagine what fairy dells many of these chines are.

Part of the cliff has been broken down in places to make room for villages for the visitors: Ventnor, and beautiful Bonchurch, and Shanklin are favourite spots. The boldest part of the coast is, however, on the western side of the island, where the steep cliffs rise 600 feet above the sea, and are the loftiest on the shores of England. Off the narrow west point are the five columns of rock, each standing up by itself, called the Needles; only three of them now rise much out of the water.

On the west, too, is Alum Bay, with its strangely striped cliffs on one side—purple, blue, yellow, grey, black—shining out clear and bright as the streaks of a tulip, especially after rain. On the west side of the bay, where the shore ends in the Needles, are cliffs of pure white chalk.

The north coast, upon the Solent, is flat; the part of the Channel between Hants and the island is called Spithead on the east, and the Solent on the west. Ryde, on the Spithead side, looks very pretty from the steamer, with its long pier full of gaily-dressed people.

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## V.

## THE ROYAL PRISONERS.

NOR is the island without its stories, the most interesting of which belong to Carisbrooke Castle, close by Newport. Here Charles I. came, hoping to find a friend, when he fled from Hampton Court. Colonel Hammond, the governor of the castle, received him kindly, but he was really a servant of the Parliament; and orders came shortly that the king must be kept a close prisoner. He was allowed to walk upon the ramparts of the grey old castle, which he did every morning; but most of his time was spent in reading.

For a whole year he was a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle; and thence was carried to Hurst Castle, opposite the island. After six weeks, he was taken from there to his sad death at his own Palace of Whitehall. It is pleasant to know that all the time the king was a prisoner he found much happiness in thoughts about the best things, and in one or two good books which were dear to him.

The Princess Elizabeth could not get over the sorrow of her father's death; she and her young brother Henry, Duke of Gloucester, had been allowed to see the king and receive his blessing; and he had given a Bible to his dear daughter Elizabeth as his parting gift. After that the young prince and princess were brought to Carisbrooke Castle.

They were not hardly used, but the gentle princess pined; then she caught cold after a wetting, and, being but weakly, she kept her bed. It happened one Sunday morning that the servants, thinking she was asleep, left the room for a while: they came back,

and thought she was still sleeping, and that she had fallen asleep while saying her prayers, for her hands were clasped on an open Bible, her beloved father's last gift. She was indeed asleep, but was never more to wake, a sorrowful captive; she had gone to her father, and to the freedom of the heavenly home.

In the church at Newport is a beautiful marble monument: the princess is lying on a mattress, with her cheek on an open Bible, which bears the words, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

She lies within an iron grating, the bars of which are broken to show that by death she had escaped from prison. The words on the monument are:—

"To the memory of  
the PRINCESS ELIZABETH, daughter of CHARLES I.,  
who died at Carisbrooke Castle, on Sunday,  
September 8th, 1650,  
and is interred beneath the chancel of this church.

This monument is erected,  
a token of respect for her virtues, and of sympathy  
for her misfortunes,  
By Victoria R. 1856."

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## VI.

### ON THE MAINLAND AGAIN.

THIS time we go up Southampton Water, through the opening guarded by Calshot Castle. We must stop to look at Netley Abbey, by the Water's edge on the right; it is a ruin, only the bare walls being left, and in these trees as well as ivy have taken root. It stands on a little hill which rises from the bank of Southampton Water; and the thick clumps of oak

about it, and the waving branches of the trees rooted in its walls, nearly hiding the grey ruins, and the gleaming water beyond, make altogether a very lovely picture.

Southampton lies a little way beyond the Abbey, at the mouth of the Itchen. To Southampton Water belongs the well-known story of how Canute taught his courtiers the folly of flattering an earthly king with praises that can only belong to the King of kings. After which the king took off his crown, and laid it upon the altar in the cathedral of Winchester, and never wore it more.

Southampton, which once gave its name to the whole county, is a busy place, for it is from here that all the great P. and O. (Peninsular and Oriental) steamers start. Letters or parcels, or people bound for India, or for the West Indies, or for some parts of the Continent, are brought to Southampton to be shipped.

And now we must get to Winchester. For most of the way we may take paths through the woods, chiefly pleasant smelling pine woods. We shall not go by rail, for we must stop more than once by the way.

Turning out of the road a little, we come to Hursley, whose pretty church and vicarage are dear to many who care about the best things. For this was the church and the home of the good Dr. Keble who wrote "Sun of my soul," and a beautiful hymn for every Sunday in the year, all of which are to be read in the 'Christian Year.'

Taking the Winchester road again, we soon come in sight of the grand old minster, the king among cathedrals, as Salisbury is the queen. On our way to Winchester we pass the old Hospital of St. Cross, founded centuries ago by the brother of King Stephen.

## VII.

## THE ROYAL CITY.

WINCHESTER, the county town of Hants, is a pleasant city; there is a warm, comfortable look about its red-brick houses, many of them with gable ends and overhanging stories. It has good shops, and a beautiful old market-cross of carved stone; it has the great minster, and the old college; above all, it has a long, long history.

The Saxons made Winchester their royal city; here was the palace of their kings; and here they built a beautiful minster. Perhaps in this minster St. Swithin taught the young prince Alfred to be a brave and holy boy—such a boy as should grow up to be a good and great king. In time the Danes came, and King Canute lived in his Winchester palace, and laid by his crown on the minster altar. By-and-by, when there were Norman kings in the land, they too made their homes in the royal city, and wore their crowns there upon high festivals.

The Conqueror's cousin, good Bishop Walkelyn, set his heart upon building a new minster, more splendid than any that had been there before, for the Normans did not think much of the Saxon churches; it is to him, chiefly, we owe the grand old cathedral.

Rufus, the son of the Conqueror, cared for little but gold and pleasure, and he robbed the beautiful church—a deed which broke Bishop Walkelyn's heart. Nobody grieved when the dead body of this worthless king was drawn into the city on a charcoal-burner's cart, from the New Forest, where he had been killed by a chance arrow.



The days of his brother, the first King Henry, were grand days for Winchester; it had palaces and castles and abbeys, and nearly a hundred churches, and was frequented by all the great nobles of the land. But in the long civil war between Stephen and Matilda, Winchester suffered; half its wooden churches, besides many other buildings, were burnt down. On one occasion the Queen Maud was so pressed that she escaped from Winchester Castle in a coffin.

Happy days came for the city again under the good Bishop William of Wykeham, who was born at Wykeham, or Wickham, near Farnham. He left Bishop Walkelyn's work standing, but adorned the cathedral afresh; his own beautiful tomb is to be seen there still. He had a curtain, or screen, of lace-work put up across part of the cathedral, the like of which is hardly to be seen anywhere in the world; you see the delicate patterns of the lace, and it hangs in pleasant folds, and yet it is not lace at all, but cunning fingers have carved it out of hard stone.

William of Wykeham did another good thing for Winchester; he built the college, which is still a famous school for the sons of gentlemen.

The New Forest is in the south-west corner of Hampshire; it is still a large forest in which oak trees are grown to make our "heart of oak" ships; but in Saxon days the trees grew thick, and the forest spread over much more of the county. There is a story that the district was covered with villages, which the Conqueror destroyed to make himself a chase.

**Map Questions.**

1. At what point do the North Downs enter Hants from Wilts? How high is this hill? In what direction do these hills run? Into what county do they enter on leaving Hants? Name seven places among, or to the north of these North Downs.

2. What hills in east Hants connect the North Downs with the South Downs? Name three forests which lie to the east of these hills. A town.

3. The sea forms curiously shaped inlets and islands on the east coast—name two of these islands. What great port stands upon Portsea? What place is on the opposite side of the harbour?

4. What is the channel called which divides the Isle of Wight from the mainland on the Portsmouth side? What town is opposite to Portsmouth? Name a castle among the hills in the middle of the island. A hill in the south. What is the strip of land on the south-east coast called? Name three places on this coast. Name the point on the east of the island. On the south. What is the most westerly point called? Name the bays which lie north and south of it. What is the channel called which separates the island from the mainland on the west? What town stands on this channel? Name two towns on the little river Medina.

5. Name a castle and an abbey upon Southampton Water. At the mouth of what river does Southampton stand? Name another town upon this river. Name two villages which lie south-west of Winchester.

6. What part of Hants does the New Forest occupy? Name three or four towns on the borders of the Forest. What two watering-places lie near the mouth of the Bourne? From what county does this little river enter Hants?

7. What counties bound Hants on the north, east, west? How is it bounded on the south?

## SUSSEX.

## I.

## THE RAPES OF SUSSEX.

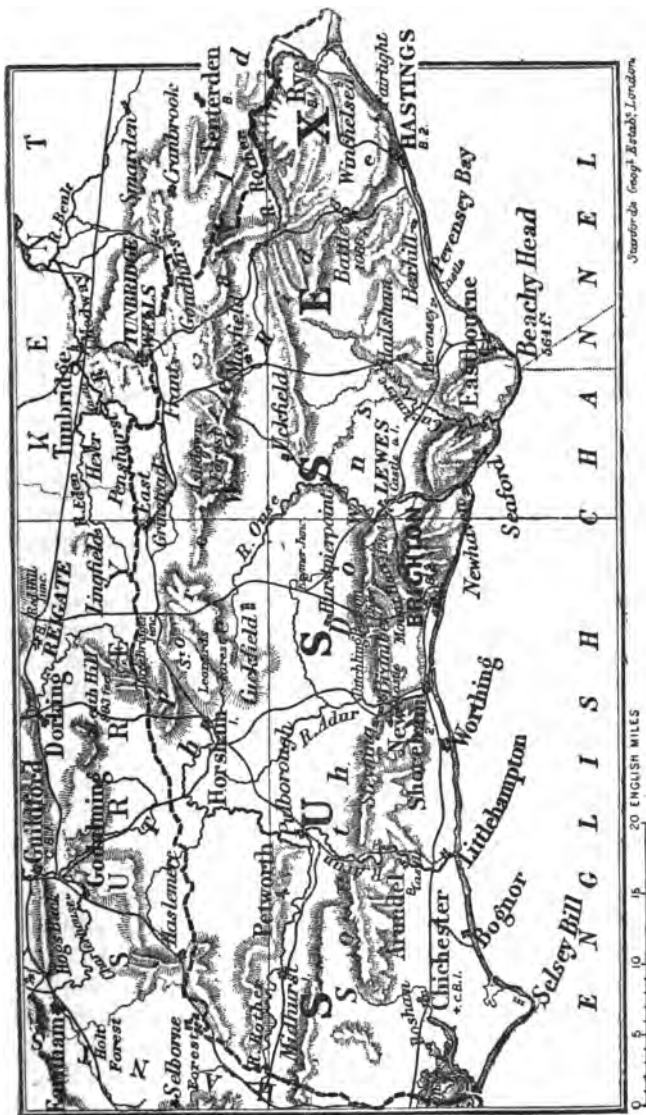
SUSSEX, stretching from east to west between Kent and Hampshire, has been compared to a long, narrow man. It has a long reach of coast, which makes an upward curve between Beachy Head and Selsey Bill.

No other county is divided in the same way as Sussex. It is parted into six strips, going right through the county from north to south. Each strip has its own bit of sea-coast, and each had its fortress near the coast, partly to defend it against foreign foes, but chiefly to subdue the people of the land should they rise against their conquerors.

For these divisions, called *Rapes*, date from the time when William, the Duke of Normandy, took England from its lawful king, the Saxon Harold.

He pretended it was the dying wish of Edward the Confessor that he should have the crown of England; so, to take possession, he and his people sailed across from Normandy in 600 ships, and landed at Pevensey Bay.

The duke himself was the last to land; and as he stepped on shore his foot slipped, and he fell forwards on his face. But while the superstitious Norman soldiers muttered "A bad sign!" the duke clutched his two hands full of earth, and cried, "I have seized the land with my two hands, and as much as there is of it, it is ours."



Pevensey had a good harbour then, though it is now choked with sand. A march of seven miles brought the Normans to Hastings—a pleasant bathing-place now, with the ruins of an old castle on the cliff. Perhaps the town of the Saxon Hæstingas climbed up the same narrow valley between the hills which the old part of Hastings still occupies.

William was in England a fortnight before a battle took place. Harold was away, fighting the battle of Stamford Bridge, in Yorkshire, against his own brother and the King of Norway. After that victory, news came to the king that the Norman was in the land, and he and his men, spent already with fighting, came by hasty marches to the spot since known as Battle, where they encamped.

This was the only pass near Pevensey by which Duke William and his men could have got any farther into England. To the east of Hastings were marshes and woods; to the west, a great forest which filled the whole county of Sussex; and the only way they could take was across the ridge which runs from Fairlight, close to Hastings, to Battle.

The Normans marched to within a mile of the Saxon camp, and a night was passed, by the Normans in prayer; by the Saxons in feasting—at least so the Normans say.

The Saxon army occupied the best position, and at first it seemed as if they would conquer. But a body of the Normans pretended to fly; the Saxons rushed after them, and many Normans and Saxons fell together into a ditch, which threw the Saxons into some confusion. Thus far the Norman arrows had not taken much effect; now William bade his archers shoot up into the air, when one arrow, descending, pierced Harold's eye.

The battle turned in favour of the Normans. Twenty knights bound themselves by a vow to carry off the Saxon standard; they succeeded; Harold himself was slain; and the battle was lost. The Saxons fought on until the evening, and then those who were left escaped to the great forest.

The battle lasted the whole day, and at its close William *the Conqueror* supped for the first time; supped and slept on the very spot where Harold had fallen, on the sixteenth day of October, 1066.

On this spot, too, he raised a great abbey, according to his vow; there are few traces of it left.

"The Normans were a hard people; whenever they conquered, and did conquer outright, they went to work like plunderers, dividing the country by measurement—by the *rope*, as it was termed—measuring out the land amongst themselves. This is the process they carried into effect in Sussex, which is divided into six *rapes*."

East Sussex contains the rapes of Hastings, Pevensey, and Lewes; West Sussex, those of Bramber, Arundel, and Chichester.

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## II.

### THE DOWNS AND THE SEA-BOARD.

THE South Downs enter Sussex out of Hampshire, and extend for fifty-three miles, getting nearer and nearer to the coast, until they end in Beachy Head, a grand chalk headland, from which the coast of France may be seen on a clear day.

Very beautiful the Downs are; not lofty mountains

by any means, few of them are more than 800 feet high, but their free sweeping lines passing away into the distance, their soft curves, and the ever-changing cloud-shadows which glide over them, fill the mind with a sense of rest and pleasure.

Here and there they are hatted with trees, curious round clumps on the very summits; but these hardly add to their beauty; the graceful swell of the hills is enough in itself to please the eye.

Sometimes villages nestle in the *deans* or hollows; sometimes they are filled with woods which climb the hill-sides. Huge old hawthorns, one mass of white blossom in the spring, are dotted about the slopes, and higher up are stunted juniper bushes.

"Fairy-rings" are to be found everywhere; for the fairies, or, as the country folk call them, "the pharisees," are fond of the Downs, which shows them to be little persons of excellent taste. Perhaps they, too, like to feel the free air of the Downs in their faces, and the soft, springy turf under their tiny feet, making them laugh and dance and shout and sing for joy, as the children of the towns do when they get a day on the breezy Downs. But we are too wise to believe in fairies, and know that these rings of dark green grass are caused by a vegetable growth.

The Downs stretch like a friendly, loving arm round the towns and villages of the sea-board, sheltering them from the cold north wind. Perhaps that is why there are so many pleasure places on this coast, which is generally flat and shingly. There is Brighton, the "queen of watering-places," a great big town, very bright in the sunshine, with many handsome houses and two piers; then there is Worthing, smaller and quieter, and Bognor and Littlehampton—all bathing-

places. Littlehampton, on the river Arun, is also a port, protected by Arundel Castle, which rises on a hill behind it. The castle, with its old Norman keep, stands in a pleasant park, and is the seat of the Dukes of Norfolk. The town of Arundel is merely a steep street leading to the castle.

Shoreham, upon the river Adur, with Bramber Castle behind it, is a rather busy seaport town. Newhaven also has a harbour, and packets sail between it and Dieppe; it stands upon the Ouse, and is backed by the Castle of Lewes, a few miles higher up the river.

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### III.

#### THE BATTLE OF LEWES.

LEWES, with its old Norman castle, covers the side of a steep hill in the very heart of the South Downs, at the foot of which is the Priory of St. Pancras. There is little left of this once large and stately priory, where Henry III. held mad revel the night before the battle of Lewes. He was a foolish, selfish king, who cared for little but his own pleasure, and he had incensed his barons by not keeping the Great Charter which they had wrung from his father. The barons and their followers placed themselves under the brave Simon de Montfort. The king and his son, Prince Edward, assembled an army, marched into Lewes, and took up their quarters in the castle and the priory.

Early on a May morning in 1264 the barons' army climbed the Downs, and marched along the ridge until they came within sight of the priory. There Simon addressed his men; and they cast themselves flat on



the turf, stretching out their arms in the shape of a cross, and prayed God to give them the victory.

The hill they were upon has since been called Mount Harry, in memory of the king who was defeated there. From the highest point of Mount Harry three ridges stretch down towards Lewes, with deep hollows between them; and the barons' army, in three divisions, marched along these ridges. The king's army, also in three divisions, came forward to meet them.

The troops under Prince Edward defeated one wing of the barons' army, and he and his men chased the defeated party over the Downs for four hours. But when he returned, thinking the victory was with his friends, he found the rest of the royal army had been routed by the barons; so he and his father took refuge in the priory. The close of the day saw the royal army scattered, and Prince Edward given as a hostage to the barons.

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#### IV.

##### THE ANCIENT CITY.

CHICHESTER owes its name to the Saxon Cissa, who, with his father, Ella, landed at a little opening near the city. They and their men fought their way forward, until, in the end, they were able to set up the kingdom of the South Saxons, or *Sussex*.

The Saxons found here the Roman city of Regnum, which lies buried beneath the present Chichester; and coins and urns and bits of beautiful pavement are occasionally turned up, in digging on the site of the old city.

Like most cathedral towns, Chichester is very quiet; it has four straight streets which meet at the market-

cross; and parts of the old walls remain. The city stands upon quite flat ground, the Norman cathedral being the only striking object which rises between the Downs and the sea.

Bosham lies a little to the south, on the low, marshy shores of an inlet called Chichester Harbour; a better place for embarkation at one time, for it was from here Harold sailed when he went to visit the treacherous Duke of Normandy; and perhaps the church is the same old church in which he said his prayers before starting. Harold had a house at Bosham, and all the lands about belonged to him.

Sussex had its cathedral before the Normans came, which was built upon Selsey. But cathedral and monastery have been long under the sea, which is gaining rapidly on this part of the coast.

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## V.

### THE WEALD.

THE whole of Sussex, except the Downs and the bit of country between them and the sea, was at one time covered with a great forest, which reached into Hants on the one side and into Kent on the other. This district is still called the Weald, the Saxon name for a forest; the forest has disappeared, but this is still a woody country, with clumps of trees on its low hills, and woods in the hollows.

The Weald lies between the two chains of chalk hills, the North Downs of Surrey, and the South Downs.

Sussex is a quiet county now, with never a factory chimney to be seen—little but waving corn-fields and

wide sheep-farms. But, not much more than a century ago, the Weald was noisy with the clang of many hammers, and black with furnace smoke.

There is much iron in Sussex, and, until the use of coal was discovered, the trees of the forest were cut down to feed the furnaces in which the iron was smelted; so that rural Sussex was once the "Black Country" of England. When the coal-pits came to be worked in other parts of England, the Sussex iron was left to lie in its earthy bed; for iron is usually found with coal, and it costs much less to smelt the ore with coal than with wood. The railings of St. Paul's Churchyard are made of Sussex iron. The highest and prettiest part of the Weald, reaching from Hastings to beyond Horsham, produced the most iron. None of the rivers of Sussex flow through this long valley from west to east; they are all short, and flow across the Weald from north to south, making their way to the sea between the Downs, which do not form a water-parting, or *water-shed*.

#### Map Questions.

1. What two headlands mark the long coast of Sussex? The height of Beachy Head. Name three rivers between these, each of which has a port at its mouth and a castle a few miles inland. Name four watering-places between the capes.

2. What line of hills extends through the county, near the coast? From what county do these enter Sussex? Upon what height, near Lewes, was a battle fought? Date. Date of another famous battle fought on these downs. What bay lies between Hastings and Eastbourne?

3. What district is the north of Sussex a part of? Into what counties on either side does the Weald stretch? What is the hilly land in the north-east called? Name any considerable town in the north. What water does Chichester stand upon? Name a village to the west of the city.

## KENT.

### I.

#### THE ROMANS IN KENT.

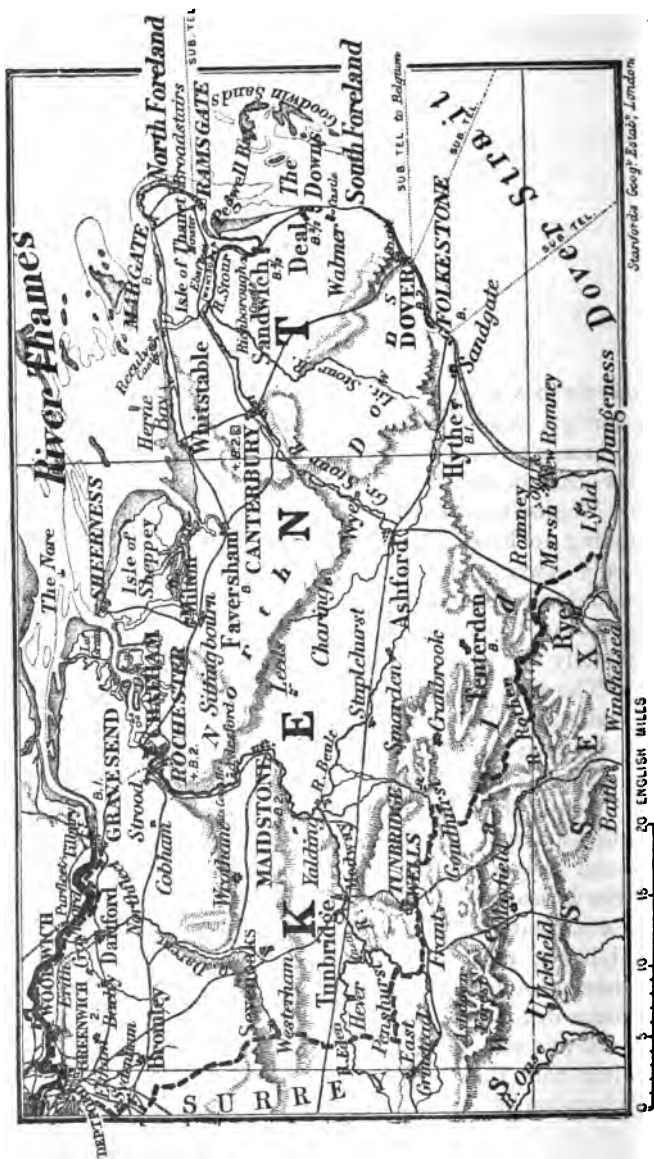
KENT has always been more closely connected with foreign lands than any other county. With the Thames estuary on one side, and the sea on two sides, it offers an inviting landing-place.

Englishmen have not always thought it a good thing to be so near France (from Dover to Calais is only twenty-one miles). For centuries, the two countries were very jealous of one another; and the ports of Kent were fortified with strong castles, able to defy the Frenchman, should he appear.

The first invaders came into Kent in days when it had no fortresses; when Julius Cæsar left his wars in Gaul to subdue for the Romans the little known island of Britain.

The Britons in their war chariots swarmed on the cliffs, and watched the Roman galleys across the straits until they could hear the steady beat of their oars. The Romans made for Deal. Brave though the Britons were, their weapons were rude, and their forces undisciplined; they were compelled to retreat before the Roman soldiers, and Cæsar nominally took Britain for Rome in the year 55 before Christ.

It was not, however, until nearly a hundred years after this that the Romans were able to take full possession of Britain. Towards the end of the first



century, they came in numbers and settled in the land, bringing with them the luxuries of their Roman homes. Kent is full of the remains of what were once pleasant Roman villas, especially along the Watling Street, the great Roman road which goes from Dover to Canterbury, and thence on to London. Watling Street remained the highway of Kent until the days of the South-Eastern Railway.

But stronger works than these remain in Kent as evidences of the Roman occupation. Another race, a brave sea-going people, who lived on the shores of the North Sea, cast covetous eyes upon Britain. They swooped from their pirate ships upon the unprotected coasts, took off what they could carry, and burnt what they could destroy.

To protect the people from these new invaders, the Romans built strong castles here and there along the Kentish coast, and north of it, as far as Yarmouth, and along the south coast as far as Portsmouth. Over these fortresses and the soldiers which manned them they set a "count of the Saxon Shore." The most famous of these castles were Reculver and Richborough, at the two ends of the Wantsome, a broad sea channel which once divided the Isle of Thanet from the rest of Kent. The Wantsome has disappeared now, and there is low marshy land in its place, through which the river Stour flows. The ruins of Richborough still remain, vast walls, and traces of towers with solid masonry eight feet thick.

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## II.

## THE SAXONS IN KENT.

ROME called away her soldiers in 411 A.D., and the Britons were too feeble to take care of their own country. Enemies from the north harassed them, and they called to their aid their former foes. The Saxon pirates were cruising off the coast under the brothers Hengist and Horsa, and the Britons offered them Thanet and other pay if they would rid the land of the northern foe. They landed at Ebbsfleet, an uninteresting village in itself; but "no spot in Britain can be so sacred to Englishmen as that which first felt the tread of English feet." For the Britons and the Romans are nothing to us; these pirate-warriors were the first Englishmen, and from them has descended the great English nation.

When the Picts were subdued, the Saxons were minded to take the pleasant land for themselves. They swarmed across the Channel and into Thanet; they crossed the Wantsome by a dangerous ford in the teeth of the two great fortresses of Richborough and Reculver, and made towards London. Their route may have taken them past the great burying place of the ancient people—still marked by Kit's Cotty House, a cromlech, or monument, consisting of a great flat stone supported on three upright blocks, which stands upon a hill overlooking Aylesford. Here the great fight took place which gave Kent to the English; here Horsa fell, and a terrible massacre of the Britons followed the victory. Another defeat took place at Crayford, and the Britons "forsook Kent-land, and fled with much fear to London."

## III.

## THE MISSIONARIES.

MORE than a century had passed, and the Saxon king Ethelbert ruled in Kent. He had married Bertha, a Christian lady, and had given her the old church of St. Martin which is still to be seen in Canterbury; but he and his people served their old gods.

We know how Gregory the good Bishop of Rome took pity on the little Angles of whom he wished to make angels, and sent Augustine and forty monks to preach the Gospel in Kent.

Augustine and his monks came in some fear of the barbarians, and "landed in 597 on the very spot where Hengist had landed more than a century before, in the Isle of Thanet; and the king received them sitting in the open air on the chalk down above Minster. He listened to the long sermon of Augustine, and said, 'Your words are fair, but they are new.'"

A year passed before Ethelbert would receive the new faith; then the kingdom followed the king, and thousands of Kentish men crowded to baptism in the Swale.

In our day Thanet is covered with waving corn-fields; Ramsgate, Broadstairs, and Margate, all in Thanet, are three favourite watering-places with the Londoners.



## IV.

## THE NORMANS AND THE CINQUE PORTS.

ABOUT five centuries later the Normans came, and dispossessed the Saxons for a time. They seized upon the strong places, and all the coast from Thanet to Hastings was placed under the control of the "Cinque Ports," as they were called, though there were more than five of them. The Cinque Ports in Kent were Romney, Hythe, Sandwich, and Dover, with its "limb," Folkestone. Of these, only Dover is still a port; the other harbours are choked with sand. Folkestone is a pleasant watering-place, built upon many chalk hills; and Dover, with its castle on the cliff—"the white-chalk cliffs of Dover"—is a bustling town, because it is a packet station.

Before the Normans came, Kent was governed by the great Saxon Earl Godwin, whose land stretched away, so the story goes, six miles beyond the present coast, between the two Forelands; but the sea rose high and flooded his lands, and all that remains of the earl's domain is the treacherous "Goodwin Sands," a line of sandhills nine miles long, which have caused the wreck of many a brave ship.

Dangerous as these sandhills are, they serve a purpose. They act as a natural breakwater, and the Downs—the channel between them and the coast—is the largest and safest harbour in the world. This roadstead is called "the Downs" because it is shut in by sandhills, or *Downs*.

The "white walls" of England, the chalk cliffs in which the Downs end, stretch from the North Foreland to Folkestone, except for a bit of low, marshy coast

between Walmer, and the Isle of Thanet. The name "Downs" comes from a Saxon word meaning a hill, and here means the broad band of round, swelling, chalk hills, covered with short green turf, and dotted about with sheep, which stretches through the county from Surrey to the east coast. These hills are a continuation of the North Downs.

A fine view of the cliffs and of the breakers which mark the Goodwin Sands is to be had from the beach upon which Walmer Castle stands; a castle sacred to the memory of our great hero. Here the Duke of Wellington spent his last years; here he was to be seen at six o'clock every morning, taking his early walk upon the ramparts; and here, in 1852, he died.

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## V.

### THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

THE good king Ethelbert when he became a Christian could not do too much for Christ: he gave up his Canterbury palace to the monks, and went himself to live in Reculver Castle.

Canterbury became the chief church in all England, and Augustine the chief clergyman, or archbishop; in time, a cathedral was built, and many archbishops followed Augustine, and they were all *primates*, or chiefs of all the clergy in England.

These primates were great and powerful men; some of them loved and helped the English people, and some did not; but because Augustine and his monks came from Rome in the first place, they were nearly all

more obedient to the Pope of Rome than to the King of England.

This state of things was often very trying to the king, as well as bad for the country; and Henry II. endeavoured to end it by making Thomas à Becket, a friend of his own, Primate of all England. But no sooner was Becket primate than he became more rebellious to the king than any that had gone before him. Henry at last, tried beyond all patience, said, "Have I none that will rid me of this pestilent priest?"

Four knights heard, who never rested till they stood within Becket's own chamber in his Canterbury palace. A long and angry talk took place, and then the knights followed the archbishop into the church, whither he went to perform the evening service.

"Through the open door of the cloister came rushing in the four, fully armed, some with axes in their hands, through the dim and bewildering twilight. The knights shouted aloud, 'Where is the traitor?' No answer came back. 'Where is the archbishop?' 'Behold me, no traitor, but a priest of God!' They strove to seize him and to drag him forth from the church. He clung to the pillar. In the struggle he dashed de Tracy on the pavement. A sword struck Becket. He received it kneeling: 'Lord, receive my spirit.' Blow followed blow, till all had wreaked their vengeance. The mangled body was left on the pavement."

From that moment miracles began. The people who had thought him proud and obstinate before now called him a holy martyr. The Pope decreed that he was a saint. The king walked three miles barefoot over rough stones to do penance at his tomb, where he allowed the monks to scourge him (1170).

And now began the pilgrimages. People who were

sick, people who were sad, people who had sinned, all people who hoped to go to heaven, thought a visit to the shrine of the saint would help them. Kings and peasants, priests and soldiers, met there; and everybody brought his offering, generally the most precious thing he had; and everybody climbed upon his bare knees up the steep flight of steps which led to the shrine. The marks made by the knees of many pilgrims may be seen in the stone to this day.

For nearly four hundred years this went on, and Canterbury was a rich and busy city, with long trains of pilgrims coming and going. Chaucer, the first of our great poets, has left us a book of 'Canterbury Tales'—tales told by one and another of a band of pilgrims on their way from an inn in London to the saint's shrine.

At last, Henry VIII. despoiled the shrine of Saint Thomas, and had all the gold and jewels carried away in two great chests, each of which it took eight men to lift.

Canterbury is an ancient city, and the cathedral stands out from a flat country grandly as some natural mass of rock or mountain. Within, the pillars rise as a forest of stone, whose branches bear up the roof. We have no space to tell of all the beauties of the cathedral, nor of the memories and monuments, dear to English people, which it holds.

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## VI.

## THE THAMES MOUTH.

Going by the Watling Street from Canterbury to London, we come to the river Swale at Faversham, where, upon one Christmas Day, Augustine baptized 10,000 hardy men of Kent. The mouth of the Swale divides the Isle of Sheppey from the mainland; an island so low and swampy about the coast that the people of Sheerness say,—when the world was made Sheppey was never finished. The truth is, the cliffs are wearing away so fast that the whole island will probably have disappeared fifty years hence. Sheerness is the chief place in Sheppey, and has a very fine dockyard, in which ships of war are built and repaired.

Sheerness commands the mouth of the Medway too; this is a desolate spot, for the estuary is getting choked with mud, and the river overflows its banks and makes hundreds of dreary little islands, useless to anybody, separated by ditches and creeks.

Chatham, a little higher up the river, hardly escapes the water: it, also, has a large dockyard. Chatham is just a long, dirty street by the river, full of Jews and soldiers. Rochester joins Chatham, and Strood joins Rochester, so that one street runs through the three, and they make one large town. Rochester has an old cathedral.

We may go by Watling Street to Gravesend, a good sized town, from which we can take the river steamboat to Woolwich.

Still farther up the river is Greenwich; here is a

beautiful hospital, once a royal palace, where Elizabeth was born, and in the park behind which she loved to walk; where, too, her gentle brother, Edward VI., died. A later queen gave the palace to be a home for disabled seamen; but it has been ascertained lately that they prefer to spend their pensions in their own homes, and the hospital is now converted to other uses.

At Greenwich is the Observatory, with its great time-ball, five feet across, which comes down every day at 1 p.m. as true as the sun; and all the ships in the river set their chronometers by it, and all the railway trains in the kingdom go by "Greenwich time."

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## VII.

### CHERRIES AND HOPS.

CHERRIES and hops are the most famous productions of Kent. There is hardly a parish in the county, except in the marshes, where there are not hop-grounds; and very pretty these hop-grounds are. The hop vine, which has a beautiful leaf, twines round a high pole, and thousands of these poles are set in rows far enough apart to allow persons to pass between the rows.

The precious part of the hop is the odorous flower, which is ready for "picking" about the beginning of September.

The Kentish people cannot do all the picking themselves, so hosts of poor folk out of the London back streets—labourers, factory girls, costermongers, and children—come trooping along the highways to take their summer holiday in the hop-grounds. A healthful

holiday it is, for the scent of the hops is said to be very invigorating.

Where do all the pickers live? Just where they can; against walls, in old barns, anywhere where they can light a fire, and cook, eat, smoke, and sleep; and a noisy, riotous set they often are.

The picking is a busy scene. The cutter with his "hop-dog," which has a hook on one side and a knife on the other, cuts the bine near the roots, then hooks up pole and bine and all, and lays it across the picker's bin; and the picker, with rapid fingers, strips the bine of its flowers. The *drying* follows, after which the hops are packed in pockets and carried off to the London markets.

The best hop districts are about Ashford, and between Canterbury and Faversham, and also the country about Maidstone.

Maidstone, on the Medway, is in the midst of a hop- and corn-growing country; it has a corn market, and is the chief town in West Kent; near it are some large paper mills.

Though the delicious cherries of Kent are grown all over the county, the chief orchards are in the river valleys. The borders of the Thames, the Darent, and the Medway in the early spring are "white with blossoming cherry-tree, as if just covered with lightest snow."

And then when the cherries are ripe, such gatherings, such merry meetings and cherry eatings! Not that the Kentish folk eat all their own cherries; most of the fruit goes to Covent Garden Market, and the waggons may be heard rumbling along all through the night to be at this London market by four next morning.

The Medway Valley between Maidstone and Tunbridge is known as the "Garden of Eden," "a district of meadows, corn-fields, hop-gardens, and orchards of apples, pears, cherries, and filberts." Looking over the river, you see hop-gardens and orchards two miles deep on the side of a gently rising ground.

Tunbridge, with its castle and old timbered houses, stands in a great beautiful dale, with hop-grounds all about it, on the steep slopes of the hills and in the hollows. In the season, the road to London is thronged with huge waggons laden with pockets of new hops, piled nearly as high as the houses they pass.

Penshurst Castle, with its grey walls and turrets and red roofs, is in the midst of a wide valley not far from Tunbridge. It was the home of the noble Sidneys, where Sir Philip Sidney was brought up—the gentle knight whose queen, Elizabeth, held him in high honour and regard; whose father, writing to Sir Philip's younger brother, says of him, "he hath the most virtues that I ever found in any man"; the same gentle knight who, dying on the battle-field of Zutphen, gave the draught of water he was thirsting for to the soldier by his side, saying, "He hath more need of it than I."

Tunbridge Wells, about six miles south of Tunbridge, is a pleasant watering-place among the hills, where visitors drink the waters of the iron springs.

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## VIII.

## THE MARSHES.

THE people of Kent divide their county into three parts. One district has "health without wealth"; that is the country of the breezy Downs, "the backbone of Kent," stretching through the county from Surrey to the chalk cliffs on the coast. Another district has "health and wealth"; that is the greater part of the county, especially the healthful hop-growing districts. The third division has "wealth without health." To this belongs the marshes along the mouths of the Swale and Medway, which are rich enough, for the low marshy lands produce deep, rich grass, fine cattle pastures; but though cattle thrive, men suffer; low fever and ague are always abroad.

Romney Marsh, about eight miles wide and fourteen long, is such another aguish tract; it is a dreary spot, shut off from the rest of the world, without trees or hills, and with endless green fields dotted with cattle, and crossed all over with dykes and water-courses.

Stretching from the marsh through West Kent and Sussex is the woody Sussex Weald, with its low hills, which is considered one of the wealthy but not healthy districts of Kent.

## Map Questions.

1. What hills enter Kent from Surrey? Where do these end? What hilly district fills the south-west of the county? Name two considerable towns in the Weald. A castle. What river crosses this part of Kent? Name four towns upon the Medway. Describe its mouth. Is there any other part of the north coast where the water makes inroads on the low land?

2. What *isle* lies east of the mouth of the Medway? Name a port upon it. What river helps to make Thanet an island? Name two watering-places on the coast, and two villages within the isle. Where is the Wantsome? What castles stand on either side of this channel? Name two other castles on the eastern coast of Kent. Between what two points, north and south, do the Goodwin Sands lie? What is the *roadstead* between them and the mainland called? Name two towns which overlook the *Downs*.

3. Name a watering-place to the south of Dover. What is the southern point of Kent? What marsh fills up this corner of the county?

Name a famous city and a considerable town upon the Stour. Name six considerable places on the estuary of the Thames.

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1. The first step in the process of the development of a new product is the identification of a market need. This is often done through market research, which can be conducted in a variety of ways, including surveys, focus groups, and interviews.

2. Once a market need has been identified, the next step is to develop a concept for the new product. This involves creating a detailed description of the product, including its features, benefits, and target market.

3. The third step is to conduct a feasibility study. This involves assessing the technical, financial, and market viability of the product concept. This is often done through a series of tests and experiments.

4. Once a feasibility study has been completed, the next step is to develop a business plan. This involves creating a detailed financial and marketing plan for the new product, including a budget and a timeline.

5. The final step in the process is to launch the new product. This involves creating a marketing campaign to promote the product and distributing it to the target market.

6. After the product has been launched, the next step is to monitor its performance. This involves tracking sales, customer feedback, and other key performance indicators to ensure the product is meeting its goals.

7. Finally, the product may be revised or improved based on customer feedback and market trends. This is often done through a process of continuous improvement, which involves regularly updating the product to meet changing market needs.

8. The process of developing a new product is a complex and iterative one, and it often takes a long time to complete. However, by following these steps, companies can increase their chances of developing a successful new product.

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